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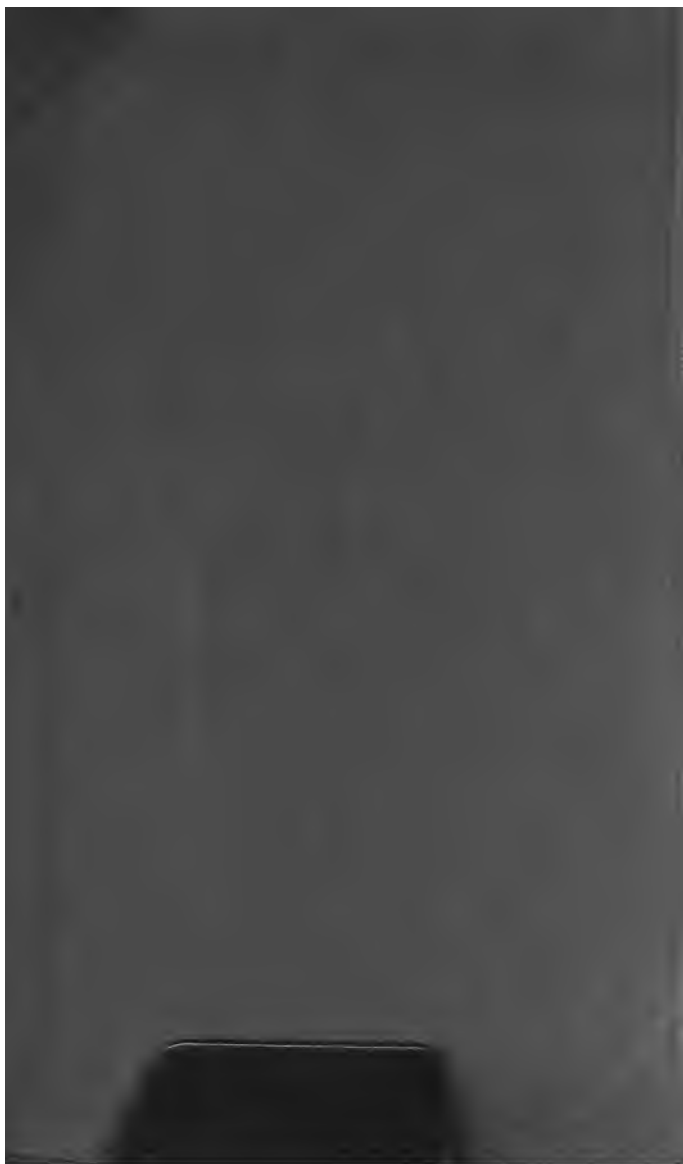
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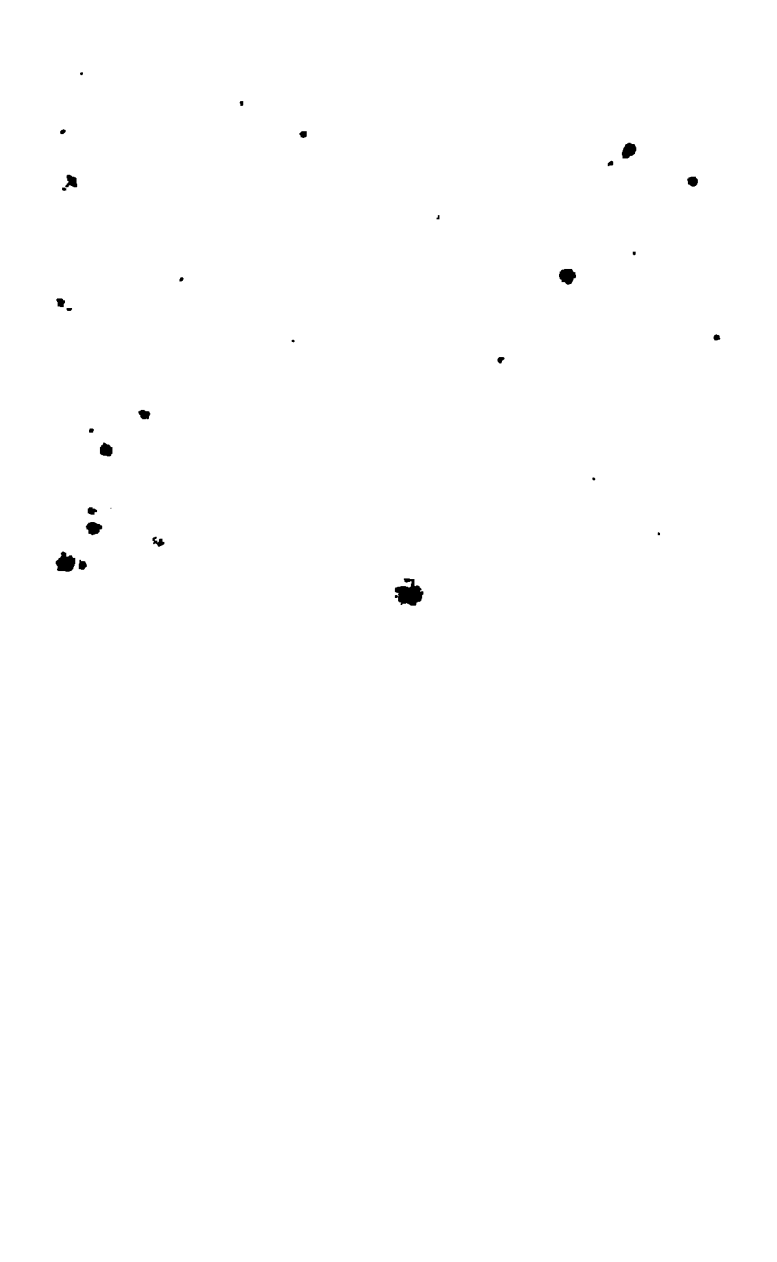
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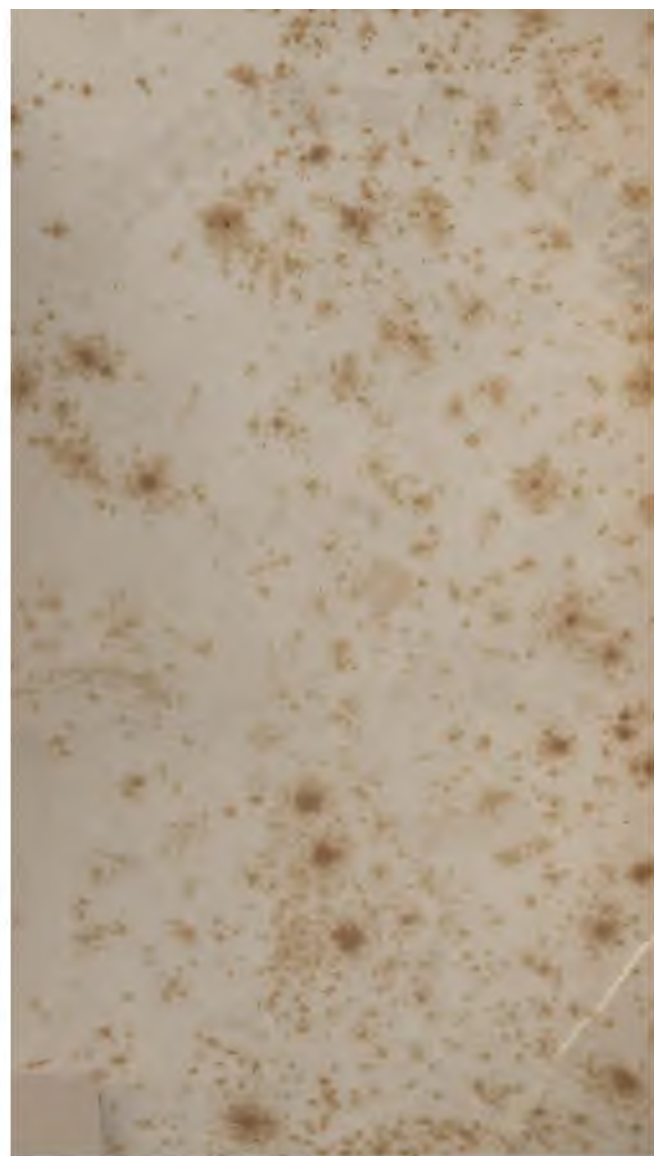




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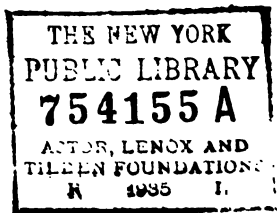
ROMANCE OF ADVENTURE

TRUE TALES OF ENTERPRISE

THEIR OWN STORIES

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURE OF THE TITANIC"

With Numerous Illustrations



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PREFACE.

WITH scarcely an exception, the tales related in the following pages are true. It has been the aim of the author, whilst contributing to the healthy gratification of that love of adventure which most young persons feel, at the same time to render his volume the vehicle of much and varied information, respecting the great phenomena of nature, and the many lands and modes of life which recent enterprize has helped to illustrate. It has been his care, moreover, not merely to use such materials only as were true in point of fact, but rigidly to exclude whatever might prove injurious in its influence on the character of the young. The vicious great have not been held up to admiration, nor the veil of romance thrown over anything really unworthy. It is hoped, indeed, that the most lasting impressions, produced by the perusal

of such adventures as the following, will conduce to a better appreciation of the many strange and beautiful things which God has made the earth to abound with, and a desire to emulate the many high qualities of perseverance, endurance, and generous self-denial, which fit man to hold dominion over it, and which constitute true HEROISM.

ROMANCE OF ADVENTURE

The Lion-Slayer.

ALL countries have, at some period in their history, been infested with savage beasts, which has made them the terror of society, and have indiscriminately preyed upon man and his domestic herds. The wild boar and the wolf were for many centuries the scourge of Europe, and neither of these fierce creatures is yet wholly extirpated. Wolves were for the most part destroyed in England in the days of King Edward the First, who offered a handsome price for their heads.* But in France and some of the other continental countries they continued to make fearful depredations until a very recent period; nor have they to this day altogether disappeared, whilst in Sweden and Norway they still strike terror into the heart of the unlucky traveller who chances to cross their track.

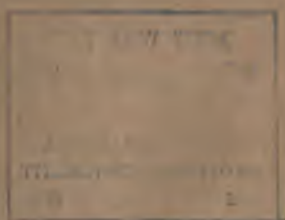
The memory of the She-wolf of Gevaudan still survives in France, and many a tale is told by the peasant's

* The last wolf known in England was killed by Sir Evan Cameron, in the year 1686. Wolves were seen in Ireland as late as 1710.

fireside of the ravages she committed, and the fruitless efforts that were long made to hunt her down. Soldiers and citizens, natives and foreigners, marched together against the common enemy, who always left behind her a track of blood.

Amongst other renowned hunters who presented themselves at Gevaudan, to do battle with this savage creature, may be mentioned the Baron d'Esneval, lord of Pavilly, a gentleman of Normandy, skilled in all the exercises of the chase, and especially in wolf-hunting. He was accompanied by a large retinue of trained dogs, but they did not succeed in approaching the beast sufficiently close for an attack. Before the arrival of the baron, there had been, on the 7th of March, 1765, a general hunt, in which seventy-three parishes of Gevaudan, and thirty of Auvergne and Rouergue, forming a body of about twenty thousand hunters, headed by the deputies, consuls, and principal inhabitants of the provinces, put themselves in pursuit of the monster, many of them following her to a great distance by the help of the traces she had left in the snow; but she found shelter in the midst of dense forests, and so escaped them.

The Wolf of Gevaudan had destroyed at least two hundred victims, and a price was put upon her head. The king promised a reward of two thousand crowns to any one who should slay her. On the 12th of January she attacked five little boys belonging to the village of Villeret, three of them about eleven years old, and the others eight, and two young girls about the same age. These children, who were engaged in *driving* flocks of sheep, were each armed with a





wooden staff, pointed with an iron spike. The wolf came on them by surprise, and they immediately drew together, and put themselves in an attitude of defence. The monster ran round the group two or three times, and then threw herself upon one of the youngest boys, whom she seized by the shoulders, and bore away in her jaws. One of the little party, stricken with terror, proposed to the rest that they should take the opportunity of escaping whilst the wolf was occupied in devouring their poor companion. "That would be cowardice," replied the biggest of the boys; "let us save our comrade, or else let us perish with him!" The valour of the brave lad inspired the children. They pursued the monster, who fled before them with her prey, until she came to a swamp, where the soil was so soft that she sank in it to her belly. Boldly coming up to her (their weight being so much lighter, they did not sink in the marsh as she did), and finding they could not penetrate her tough skin with their little spears, they tried to wound her in the head, and especially in the eyes; and directed their weapons against her great mouth, which she held constantly open. All this time the wolf held the little boy under her heavy paws, but had no time to devour him, being too much occupied with the incessant blows of her assailants. By dint of perseverance and courage, these brave children so harassed the monster that she was glad at last to abandon her prey, and the poor little fellow escaped without any other injury than a wound in the arm, where the wolf had seized him, and some slight scratches on the face. As a reward for his conduct on this occasion, Louis the Fifteenth made a pre-

sent of four hundred francs to Portefaix, the hero of eleven years!

In those days even, when the pursuits of the chase were followed much more ardently than now, and every baron and country gentleman maintained a large hunting equipage, the bravest men shrank from single-handed encounters with any of these beasts of prey. Every dragon did not call forth a St. George. The appearance of a wolf was sufficient to throw a whole province into a state of dismay; and, as we have seen, a large armed party,—in numbers sufficient, in fact, to constitute an army,—went out headed by the local authorities, to do battle with the foe.

If such was the consternation produced by the descent of a wolf into a European village, we may judge of the dismay occasioned by the appearance of a huge famished lion, come down from the Atlas mountains in search of prey, in the midst of an Arab encampment in Algeria.

The people of India, Turkey, and Arabia, who profess the Mohammedan faith, are fatalists; that is, they believe that everything that will happen to them has been decreed beforehand by God, and that it is therefore useless to resist misfortune, or in other words, to *contend against fate*. Clinging to this creed, they are naturally indolent, and comparatively helpless. They sink, whenever circumstances permit, into habits of voluptuousness, and endeavour to fill up life with as much *enjoyment* and as little *exertion* as possible. They are alike fanatics and cowards. Without energy to contend against a sudden danger, their *chief virtues* are submission and resignation. Thus,

at the appearance of a royal tiger in India, the population will retreat before him, abandoning their houses and harvests; and in Africa the Arab trembles when he hears the roaring of the lion,—resistance is too frequently not thought of; one hides himself, and another flies, and the monster reigns, a terror and scourge.

Such are the people amongst whom the hero of our story, Gerard the Lion-Slayer, has won his laurels,—a man of slight and delicate frame, but an iron heart,—poor in his fortunes and simple in his habits as the Arab of the desert; like him living on nuts and dates; drinking from the same springs as the lion whose steps he tracks; exposing himself voluntarily to a thousand dangers, that he may be able to brave a peril greater than all; and this without noise or *éclat*, but with an unassuming modesty, that is the invariable accompaniment of true merit. Jules Gerard is a native of Pignan, in the *arrondissement* of Toulon, where he was born, in the year 1817; and having embraced the profession of arms, joined the 3d regiment of cavalry in the French army of Algeria, as a volunteer, on the 23d June, 1842. At first, absorbed in military duties and studies, he gave himself but little to the exercises of the chase, if we may dignify with that term some shooting excursions in the neighbourhood of the town, where such small prey as quail, partridges, water-fowl, hares, rabbits, foxes, antelopes, jackals, and wild-boar, were so plentiful as to fall in abundance before the least skilful sportsman. From more distant and venturesome enterprises the soldiers were deterred by the fear of the panther and the lion, and the yet

unconquered Arab. Nor were they less afraid of those vast swarms of deadly flies which haunt the heights of Algeria, and settle with such determination and vigour upon their victims, as to overcome the bravest and strongest man.*

The immediate vicinity of Bone, having submitted to the French authority, the garrison of that place had little to do but keep a watchful eye upon the more distant provinces, whose attitude was threatening; and Gerard had little opportunity, therefore, of participating in the military service and glory for which he thirsted. In consequence of this circumstance, he was amongst the first to inscribe his name as a volunteer to serve at Guelma, an advanced post to the north of the lower chain of the Atlas, where he took part in various expeditions, between the years 1843 and 1846, and so distinguished himself by his valour, that he had twice the honour of being mentioned in the military despatches. It is not our province to record his exploits as a soldier. War is a capricious mistress. Her moods are variable. Sometimes she gives action and glory, at others idleness and ennui. Inaction is the purgatory of a brave and adventurous man.

Against this common enemy, each soldier arms himself as his inclinations direct and his resources permit. The book-shelf of a military man is soon exhausted.

* These ephemeral insects (they only live for a space of forty days) fix themselves by myriads upon the largest animals as well as man, and cause them to perish in frightful convulsions. They are about the size of the common meat-fly, from which they differ only in the colour of the body, which is an emerald-green.

Men look anxiously about for other sources of occupation and amusement.

One night a soldier might have been seen climbing the ramparts, heedless of the challenges of the sentinels, and thus exposing himself to the chances of an inglorious death. It was our hero, Jules Gerard, who had heard the howling of wild beasts, and had set off to encounter them. News had reached him. An old lion from the Atlas mountains is ravaging the country around Archioua, and innumerable victims, men as well as cattle, have attested the terrible presence of the monster. The whole population is in despair, and cries aloud for an avenger. As an avenger Gerard offers himself.

In the course of a few hours, accompanied by his dog—called by the prophetic name of Lion—he has traversed the vast plain of Guelma, broken by ravines and hidden streams, and clad by the untrained luxuriance of nature with a gorgeousness of vegetation far exceeding the richest productions of European climes.

Gerard, having examined the theatre of the enemy's depredations, and made himself familiar with the necessary landmarks, calmly waits the return of night.

The hour of the evening watch has sounded. Refreshments circulate in the hospitable tent where the elders of the tribe are assembled, and one of the most gifted of the natives chants a long and monotonous ballad in honour of the renowned Arsenne.

This Arsenne was by birth a Turk, who had acquired great celebrity under the ancient beys of Constantine as a lion-hunter, or we should rather say, as a *lion-snarer*! Sometimes aloft in a tree, sometimes

buried in a cavity of the rocks, always sheltered in impregnable ambushade, he killed a great number of these ferocious creatures without ever daring openly to face them. He wanted the glory of this exploit, or to speak more truly, he was challenged by his betrothed, and, in her sweetest tones, she said to him one day,—

“Arsenne, dost thou hear in the mountain the roaring of the lion?”

“I hear it,” Arsenne replied.

“You must bring me his skin to-night; not as a new trophy of thy address, but of thy valour. In the open country only shalt thou attack him.”

Such was her command. She waited the result.

To humour his betrothed, the enamoured Arsenne threw himself upon the track of the lion. . . . His bones only were discovered at the base of a ravine.

This little history imparted something of solemnity to the occasion. Was it intended as a prudent warning against the rashness of his enterprise? Or was it a last confession of humiliation, on the part of the Arab, in accepting the heroic protection of the infidel? Whatever the design, it missed its aim; for the heart of Gerard, proof equally against intimidation and flattery, took note of nothing but the hospitality of his hosts. Having lighted a fresh pipe, and made his acknowledgments to his entertainers, he took his way toward the wood-clothed ravines, which seemed at this hour of the dusk to encincture the country of Archioua with a girdle of mourning.

During the entire night he explored the district, *but his search was vain; not a trace of the foe he*

sought met his eye. On the following day at the same hour he was at his post, scanning with eager look every ravine and hollow.

In vain the hyena and the jackal bounded howling beneath his feet. The panther himself had been deemed unworthy of his arms, or rather of the solitary shot it was in his power to discharge; for by some accident one of the locks of his musket had become broken. An old Roman, interpreting the mischance as an augury, would have retraced his steps; but Gerard was only rendered by it the more daring, as placing himself more on an equality with the noble beast. It will now, he said, be lion matched against lion.

At length, about eight o'clock in the evening of the 8th of July, a terrific howling, repeated again and again by many-voiced echo, was heard to issue from a neighbouring ravine. At the dread sound of its notes all nature seemed abashed into silence, and the cattle crept away, and hid themselves.

Gerard was impatient for the fray; his heart beat high, and his breast expanded. He essayed to tear away the branches that separated him from the enemy, who he feared might yet retreat, and decline the combat. Eagerly his eye penetrated the gloom. He removed in a few minutes the last screen. His watchful dog followed his master's eye, and suddenly crouched at his feet, without uttering so much as a cry of terror; for fear had paralyzed his voice.

It was a sublime and imposing sight, that forest king, in all his colossal proportions, his shaggy mane floating in the wind, his eyes on fire, and his mouth

reeking with blood. He had planted himself within twenty paces of Gerard, whose pulse throbbed, not with fear, but, as he has related with admirable simplicity, with joy at having reached the crisis of his enterprise, and finding himself face to face with the enemy he had been seeking.

The lion saw his antagonist, and did not attempt flight. Man, who had so often fallen before his midnight depredations, seemed to him an easy and certain prey. He knew not how Gerard was armed.

Profiting by the few seconds, which seemed an eternity, during which the monster stood glaring at him, Jules schooled himself to sustain his flashing looks; then bringing his weapon to bear with a cautious movement, so as not to excite suspicion, he grasped it with the firmness of a vice. His body slightly inclined forward, resting on limbs as immovable as buttresses of masonry. . . . He pauses a moment to steady his aim. If it fail, the monster will be upon him before he can reload. Life and death are at issue upon that single shot. Now he is ready. His finger presses the trigger. . . . An explosion, of sweeter melody to the ear of our hero than strains of softest music, shows that the trusty weapon has not failed. Stricken between the eyes, the huge beast shakes the earth with a convulsive bound, and as the volume of smoke clears away, Gerard contemplates his victim gasping out its latest breath at his feet.

As the news spread that the lion was dead, men, women, and children filled the air with shouts of joy. The traces of their despair and misery passed away. ~~Trunks~~ were burned; guns were fired as the signal for

a feast; wheaten puddings, called in the language of the country *couscousson*, light beer and biscuits circulated; discordant flourishes of native music, songs and dances, made up an Arab carnival full of spirit and originality.

The entire population presently poured along the path that led to the dead lion—their torches shining like a long riband of flame—and soon, illumined by the reflection of a thousand torches, the monster was seen stretched out motionless upon the earth.

It was one of the fiercest of the lions of Atlas, exhibiting the very perfection of strength and beauty. On measurement, he was found to be seventeen feet in length, and a thick curly and knotted mane veiled half of his huge frame.

One instant kept silent by astonishment, the delirious joy of the multitude quickly found vent in shouts that rent the air. A thousand voices joined in one, like the voice of a thousand grains of powder uniting in the report of a cannon, hailed Gerard as the **LION-SLAYER**.

Such was his first exploit in a career in which he has since gained such distinguished renown. The fame of his prowess quickly spread abroad, and innumerable applications were made to him for succour from districts ravaged by lions. The natives themselves are generally too much terrified to adopt efficient means of defending themselves from the depredations of these monsters, and with all the extravagance of enthusiasm, hailed our hero as a saviour. They were astonished at the courage and self-possession which dared encounter these formidable

beasts single-handed. Their own operations, whenever the extremity of their peril rouses them to resistance, invariably take the shape of a combined movement on a very extensive scale.

In the southern district of the circle of Constantine, for example, the Arabs are accustomed to meet the lion in true array of battle, only refraining from the use of artillery itself, because they happen to be destitute of that resource.

When one of the monarch beasts has been committing his depredations, the Arabs of the tribe which has suffered most severely assemble at some rendezvous. The horsemen then take up their position at the foot of the mountain where it is ascertained the lion reposes during the day, whilst those on foot, uttering loud shouts, advance in parties of thirty or forty to his retreat.

At the first war-cry the lion, if it is a young one (and a lioness unless she have her young with her will do the same), quits his lair, to avoid a combat; but as the mountains in this part are but scantily wooded, he is generally perceived, and a few shots are sufficient to bring him to battle.

An adult lion will lazily rouse himself like a slug-gard awakened too soon; then, stretching and rubbing his sides against the bushes from which he has risen, and shaking his thick matted mane, he listens for a moment to the cries that reach him, and angrily scratches the earth with his claws. Proceeding slowly towards the nearest point of rock which commands *the country below*, he looks around on every side, and *when he has surveyed the scene*, awaits the issue.

Immediately an Arab perceives him, he exclaims, in a loud voice, "He is there;" and the cry, rising distinctly above the incoherent shouts of the multitude, is at once understood by all. Its effect is instantaneous. Every voice is hushed to silence. Those to whom the lion is visible involuntarily stop and gaze at him, and the more distant parties quickly gather to the spot.

A long pause ensues. The Arabs examine the priming of their guns, and try the edge of their yatagans;* and the lion licks his paws, and rubs his face and his mane, as if performing his toilette before the battle. Then an Arab advances from the group, and addresses the majestic creature in language of defiance. He says, "Do you not know us, since you thus continue to stand before us? Get thee up and fly, for we are the men of such a tribe, and I am ——," proclaiming his name. The lion, who has made his meal of more than one native who had apostrophized him in the same valiant terms, disregards the warning, and with unruffled dignity proceeds with his toilette. Another of his assailants bids him begone; and not showing any disposition to obey, the ears of the poor beast are presently stunned with such a torrent of abuse,—in the midst of which may be heard the contemptuous epithets of "Jew," "Christian," "Infidel," &c., strangely mingled,—that enraged at the annoyance, he springs to his feet, and lashing his sides with his tail, marches on to the attack. The combat begins. Blood is shed. More than one rock, and more than one

* A kind of Turkish sword or scimitar.



bush, are marked by it. It is the blood of the bravest, who were foremost in the encounter. The footmen, wounded and repulsed, retreat before the enemy to the plain where the cavalry have taken their position. Warned of the approach of the beast, these hastily prepare for action. They gallop wildly about, brandish their weapons in the air, and add to the confusion by loud and discordant shouts. But the lion watches their manœuvres, and maintains his vantage-ground. He will not venture out into the unsheltered plain. Their utmost provocations fail. Some one must approach him and fire. There is a moment perhaps of hesitation, when an aged man, who has some kindred to avenge, addresses his comrades, "Young men," he says, "if any among you is afraid of death, let him go back." No one moves. The Arab who should retire at such a moment would be lost for ever in the estimation of his tribe.

He who has spoken takes some steps in advance, and, deliberately taking aim, fires. Perhaps his shot goes home, and then the rest of the party rushing in, complete the slaughter of the beast. Perhaps he misses his aim, and the lion, rightly interpreting the design of the shot, becomes himself the assailant, and springs forward in a rage on his foes. Now the panic becomes universal; there is an indiscriminate flight, a few only, perhaps, reaching ambush, and discharging their weapons from their hiding-places.

If the enemy succeed in making a capture of one of his assailants (and this happens almost as a matter of course), his deliverance may generally be effected by *the* of the horsemen rallying, and, at a proper distance,

THE LION-SLAYER.

firing. The lion will quit his prisoner to resume a new attack, and thus give his terrified prey an opportunity of escape, whilst he himself, exhausted by the fruitless pursuit of horses, to whom fear has given wings, crouches down and awaits death upon the ground. This is the critical moment. The scattered riders rapidly come up; an irregular fire is opened; the lion receives, without moving, numerous balls, discharged at a distance of eight hundred paces; but if one more ventures to come much nearer than this, the monster at once rushes upon him, and either the rider is torn from his saddle, or both rider and horse roll in the dust, and perish together. "I have slain many Arabs," says Gerard, "who have been seized by lions, and have escaped at the commencement of the affray; but whoever has the mischance to fall into the hands of one in whose body a dozen bullets have been lodged, is quickly torn to pieces. You may approach the creature then near enough to put the muzzle of your musket in his ear, and he will die before he will release his prey."

Gerard was often questioned as to his exploits by the Arabs amongst whom he fell, and to whose tents his fame had been carried. "How is it possible," they would say, "that alone, and in the darkness of night, you have been able to slay lions (unless you are something more than a man), when we experience so much difficulty, and encounter so many perils, in dispatching one on horseback and in open day,—even after we have wounded him with eighty balls, and have lost many horses and men?" And when he replied, that it was easy enough; *that he waited till they came to the encounter,*

and that if they came not to him he went to them; they would shake their heads and say, "Ah! these lions of Guelma are but children."

The natives of Seguia challenged our hero to give them a proof of his prowess. He accepted it, and thus relates the sequel:—"It was the 28th of January. I was told there were several lions in the Zerazer mountains, about twenty leagues to the south of Constantine. The weather continuing very unfavourable till the 1st of February, I contented myself with despatching some Arabs to reconnoitre the different stations about the mountain, and occupied my time with other affairs. On the first of the month, two small parties of natives placed themselves at my disposal. I instructed them to proceed to the woods at an early hour on the following morning, and light a great beacon-fire as soon as they discovered the track of a lion on his return towards the mountain. I concluded the whole neighbourhood would rally round the fire. On the 3d, at eight o'clock in the morning, I mounted my horse, accompanied by two native sheiks, each taking command of a party, and after following the foot of the mountain towards the south for an hour, perceived a column of smoke ascending from a rock; it was the signal of my spies. On approaching the rendezvous, I saw an Arab standing at the base of a declivity, high up on the mountain; and, following the direction of his hand, presently perceived abundant signs of the presence of more than one lion. They say that a sin confessed is half expiated. So much the better, then, for I will acknowledge my vanity was gratified at beholding on one side of me the foot-

prints of *three lions*, and, on the other, forty Arabs, armed to the teeth, the expectant witnesses of my valour and prowess. My attendant followed me in silence, as, dismounting, I cautiously pursued the trail of the beasts, endeavouring to obtain a sight of them. As I turned back, I marked an expression of sly mischief on his face, as much as to say, 'There are three of them for you!' 'They are but young,' I observed, 'not more than three years of age; I should have preferred an old lion.' He shrugged his shoulders, and went away to relate what I had said to his companions, whom I presently joined. 'Let two men take our horses, and wait for us at the foot of the mountain,' I said to one of the sheiks; 'let two others attend me with my carbines, and do both of you follow me in silence.'

"When I reached the crest of the mountain, I found amid the snow a hollow like the lair of wild beasts, stained with blood, and could perceive, from the traces still left, that from this spot the lions had directed their course towards a valley, which seemed likely enough to afford them cover. I directed two parties to follow very quietly the projecting ledge of rock which forms, as it were, a cornice, the entire length of the Zerazer, abstaining from any attempt to descend the side. They were to march towards the south, raising a great outcry, ~~but~~ without firing a single shot. In case the lions should assume the offensive, their cries were to cease, and the sentinels, who were so placed as to be witnesses of everything, were to give me the alarm. Satisfied, from sufficient signs, that the snow-plain where I had found the marks of blood was the route

usually traversed by the foes I was seeking, I disarmed my two attendants of their carbines, and placing them in a cleft of the rock, where they would be able to observe everything without any danger to themselves, I sat down upon a piece of stone in the open plain. The wind brought me the sound of a prolonged shout, and I concentrated all my attention upon the proceedings of the signal-men. For about an hour I had been listening to the cries of the scouts, when a gazelle appeared upon the brink of the hill above me. She stopped a moment, and casting a look behind her, sprang forward, and ran towards me at her utmost speed. She passed by on my left, within fifteen feet of me, and a noise I heard immediately afterwards satisfied me that I had acted wisely in not firing upon her. A lion, separated from his companions, came direct towards me, seated as I was close by a bush, at the foot of which lay the path the creature followed; I did not move, hoping to be able to fire upon him at a distance of ten feet, and intending to aim at him between the eyes.

“For a moment he disappeared, hidden by the windings of the path amongst the bushes. My gun at my shoulder, my finger upon the trigger, I waited with impatience for his re-appearance, when an exclamation, uttered by the Arabs who were concealed behind me, made me aware that the lion had turned to the right, under the shade of the wood. Getting on my feet, I saw him stationed on the very rock which served as a shelter to my men. A ball from my gun lodged in his shoulder, and, as he rose, a second *followed the first*. Smarting from his two wounds, he

uttered a howl, which made the two prisoners in the rock almost die with fright, and then bounded towards a precipice almost fifty feet in height.

"He fell heavily amidst a mass of stones and brambles, among which the last convulsions of his agony were spent. At the same moment one of my exploring parties appeared on the heights from which the lion had descended. They had heard my firing. I had the greatest difficulty in the world to prevent their going down to the foot of the rock which my prey had over-leaped. Fearful lest he should not be yet quite dead, I persisted in going alone.

"Scarcely had I re-loaded my carbine, when the videttes began shouting with all their might. Two lions were visible. There was no time to lose. Satisfied that I should find my first victim dead, I followed the natives, who, no longer doubting my intrepidity, had taken the advance, leaping from rock to rock like the chamois. The lions, however, disappeared, and were invisible for the rest of that day.

"On the 4th, at mid-day, I took up the same position as before, and in about three hours afterwards a lioness approached by the same path as the lion I had slain. I planted myself on the top of the rock, and sat down till she came within range of my gun. Hitherto she had not seen me, but as soon as I rose she stopped, looked about her with an air of disquietude, and crouching down in the same way as a cat does, showed me her magnificent teeth. What weapons they were! She was about thirty feet distant. I levelled my gun. As I fired, she doubled up like a serpent, turning her head from the side where she

had been struck; then, collecting all her remaining strength, she bounded forward about ten feet, and fell, receiving a second shot in the back of the neck. The Arabs, attracted by the double discharge, came to me one by one to make me the *amende honorable*, and kiss the hand that had given them a lesson they said they should never forget."

The lion was sent as a trophy to Constantine. The following day they found the one previously slain. He lay dead at the foot of the rock where he had fallen.

The following episode can be best related in the adventurer's own words. "On the night of the 2d of January," he says, "I mortally wounded a lion with three slugs in the shoulder, whose dismal howlings I had followed in the neighbourhood of the camp of Mezez-Amar. After making a preliminary examination, I returned to the camp, and on the following day, at break of dawn, followed by a cavalryman and the Sheik Mustapha, returned upon the track of the beast. After following the trail of his blood for the course of half an hour, we discovered him, still living, in the midst of a thicket, on the right bank of the river Bon Hemdem, a quarter of a league to the west of the camp of Mezez-Amar. He proclaimed his presence to us by his groans. As the wood in which he had taken refuge was almost impenetrable, I placed Rostain (the cavalryman) and seven or eight Arabs, who had joined our party, at the outskirts of the thicket, and proceeded myself to descend the ravine, directing them when they saw me at the bottom, about fifty feet distant from them, to throw

stones. The lion I thought, mortally wounded, would come down towards me as soon as he was disturbed by the noise of the stones above. But for some time he did not stir, though the stones literally rained down upon his sides. I made a sign, therefore, to Rostain to cease throwing them, and as soon as he did so, the lion, not hearing the noise any longer, rose, and slowly came out, as if to listen. By a gesture of my hand I prevented Rostain from attacking him, when the Sheik Mustapha's dogs, finding themselves face to face with the beast, suddenly took flight, bounding over the brushwood by Rostain and the Arabs. These last immediately turned tail; and the lion seeing Rostain nearer to him than the rest of the party, attacked him; now leaping forward, and now rolling for some feet, but quickly recovering himself, and starting off again with a howl in pursuit, when he received a ball, which would have saved my man, but for the mishap of a false step and a fall. The lion seized him at the instant he was recovering himself, and rolled over and over, holding the unfortunate horseman in his teeth, whilst he savagely tore his sides with his claws. When he had got over a few feet in this way, the animal abandoned his victim, and tried with difficulty to make his way towards the foot of the ravine. As soon as I saw Rostain fall, feeling that the lion would inevitably seize him, I had hastened, as well as the nature of the ground and the brambles that covered it would permit, to fly to his assistance, but I arrived too late. The lion had disappeared, and I could do nothing but attend to the severe wounds of my poor comrade.

“The next day I went back to the wood, accompanied by a party of thirty Arabs. We found the trail of the lion, and followed the marks of his blood. He had betaken himself to a thicket forming almost an islet, and separated by the river Bon Hemdem from the plain which the Arabs call El-Baz. In spite of our shouts, and the stones we threw plentifully, he did not stir. One of the natives caught a glimpse of him as he lay couched up in the midst of an enormous mastic-tree. He fired, but missed his aim. The lion sprang at him, but his strength was spent, and the Arab escaped. Another of the party, finding himself face to face with the animal, levelled his gun; the lion sat down and waited; the Arab, in a moment of panic, turned his head aside to see that his companions had not left him; the lion saw his opportunity, and made a spring; with one claw of his heavy paw he laid open the cheek of his victim, tore the butt-end of his musket from the barrel and from his grasp, and seizing him by the loins, hurled him against a tree some ten feet distant. Encountering a third native armed with a musket and bayonet, he struck him down with a blow of his tail, and then presented himself on the bank of the river in face of the little ford occupied by the rest of the party, consisting of five men. These took to flight, and the lion passed over without further molestation. I was starting off in further pursuit of him, when the Sheik Mustapha came to tell me that the litter for carrying the wounded Rostain had arrived from Mezez-Amar. I thought it my duty to attend him to the camp, and *thence* to Guelma, where I saw him received into the

hospital. On the morrow I returned to the spot, and for six days caused the wood to be watched, to assure myself that the lion did not come out either to eat or drink, and at the end of that time the vultures began to gather, a sufficient sign that my prey had died in some thicket."

Since the death of the black lion of Archiona, his consort having retreated from the neighbourhood, it was for a time free from depredations. But in the course of some months this lioness returned, accompanied by a yellow lion and two young ones of about eighteen months old. Cattle now began to disappear again every day, and occasionally horses, killed by the dam to feed her offspring. After many complaints on the part of the peasants, Gerard established his quarters in the vicinity, and on the 3d of December, 1846, intelligence was brought him that the lioness had just wounded a man and killed a horse. He at once accompanied the messenger to the spot where the animal had been strangled. On the borders of a wood near, he found a pool of blood, and from that place, through a thicket of mastic and wild olive-trees, traced the course along which the lioness had dragged the horse to the foot of a ravine, a distance of more than six hundred feet. The poor brute was lying on the ground still whole, and with no other wounds than the bites of two huge teeth in his throat. Gerard crept behind a tree about four feet from the carcass, and waited the result.

The entire night passed without the appearance of anything. But about six o'clock in the evening of the next day the approach of the lioness was an-

nounced by the affrighted cries of birds, and the flight of two raccoons who were roaming about the horse. The ravine being very narrow, and everywhere well wooded, he could not perceive the lioness until she had come up to her prey. Her two young followed her at a short distance. One of them advancing towards the horse, the dam turned upon it, and frightening it away, drove it back to the thicket. "She had distinguished me," says Gerard, "in my hiding-place. Stealthily she made a circuit around me, now hiding herself from my sight, now showing her head above a bramble, as she looked to see that I was still there. Suddenly she seemed to have entirely disappeared.

"I almost believed she had done so, when happening to cast my eyes to my right, I saw her extended like a serpent, her head resting on her two paws, her eyes fixed upon mine, her tail swaying slowly, like a pendulum, in the air. I felt that I had not a moment to spare. I took my aim at her forehead; she bounded five feet from the ground, and fell, uttering a horrid howl. She was dead. The aim had been true, and the shot pierced her brain. The young lions having fled at the sound of the musket, I waited till four o'clock in the morning without their re-appearing. At length the extreme cold compelled me to return, and when I came afterwards to take possession of my lioness, I was accompanied by more than two hundred Arabs, who manifested the highest joy at my success; for amongst all I had slain to this time, not one had committed so many ravages in so short a time."

Gerard continues to distinguish himself in adven-

tures similar to those we have related. His services are in general request, and he is known amongst all the natives of Algeria by the name conferred on him by acclamation by the people of Archioua, "*The Lion-Slayer*."

His latest triumph over the savage creatures against whom he has declared war, is related in the following letter, written by himself to a friend :—

"MY DEAR LEON—In my narrative of the month of August, 1850, I spoke of a large old lion which I had not been able to fall in with, and of whose sex and age I had formed a notion from his roarings. On the return of the expeditionary column from Kabylis, I asked permission from General St. Armand to go and explore the fine lairs situated on the northern declivity of Mount Aures, in the environs of Klenchela, where I had left my animal. Instead of a furlough, I received a mission for that country, and accordingly had, during two months, to shut my ears against the daily reports that were brought to me by the Arabs of the misdeeds of the solitary. In the beginning of September, when my mission was terminated, I proceeded to pitch my tent in the midst of the district haunted by the lion, and set about my investigations round about the *douars*, to which he paid the most frequent visits. In this manner I spent many a night beneath the open sky, without any satisfactory result, when, on the 15th, in the morning, after a heavy rain, which had lasted till midnight, some natives, who had explored the cover, came and informed me that the lion was ensconced within half

mile of my tent. I set out at three o'clock, taking with me an Arab to hold my horse, another carrying my arms, and a third in charge of a goat, most decidedly unconscious of the important part it was about to perform. Having alighted at the skirt of the wood, I directed myself towards a glade situated in the midst of the haunt, where I found a shrub to which I could tie the goat, and a tuft or two to sit upon. The Arabs went and crouched down beneath the cover, at a distance of about a hundred paces. I had been there about a quarter of an hour, the goat meanwhile bleating with all its might, when a covey of partridges got up behind me, uttering their usual cry when surprised. I looked about me in every direction, but could see nothing. Meanwhile the goat had ceased crying, and its eyes were intently fixed at me. She made an attempt to break away from the fastening, and then began to tremble in all her limbs. At these symptoms of fright I again turned round, and perceived behind me, about fifteen paces off, the lion, stretched out at the foot of a juniper-tree, through the branches of which he was surveying us and making wry faces. In the position I was in it was impossible for me to fire without facing about. I tried to fire from the left shoulder, but I felt awkward. I turned gently round, without rising; I was in a favourable position; and just as I was levelling my piece, the lion stood up and began to show me all his teeth, at the same time shaking his head, as much as to say, 'What are you doing there, fellow?' I did not hesitate a moment, and fired at his mouth. The *animal fell on the spot, as if struck by lightning.* My

men ran up at the shot, and as they were eager to lay hands on the lion, I fired a second time, between the eyes, in order to secure his lying perfectly still. The first bullet had taken the course of the spine throughout its entire length, passing through the marrow, and had come out at the tail. I had never before fired a shot that penetrated so deeply, and yet I had only loaded with sixty grains. It is true the rifle was one of Devisme's, and the bullets steel-pointed. The lion, a black one, and among the oldest I have ever shot, supplied the kettles of four companies of infantry who were stationed at Klénchela. Receive, my dear Leon, the assurance of my devoted affection.

“JULES GERARD.”

We trust our young readers will bear in mind that there is a very essential difference between such exploits as we have been recording, and the ordinary pursuits of the chase. Whatever opinions may be entertained of *sporting* as a gentleman's recreation, the defence of society against beasts of prey is a duty, the obligations of which every one will admit; and when we see the habitations of peaceful men invaded by savage monsters, who have left their native forests to search for prey, their flocks ravaged, and their children destroyed, we should be thankful that there are men endowed with courage and presence of mind to become the means of delivering the neighbourhood from such fearful intruders. The life of man is of paramount value, and God has wisely implanted in us the instinct of self-preservation. Jules Gerard may indeed be *honoured* as a hero, for by his coolness and

intrepidity he has freed more than one village from a terrible scourge; and the very qualities which made him a hero, and fitted him to do battle with fierce lions, would have made him disdain to inflict pain or hurt on any of the smaller and harmless of God's creatures. The Lion-Slayer would always have been above cruelty. There are some creatures, the sworn and acknowledged enemies of man; they dwell in primeval forests, occupants of the land until man comes to take possession. As he peoples the earth, filling the waste places with his children, these savage beasts are destined to disappear; and when they come out from their lairs, and desolate the dwellings of man, man must subdue them; and he who is boldest in the chase is a hero.

But there are other creatures whom God has made to live in friendship with us, to minister to our wants, and keep watch over our dwellings, and even to make their home at our fireside. There are some who display their beautiful plumage to the sun to delight our eyes, and make nature vocal with their melodious song. There are some of mean—perhaps of unsightly—form, who clear the air of its impurities, that it may be fit for us to breathe, and perform a thousand other offices of humble but effectual service. Gerard the Lion-Slayer would not have harmed one of them. There is no heroism in wanton or thoughtless cruelty.

St. Jean D'Arres.

A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES.

WHILST preparations for the third crusade were being made throughout Europe, Saladin pursued his victorious course in Palestine. The battle of Tiberias, and the conquest of Jerusalem, had thrown the Christians in the East into the depths of despair. In the midst of this general consternation, one city alone, Tyre, continued to resist the most vigorous efforts of the new conquerors to subdue it. Twice had Saladin assembled his fleets and armies for its attack, but the inhabitants had unanimously sworn to die rather than surrender to the Mussulmans, an heroic determination due to the influence of Conrad, who had opportunely reached the besieged town, and who seemed to the people to have been sent by heaven to save them.

This Conrad, son of the marquis of Montserrat, bore an illustrious name in the East, where the fame of his valour had preceded him. In his early youth he had distinguished himself in the war against the emperor of Germany. His thirst for glory and his love of adventure had afterwards led him to Constantinople, where he subdued an insurrection which threatened the imperial throne, and killed the rebel leader on the *field of battle*. The sister of Isaac and the

title of Cæsar were the rewards of his courage and services; but his restless character did not suffer him long to enjoy his good fortunes. He was awakened from his dream of peaceful greatness by the sounds of the holy war, and he tore himself from the tenderness of a bride and the favour of an emperor, to fly to Palestine. Conrad arrived on the coasts of Phœnicia some days after the battle of Tiberias. Tyre had already named a deputation to demand terms of capitulation from Saladin, but the arrival of Conrad re-animated the courage of its inhabitants, and changed the whole face of things. He took the command of the city, repaired its fortifications, and under his orders the people prepared again to contend with the fleets and armies of the Turks.

At this time Conrad's father, the aged marquis of Montserrat, was a captive in the prisons of Damascus.

Saladin sent for him to his army, and offered Conrad to restore his father to liberty, and to bestow on him rich possessions in Syria, on condition that he opened the gates of Tyre. If not, he threatened him to place the venerable marquis in front of the Mussulman ranks, and expose him to the arrows of the besieged. Conrad replied, that he despised the proffered gifts of the infidels, and that even his father's life was less dear to him than the Christian cause. On the receipt of this message, the Turks began the assault, but after a long and vigorous attack, twice repeated, Saladin was fain to abandon the enterprise, and raised the siege.

Conrad was immediately invested with the government of the city he had so bravely defended; but his own successes rendered him but little indulgent to

the misfortunes of others. One day a wanderer came to the gates of Tyre, and besought sympathy and succour. The governor refused to recognize a prince who had not been able to maintain his own sovereign rights.

The royal wanderer was Guy de Lusignan, king of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, from which the armies of Saladin, recovering from their earlier defeats, had expelled him. He had just been released from captivity, and his first use of liberty was to endeavour to recover the kingdom he had lost. Repulsed from Tyre, he determined, with the help of a few followers who adhered to his humble fortunes, to attempt some bold and brilliant enterprise, which should attract the attention of Europe towards him, and re-unite under his banner the scattered army of the Cross for a new deliverance of the Holy Land.

Guy de Lusignan resolved to lay siege to the city of Ptolemais, or Acre, which had surrendered to Saladin, some days after the battle of Tiberias. The plains around it were beautiful and fertile; gardens and rich plantations, scattered villages and the country homes of the richer citizens, diversified the prospect. Many of the neighbouring spots were sacred from traditions—some historical, and some religious. A rising hillock was pointed out as the tomb of Memnon. On Mount Carmel were the caves of Elias and Elisha, and the place where Pythagoras worshipped Echo. Such were the scenes, full of beauty and interest, soon destined to be the theatre of sanguinary strife between the rival armies of Europe and Asia.

Guy de Lusignan pitched his tents before Acre with

a force of scarcely nine thousand men, who had rallied to his standard. Three days after their arrival, at the close of the month of August, 1189, they commenced operations. Not giving themselves time to prepare the proper machines for battering the fortifications of a strong city, they fixed their scaling-ladders to the walls, and, covered only by their bucklers, mounted to the assault. A chronicler of the time, in relating this daring exploit, assures us, that such was the impetuosity of the attack, that the town must at once have fallen into the hands of the Christians, had not a sudden report been raised abroad that Saladin himself had come to the rescue—a dread name, that filled the little army with a sudden panic, and drove them, stricken with terror, from the ramparts. They retired to the shelter of a little hill, behind which they had encamped.

Presently a welcome but unexpected sight presented itself. Their eyes turn towards the sea, and they behold fifty ships advancing under pressure of canvass. It was a Christian fleet, bearing reinforcements they had not dreamed of. Nor were the crews of these war-ships, bound for Palestine, less surprised at the sight of the little camp. They knew not what to think of it, but as they caught sight at length of the standards of the Cross floating in the air, loud shouts broke forth from the ships, and were echoed back from the soldiers on shore, and an indescribable state of excitement ensued. All eyes were filled with tears. Crowds hastened to the shore; some even cast themselves into the water, to give a quicker welcome to the parties who arrived. Mutual congratulations are

rapidly exchanged, whilst arms, provisions, and ammunition are disembarked, and twelve thousand warriors from Friesland and Denmark unfurl their banners between the hill of Thuron and the city of Acre.

These opportune reinforcements were speedily followed by others. The archbishop of Canterbury headed a large party from England, and Jacques d'Avesnes, already celebrated by his exploits, and whom the palm of martyrdom was awaiting in the Holy Land, was the leader of a numerous body from Flanders.

Saladin, finding the Christian hosts thus multiplying, abandoned his conquests in Phœnicia, and conducted his army to the defence of Acre, taking up his position on a neighbouring hill. The presence of the illustrious warrior of the East inspired the garrison with renewed courage, and on both sides preparations were made for an arduous and sustained conflict. To animate his soldiers, Saladin determined on a pitched battle, and chose for the moment of combat the hour when the disciples of Islam were accustomed to engage in prayer. The enthusiasm and fanaticism of the Mussulman army was unbounded, and the Christians were driven from the posts they occupied on the borders of the sea. From this time they busied themselves in fortifying their camp with ditches and intrenchments.

Fresh arrivals of ships and warriors continued to add to the besieging forces, and even Conrad of Tyre, who had refused assistance to the king of Jerusalem when a wanderer at his gates, found it impossible to remain idle when such stirring scenes were being

enacted. He armed vessels, raised troops, and presented himself at their head on the plains of Acre. At length upwards of a hundred thousand warriors were assembled before the city, thirsting for glory and impatient of delay. Whilst the great monarchs of Europe, who had undertaken to conduct a new crusade, were still occupied in making arrangements for their departure, the Christian knights, to use the expression of an Arab historian, clad in their cuirasses and scale-armour, looked in the distance like glistening serpents covering the plain; when they flew to their arms they resembled birds of prey; and in the *mêlée* of battle they might be compared to invincible lions.

On the 14th of October there was a great battle, in which victory at first declared for the Christians. An eye witness of the sanguinary scene, and a Mussulman, after describing with remarkable frankness the successes of the besiegers, says, "When we saw the Mussulman army routed, we thought of nothing but our own safety, and hurried on till we reached Tiberias, in company with those who had taken the same road. We found the inhabitants seized with terror, and broken-hearted at the defeat of Islamism. We grasped the reins of our horses convulsively, and breathed with difficulty."

The victorious army was unfortunately but an undisciplined host. Strangers to each other, differing in character, in habits, in language, and in arms, and most of them perhaps engaged for the first time in actual warfare, they no sooner became masters of the Turkish camp than they began pillaging in every

direction, until the disorder of the conquerors became even greater than that of the vanquished.

Suddenly the Mussulmans, perceiving that pursuit had ceased, rally; the battle recommences, and the Christians are dispersed over the plain and the hill-side, astonished at finding themselves flying before an enemy they had thought annihilated. If we are to put faith in the tales of the old chroniclers, a singular incident occurred to add to the misfortunes of the Crusaders, to which they attributed most of the disasters of the day. According to the story, a white horse, captured from the enemy, having escaped in the midst of the *mêlée*, some soldiers started in his pursuit. It was supposed they fled before the Mussulmans, and the report immediately spread that the garrison of Acre had made a *sortie*, that the infidels were victorious, and that the Christian camp was abandoned to pillage. Dismayed at this report, the Christians no longer fight for victory or booty, but simply to defend their lives, and the field of battle is covered with fugitives who have thrown aside their arms. In vain the bravest of their chiefs try to rally them, and lead them back to the combat. They are carried away by the terror-stricken multitude. André de Brienne is thrown from his horse whilst trying to rally his soldiers. Stretched on the earth, and covered with wounds, he fills the air with his groans; but the danger of his situation, and his distressing cries, do not move his companions in arms, nor even his brother, Erard de Brienne, whose rapid flight nothing can stay. The marquis of Tyre, abandoned by his own followers, and left alone in the thickest

of the fight, owed his life to the generous bravery of Guy de Lusignan. Jacques d'Avesnes had lost his horse, and could neither contend nor fly, when a young warrior, whose name unfortunately history has not preserved, offered him his own, and sought death in the ranks of the enemy, content, by the sacrifice of himself, to have saved the life of his illustrious chief. Such were some of the incidents of this remarkable and disastrous day.

But although the Saracens thus succeeded in recovering the ground they had lost, their army was too much disorganized by their precipitate flight to follow up the advantages they had gained, and shortly after this engagement winter approached, and hostile operations were in a great measure suspended during the continuance of the rains.

When these had passed by, and the spring of 1190 approached, many Mussulman princes came with their troops to serve under the banner of Saladin, whose army advanced within sight of the Christian hosts, with banners displayed, and cymbals and trumpets playing. Repeated engagements resulted in disasters to the besiegers. "The enemies of God," the Mussulman historian writes (for as such does the Mohammedan account all who reject the faith of the false prophet), "dared to enter the camp of the lions of Islamism; but they experienced the terrible effects of the divine anger; they fell beneath the sword of the Mussulman as leaves fall in autumn beneath the shock of the tempest. The earth was strewn with their bodies, like the withered branches of a forest that *has been cut down.*" Another historian of the same

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and supplies, the Crusaders determined to possess themselves of the fortifications which commanded the harbour of Acre, and the command of the perilous expedition was intrusted to the duke of Austria. A ship, bearing aloft a wooden tower crowded with armed men, advanced toward the fort, whilst a bark filled with lighted combustibles was set adrift for the purpose of burning the Saracen vessels. Everything seemed to promise success to this daring attempt, but suddenly the wind changed, the fire-ship was driven against the floating tower, and it was soon enveloped in flames. The duke of Austria, and many of the bravest of his warriors, had already mounted, sword in hand, the fort of the infidels, when seeing his vessel on fire, he jumped into the sea covered with blood and wounds, and regained the land almost alone. This was not the only misfortune of the day, for an attempt made at the same time to storm the town, though supported by prodigies of valour, was repulsed with great loss, the victorious enemy pursuing the crusading forces back to their very tents.

Once more all was gloom and despair, and once more the arrival of a new hero revived the courage, and re-animated the hopes, of the Christians. It was almost in the midst of this double defeat that Frederick, duke of Suabia, appeared under the walls of Acre. He was anxious to signalize his arrival by a renewed combat with the Mussulmans, but it was attended with no advantage or glory.

From this time disasters, unequalled in their previous experience, befell the soldiers of the Cross. *Each chief was charged with the support of his own*

body of followers, and their supplies were subject to the utmost vicissitudes. The arrival of a fleet would afford them abundance for a time, but if accident delayed the ships, they would have to endure the want of the commonest necessities of life. As winter a second time approached them, and the sea became more boisterous, and unfavourable to the arrival of supplies, the prospect before them became the more alarming.

They had ceased to expect further succour from the West, and felt that their only hope now rested in their arms. With frightful rapidity all the horrors of famine now accumulated on the unhappy Crusaders. The charge made for corn became so exorbitant that princes could not afford to pay it. The council of chiefs endeavoured to regulate the price of provisions brought to the camp, but the attempt caused the supplies to be kept back, and thus scarcity was increased by the very means designed to lessen it. In the extremity that ensued, knights pursued by hunger slew their horses for food; the intestines of a horse sold for as much as six golden sous. Nobles, accustomed to all the delicacies of life, were glad to devour wild herbs, and sought with avidity for plants and roots they would never before have deemed fit for the use of man. Christian soldiers wandered about the camp like beasts in search of pasture, and it was a common thing to see gentlemen, who had no means with which to purchase bread, openly steal whatever came in their way. At length, when the miseries of their condition became insupportable, many of the Crusaders fled to the Mussulmans. Some embraced Islamism in order

to obtain succour in their destitution; others, seizing vessels, and braving the perils of a stormy sea, went to pillage the island of Cyprus and the coasts of Syria.

Winter had commenced; waters covered the plains; the Christians were captives, huddled together in confused and suffering heaps upon the hills. The bodies of their dead cast up by the waves diffused a pestilential odour around. Soon contagious diseases were superadded to the horrors of famine. The camp was filled with lamentations and mourning, and each day witnessed the burial of two or three hundred soldiers. Many of the most illustrious leaders of the army found in contagion the death they had sought in vain upon the field of battle. Frederick, duke of Suabia, who had escaped all the perils of war, died in his tent of sickness and grief. His companions in arms, weeping his loss, wandered a long time, as an old chronicler expresses it, like sheep without a shepherd. They went to Caifas; they came back to Acre; many of them perished with hunger, and those who survived, despairing of the Christian cause, for which they had suffered so much, returned to the West.

Dissensions arose, to add misfortune to misfortune. Sibylle, wife of Guy de Lusignan, and his two children, died. Isabella, the sister of Sibylle, was the next heir to the throne of Jerusalem; and Conrad, the governor of Tyre, whom the historian Vinisauf compares to Simon for duplicity, to Ulysses for eloquence, and to Mithridates for his skill in the use of various languages, ambitious to reign over Palestine, determined to marry her, although she was already the wife of

Homfroz de Theron. By his influence the marriage of Isabella was pronounced void, in spite of the opposition of the archbishop of Canterbury, and the heiress of the kingdom of Jerusalem became the bride of Conrad, on whom the reproach now rested of having two wives living, one in Syria and the other at Constantinople.

This scandal, and the rival ambition of the chiefs, divided the army against itself, when two persons, of more importance than any that had yet appeared on the scene, arrived at Acre. These were Richard the Lion-hearted, and Philip, king of France.

The news of the approach of these renowned warriors reached Saladin, who had passed the winter in the mountain of Karouba. Fatigue, contention, and sickness had weakened his army as well as that of the Christians. He was himself sick of a malady the physicians could not cure, and which had already on several occasions prevented his accompanying his warriors to battle. He now sought assistance from the Mussulman princes, and sent ambassadors to them in all directions. In every mosque prayers were offered up for the triumph of his arms, and the deliverance of Islamism from the dangers that menaced it; and in every town the *imans* exhorted the people to take up arms against the enemies of Mohammed.

"Innumerable legions of Christians," they said, "have come from lands situated beyond Constantinople to snatch from us the conquests the disciples of the Koran have long enjoyed, and to dispute with us, a territory where the comrades of Omar planted the standard of the prophet. Spare neither your life nor

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your riches to subdue them. Your marches against the infidels, your perils, your wounds, are all written in the book of God. Hunger, thirst, fatigue, and death itself will become treasures for you in heaven, and will open to you gardens of delight in paradise. In whatever place you may be, death will find you; neither your houses nor your high towers will defend you against his attacks. Go then, and fight in a war undertaken for the sake of religion; victory or paradise awaits you; fear God more than you fear the infidels. It is Saladin himself who calls you to his standard; Saladin is the friend of the prophet; like the prophet, he is the friend of God. If you obey him not, your families shall be driven from Syria, and God will put in your place another people worthier than you. Jerusalem, the sister of Medina, and Mecca will fall again into the hands of the idolaters. Arm yourselves then with the shield of victory; scatter these children of fire and of sword whom the sea has disgorged upon our coasts, and remember the words of the Koran:—‘He who abandons his home to defend his religion shall find abundance of wealth, and a great company of companions.’”

Animated by these appeals, the Mussulmans flew to their arms, and flocked in great numbers to the camp of Saladin.

The Christian hosts now before the walls of Acre, since the English had added their forces to the army, presented a spectacle of all that was illustrious in the chivalry of Europe. The tents occupied by the French spread over a vast plain, and offered to the observer a most imposing sight. Philip was accounted

ST. JEAN D'ACRES.

in the East one of the most renowned prince f
Christendom; it was a saying amongst t
mans that the king of England surpass
other Christian princes in valour and gent
spirit of jealous rivalry springing out of st
sions existed between the two sovereigns,
professed at this time a mutual friendship.
it had continued uninterrupted but a
would have rendered quest of Acre easy.
the souvenirs of the were constantly a
Richard's army was numerous than th
Philip, and his treasure more abundant. Yet, r
withstanding the disaster produced by these
cumstances, the progress of the siege went on wi
cessation, the ponderous machines were driven against
the walls, and every day witnessed an assault.

The king of England and the king of France both
fell sick. Philip was confined but a few days to his
tent, and then mounted on horseback to encourage
the combatants by his presence. Richard, whose ill-
ness was of a more serious character, fretted with
impatience, an impatience that tormented him more
than the fever that boiled in his veins. During the
comparative inactivity occasioned by their sickness,
the two kings sent ambassadors to Saladin, and it is
amusing to mark the passages of excessive politeness
which took place between the leaders of the contend-
ing armies. Saladin offered the Christian monarchs
the choicest fruits of Damascus, and they acknow-
ledged the courtesy in a present of costly jewels. In
this interchange of civilities we see a singular contrast
to the fierce animosity of the strife which both were

eager to renew, and it was not perhaps unnatural for the Crusaders to see in the presents of the Saracens more of perfidy and treason than of generosity. The partisans of the two kings accused each other of having a guilty understanding with the Mussulmans, an accusation to which the king of France replied by daily doing battle in person with the Turks, whilst Richard, still sick, insisted on being carried to the foot of the ramparts of the city to stimulate by his presence the ardour of the assailants.

At length, however, the perils of arms they shared together, and the growing interest of their common enterprize, produced a temporary union between the two princes, and it was agreed that whilst one should attack the city, the other should watch over the safety of the camp, and engage the army of Saladin.

In the meanwhile the besieged had not been idle, but had employed the time, spent by the Christians in vain disputes, in strengthening the defences of the city. Thus the garrison within, and the army of Saladin outside, offered a resistance more formidable and sustained than had been anticipated. From day-break the sound of cymbals and of trumpets, the signal of battle, resounded throughout the Turkish camp and on the battlements of Acre. Saladin stimulated his soldiers by his presence; his brother, Malek Adhel, added the example of his renowned valour. Numerous engagements were fought at the foot of the hill where the Christians were encamped. Twice the Crusaders attempted a general assault, and twice were obliged to retrace their steps.

In one of the attacks of Saladin, a knight defended

single-handed one of the gates of the camp against a host of Mussulmans. Arabian authors compare this knight to a demon animated by all the furies of hell. An enormous cuirass covered his body; arrows, stones, and lances were alike unable to wound him; every one who approached him did so only to encounter death. He alone, in the midst of innumerable enemies, stood unharmed and fearless. This brave warrior could not be subdued until they brought wild-fire and poured it on his head; devoured by flames, he perished like the war-engines of the Christians, which the besieged had burned under the walls of the town.

Every day the Crusaders redoubled their efforts; now repulsing the army of Saladin, and now attacking the garrison of Acre. In one of these assaults they saw the moats filled up with the dead bodies of their horses, and their comrades fallen before the swords of their enemy. But neither the sight of death, nor impediments, nor fatigue, could arrest the impetuous and determined courage of the Christian soldiers. When their wooden towers and their battering-rams were reduced to cinders, they dug down into the earth, and advanced by subterraneous passages till they were underneath the foundations of the ramparts. Every day beheld their adoption of some new means, or of some fresh engine, to gain possession of the place. One Arab historian relates that they piled up near their camp an earthen hill of a prodigious height, and that throwing the earth continually in advance, they gradually brought this mountain forward towards the ramparts of the town. The intervening space was but less than half an arrow's flight, when the

besieged, issuing forth, cast themselves before the enormous mass that every day brought nearer to their walls. Armed with swords and pickaxes, they fought fiercely with the multitude employed in constructing it, and sought to arrest its progress by digging a deep ditch in its front.

The time now approached when the Christians were to reap such reward as success could give them for their protracted sufferings and their heavy losses. The garrison was greatly enfeebled by the long continuance of hostilities; the city was experiencing the want of provisions and of the munitions of war; the soldier who had bravely resisted the severest fatigues sank before these discouragements; the people murmured against Saladin and their emirs. In this extremity, Meschtoul, the commandant of the city, repaired to the tent of Philip Augustus, and said to him, "For four years we have now been masters of Acre. When the Mussulmans entered it, they gave all the inhabitants liberty to transport themselves and their families whithersoever they pleased. We offer now to surrender the city to you, and ask but the same conditions that we have already allowed to Christians." The king of France, having assembled the principal generals of the army, replied that the Crusaders could only consent to spare the inhabitants and garrison of Acre on condition that the Mussulmans should also restore Jerusalem and the other Christian cities that had fallen into their power since the battle of Tiberias. The chief of the emirs, irritated by this refusal, withdrew, swearing by Mohammed that *he would bury himself beneath the ruins of the city.*

"Our last struggles," he cried, "shall be terrible, and whilst the angel Redouin conducts one of us to paradise, the fiend Malek shall precipitate fifty of you into hell."

On his return the enraged commandant fired his troops with the same indignation; and when the Christians re-commenced their assault, they were repulsed with a vigour that filled them with surprise. In the language of the Arabian historians, the hosts of the Franks rolled towards the walls with the rapidity of a tumultuous torrent emptying itself in a lake; they mounted on the half-ruined ramparts as wild goats climb upon the steep rocks, whilst the Mussulmans precipitated themselves on their assailants like stones detached from the tops of mountains.

The courage of the Saracens was inspired by despair; but the ardour of despair is transitory, and the soldiers of Islamism soon fell into its abyss. Many of the emirs cast themselves at night into a boat, in order to seek a refuge in the camp of Saladin, preferring to expose themselves to the reproaches of the sultan, or to perish in the waves, to dying beneath the sword of the Christians. The besieged at length conceived the project of issuing from the city in the middle of the night, and braving every effort in an attempt to rejoin the army of the sultan; but their plan was discovered by the Crusaders, who guarded every passage by which the enemy sought to escape. The unhappy refugees were too eager to save their own lives by an unconditional capitulation. They promised, in addition to the surrender of the city, to restore to the Christians some *relics esteemed of great value*, and to set at

liberty sixteen hundred prisoners. They agreed moreover, to pay two hundred thousand pieces of gold to the leaders of the Christian army; and it consented to the whole population being held as hostages in the city until the terms of the treaty were executed to the utmost.

A solitary Mameluke soldier, effecting his escape to Saladin, the intelligent that the city forced to capitulate. The sultan, who had been making a last effort for its relief, learned this with profound grief. He immediately consulted council, to ascertain if they approved the terms of surrender; but scarcely had the principal chiefs assembled in his tent, when the standards of the Cross suddenly seen to float on the walls and towers Acre.

This celebrated siege lasted two years, and cost more blood to be shed, and more valour to be displayed, than would have sufficed for the conquest of Asia. In the space of two years (we quote the words of Emad-Eddin, the Arab) the sword of the Mamelukes immolated more than sixty thousand infidels; but as fast as they perished on the earth they multiplied on the sea; every time they attacked us they were killed or made prisoners; nevertheless, they succeeded them; and every hundred who fell, were replaced with a thousand.

What singular reflections are suggested by this years' history of a war, to which, without concert on themselves, and under the guidance of no great reigning power, people flocked from north and south, fight, beneath the walls of a town in Syria, an en-

whom they scarcely knew, and from whom certainly they had nothing to fear! A fugitive king, unable to find any asylum in his own states, suddenly lays siege, in company with a few soldiers as destitute as himself, to a great city. From that moment all Christendom has its eye fixed on this spot of earth, and directs to it a continuous stream of warlike men. It is impossible to define the influence of this protracted struggle on the ultimate fortunes of Palestine; but it is not improbable that the persevering obstinacy which wasted so many thousands of lives, and so many millions of treasure, in the effort to get possession of a town which, after all, was not the holy city, contributed much to preserve Islamism and the East from future more successful enterprizes of the Christian world.

Passages in the Life of Harrison Lopez.

GENERAL LOPEZ, the ill-fated leader of the buccaneering expedition which recently invaded the island of Cuba (a West India colony of the kingdom of Spain), and who, on the failure of that enterprize, was publicly executed as a traitor in Havanna, was a man of a singular and romantic history. Few soldiers have been more distinguished for valour and a spirit of wild adventure, and the biography of famous men presents few *contrasts so startling* and dismal as is afforded by

the brilliant success and honours of his early career, and the misery and infamy in which his life closed.

Lopez was born in Venezuela, in South America, at that time under the dominion of Spain, but since become an independent state; and from his infancy was exposed to influences all calculated to make him an energetic, daring man, fonder of excitement and danger than of the quietude of domestic and commercial life.

His father was a landed proprietor of considerable wealth, and his estates in the *Ulanos* or plains of South America swarmed with horses and cattle, the former roaming about in a comparatively wild state. Upon the back of one of these young Lopez would scramble almost in infancy, and even learned, without saddle or bridle, to become an accomplished and intrepid rider. So fond was he of this exercise, that the back of a wild horse was where he felt most at home. His mother was a woman of great vigour of character, but her influence on her son did more to develop than to check his distaste to the calm monotony of a life spent in the ordinary pursuits of civilized society.

Before Lopez had ceased to be a boy, the Spanish colonies in America became the scene of a revolutionary war, the inhabitants generally rising to shake off the yoke of the Spanish crown; and in the troubles that ensued, the father of Narciso (so our hero was called) lost nearly the whole of his property, and the lad was thrown upon the world. He at once adopted the profession of a soldier, and assisted at the defence of his native city, which had sided with Bolivar, the famous "*Liberator of Columbia*," against the royal forces, by

whom it was besieged. Lopez at this time, though only fifteen years of age, was intrusted by his father with the management of a branch of his business at Valencia (for family misfortunes had recalled him from the wild sports of the plains), and the citizens were induced by false representations and promises on the part of Bolivar, who sought only to make good his own retreat after losing the sanguinary battle of La Puerta, to make a prolonged and desperate resistance to the army of the king. The siege lasted for three weeks, when, as Bolivar did not come to rescue it, the place surrendered; but the young Narciso, who had taken an active and heroic part in the defence, contrived, with his father, who was now a ruined man, to escape the general massacre, in which the victorious troops indulged.

His escape was a narrow one, and was in part the consequence of his affectionate solicitude for the safety of his father, who was believed to be reserved for assassination in the night. Narciso, for the time overlooked by the soldiery, had taken refuge with large party of negroes, who were generally exempt from the cruel vengeance of the conquerors, being regarded, we may suppose, but as tools in the hands of their masters. As soon, however, as darkness came on, he issued forth from his hiding-place, with two negro servants who accompanied him, to seek tidings of his father's fate, and, if possible, concert some means for his safety. He could succeed at that time in neither, and, remembering the danger of any longer remaining at large, he returned disheartened to his place of refuge, where his eyes were met by a ghastly

sight. No less than eighty-seven bodies of men who had been the companions of his retreat lay murdered before him, their throats gaping horribly. The place had been attacked during his fortunate absence, and he had thus escaped a similar fate. After this adventure he succeeded in hiding himself until the fury of the soldiers, enraged by the obstinate resistance they had encountered, died away.

Under such circumstances our hero became a soldier, but, as if in prophecy of the vicissitudes he was destined to pass through, his next military exploits were in direct opposition to the cause he had defended with such youthful valour at Valencia. The truth is he was indignant at the conduct of Bolivar, and in this but shared the feeling common amongst his townsmen, who universally regarded and hated the patriot chief as one who had betrayed them, for his own preservation, to ruin. Narciso, burning with revenge, and apparently but little influenced by the real merits of the controversy, determined to give his support to the king's side, and accordingly enlisted as a common soldier in the army of General Morales.

His rise into notice and distinction was from this time rapid. The first occasion on which attention was attracted to his courage and self-possession in the presence of great danger happened shortly after his enlistment. The royal army was engaged in an attack upon a place defended by field-works, part of which consisted of two bastions connected together with a curtain of about fifty yards in length. The troops were divided into two parties, each assaulting one of *the bastions*; when the ammunition of one division

falling short, a signal was made for a further supply. The officer commanding the other party ordered mules to be prepared, and loaded with powder and shot, and then called for volunteers to undertake the perilous task of conducting them from one end of the curtain to the other, exposed throughout the line to the enemy's fire. The danger was twofold, that of perishing directly by the shot of the besieged, and that of being blown up by the explosion of the ammunition with which the mules were laden. One man only answered to the call—scarcely, indeed, a man—it was the lad Lopez. His gallant offer was of course accepted, and he set out with his dangerous convoy, the three mules tied by a string, according to the custom of the country, the tail of each one being fastened to the head of the one behind him. When the party was about half-way across, one of the mules fell dead, and, as ill-luck would have it, it was the middle one, so that it became necessary to untie the cord, disengage the dead animal, and retie the others together, all in the face of an incessant and murderous fire. The two surviving mules were severely wounded, and Lopez himself had his gun broken by a ball, his pantaloons torn by another, and his cap pierced by a third. He escaped, however, without personal hurt, and his extraordinary valour and presence of mind, the two qualities which combine to make a good soldier, were rewarded with immediate promotion, and at the early age of twenty-three, he found himself a colonel in the royal army of Spain.

On another occasion, he found himself at the head of a small body of cavalry, only thirty-eight in number

(for he had lost the greater part of his troops in a severely-contested engagement), on the flank of the army, when he received an order to harass the rear of the retreating enemy. In the execution of this purpose he had ventured to a considerable distance from his own forces, when he was seen by Paez, the revolutionary general, who, indignant at what he deemed the insolence of so small a force, wheeled about at the head of his own troop, a picked body of three hundred men superbly mounted, and charged them at full speed. Lopez saw the fearful odds against him, but was not dismayed, and instantly causing his soldiers to dismount, he formed them into a compact square, with their lances pointed outwards, and thus enabled them to sustain the attack of the enemy until the arrival of reinforcements.

In recognition of his distinguished services, and almost unexampled valour, Colonel López was decorated with the cross of the order of St. Fernando, of the most illustrious degree, an honour so rarely bestowed, that in the whole army there was but one soldier who possessed it besides himself. This reward is not bestowed at the pleasure of the sovereign, but is adjudged by a tribunal, to whom the claim is referred, and by whom counsel and witnesses are heard on either side, every one being at liberty to interpose an objection. Lopez was deemed worthy.

In the year 1823 the revolutionary war in South America was brought to a close by the Spaniards evacuating Caraccas; and it may be mentioned as a proof of the estimation in which he was held even by the revolutionary party, that he was invited by the

patriot government to hold the same post under them he had held in the army of Spain. He, however, declined this offer, and retired to Cuba, in the year 1823.

Having, shortly after this, landed with a small expedition in a wild part of the South American continent, on a sort of exploring excursion, he fell in and had a fierce engagement with a warlike tribe of savage Indians, and he and his party nearly perished from want of water. In this dilemma Lopez became the hero of a singularly romantic adventure. Striking into the interior, in search of some pool or spring, and marching a whole day without discovering any trace of what they sought, they were approached about sunset by an Indian warrior, mounted on a magnificent cream-coloured horse, with black mane and black feet. They were exhausted with fatigue and thirst, and made known their extremity to the Indian, who understood the signs by which they contrived to express their wants. He intimated that he would conduct them to water, which they might reach by daybreak. But his offer suggested a new perplexity. They were in a hostile country; they had already fought with a native force. Was it not probable that this man was an enemy, and that he might direct them either to some spot remote from all supply, where they would die a lingering and horrible death, or to some Indian settlement, where they would encounter destruction as certain? They knew not what to do, but the daring spirit of Lopez put an end to their uncertainty. He surprised them by an offer to risk his own life, in order to test the trustworthiness of

the Indian horseman, behind whom he proposed to mount, and set off at the utmost speed in quest of water, telling his comrades that if he returned all would of course be well; but that if he did not, they would conclude that he was killed, that the guide had played false, and that they must continue their search in the direction they were already going, and not in that pointed out by the Indian. On this hazardous errand he actually started, and his companions remained on the spot to await the result. Away went Lopez amid the darkness of night, into the depths of unknown forests, utterly in the power of the strange man to whose good faith he had committed himself. The issue of the adventure was fortunate. The Indian guided him truly; he reached the water, returned with the welcome tidings, and thus by his intrepidity became the means of saving the whole expedition from destruction.

Having married in Cuba, he had occasion to visit Spain, for the purpose of settling some private affairs; and rendering some service to the government (it was at the commencement of the civil war), during an outbreak in the capital, Lopez was sent to join the army. Opportunities for distinguishing himself by the display of his remarkable coolness and courage were not slow in presenting themselves. Whilst serving as an *aid-de-camp* to General Valdez, he and his party were surrounded in a mountain-pass by a formidable body of the enemy, and so completely shut up, that to escape, or to secure assistance by sending their friends intelligence of their situation, seemed equally impossible. The nearest force to whom they could send for

help was at a distance of ten or twelve miles. Lopez boldly undertook to accomplish the task of bringing reinforcements to their assistance. The attempt was looked upon as hopeless, but in the desperate circumstances in which the party was placed they yielded to the persuasions of the young colonel, and accepted his offer. The general desired him to take any number of men he required for his purpose.

"I could not do it with half the division," he replied; "but let me have your piebald horse I recommended you to buy; and my orderly, a brave fellow, who will follow me through any danger, and die with me if needs must, shall mount my own."

So it was arranged. Lopez gave his favourite charger to his man, and himself took possession of the general's horse. The two set off together.

Danger levels all distinctions, and, not deeming it possible that both could survive the daring attempt they were making, the master and his servant came to an agreement as to the course the latter should take if the former were killed. He was not to abandon, whatever hazard, the endeavour to carry the order for reinforcements to its destination.

"And now," said Lopez, his instructions to his orderly being ended, "keep close behind me, and regulate your pace by mine."

They then set off at full speed along a road, which passed between two eminences, both occupied by the enemy. Lopez then slackened his speed. His plan was to lull the suspicions of his foes, to whom he was now visible enough, and give them the idea of deserters approaching with perfect confidence in their safe

and welcome. The stratagem succeeded, so much so that two parties who had separated themselves from the enemy, on either side of the road, in order to intercept them, slackened the pace at which they moved down the hill-side for that purpose. This was just what the colonel desired, and, like Cooper's spy, in effecting the escape of Dunwoodie, he anxiously watched for the moment when he could with most chance of safety throw off disguise, and trust to the fleetness of their good steeds. It would not do to let the enemy approach too near, and it would be equally dangerous, on the other hand, prematurely to challenge a hot pursuit by any appearance of flight. Nicely calculating the distance, he at length exclaimed, "Now then, let us be off!" and instantly he and his man set spurs to their horses, and rushed impetuously away. The enemy saw they had been deceived, and as soon as they had recovered their surprise, let fly from each side a shower of bullets upon our hardy adventurers. Happily they were unharmed, and before they could be cut off eluded all pursuit, to the astonishment of the enemy and of their own party, both of whom were eagerly watching the exploit. The timely reinforcement brought back by Lopez was the means of saving General Valdez's party, who must otherwise certainly have perished.

We do not intend to recount the military career of our hero beyond the acts of daring we have thus mentioned, and which, with many others of a similar kind, were long current among the Spanish army, until the unfortunate and ill-advised descent upon the island of *Cuba*, which led to the execution of Lopez as a traitor

to the crown he had served with such distinguished advantage, and honour to himself.

After his marriage, Lopez looked upon Cuba as his country, and whilst his old friend, General Valdez, was governor of that island, filled the office of governor of Trinidad, commander of the military commission, &c. When Valdez was deposed, Lopez became dissatisfied with the state of Cuba, and gradually worked himself into the belief that it was treated with great injustice and oppression by Spain. From the moment this idea took possession of his mind he resolved upon an attempt to establish the independence of the island. As his designs became known by some means to the government, Lopez was obliged to escape to America, where he employed his time, money, and influence, in organizing an expedition for the "invasion of Cuba."

His first attempt to carry his designs into execution was made in May, 1850, when at the head of three divisions of men, amounting in all to six hundred and nine men, he landed at Cardenas; but after taking that town, and meeting with some temporary success, he was obliged to abandon the enterprize, and returned to the United States.

A second expedition—the one which proved so fatal to its gallant, but misguided leader—sailed from New Orleans in the *Pampero* steamer on the 11th of August, 1851, and landed at Morilla, in the island of Cuba, on the 15th of August, at eleven o'clock at night. It was composed of four hundred and eighty men, nearly the whole of whom have since been destroyed.

A surviving member of this ill-fated party has given

us a graphic description of the sufferings they encountered—sufferings which the most daring valour could do nothing to mitigate. From this statement it appears that, disappointed in his expectations of assistance from the natives of Cuba, and gradually losing his own followers by death and desertion, Lopez, in a state of great fatigue and hunger, sought rest and food in a farm-house, where he was captured whilst asleep. A few days after he was executed as a traitor in the public square of the city of Havanna.

Who can do otherwise than commiserate his unhappy fate? With many of the qualities of a hero—bravery, self-possession, and fertility of resource—he seems to have wanted the rectitude of principle essential to a career of real glory. Lopez was a bold, daring man, with a passion for exciting adventure—a character useful in war, but mischievous in peace. In his element, in the camp and on the battle-field, he found the even tenor of an every-day life unc congenial to his tastes and alien to his habits. His thirst for adventure was like the passion for excitement that leads so many men to the gambling-table; and we find him flying from peace, and recklessly courting peril, thoughtless of every consideration but the gratification of his own wild tastes. This led him, on the cessation of the war between Spain and her colonies, to embark in that exploring, or, as it might perhaps be not unfairly called, that marauding expedition on the coast of South America, in the course of which he met with the adventure with the Indian horseman; and this it may be supposed had much to do with his invasion of Cuba, though he endeavoured to

veil the motives of this rash act under a zeal for the political independence of his adopted country.

Whilst admiring the brilliant qualities which Lopez certainly possessed, let us not then at the same time suffer our admiration to bind us to his real defects. With less physical daring, and a higher moral principle, he would have been a more useful and happy man. His best qualities were the virtues of an age that is happily passing away. The soldier is every day becoming a less important person, and as we advance further and further in the cultivation of the arts of peace, and in the recognition of the brotherhood of nations, we shall learn to pay less homage to mere courage, which is, after all, but physical insensibility to danger, and set a higher value on those features of character which constitute the truest *moral heroism*—integrity of principle, firmness of purpose, moderation in prosperity, and patience in suffering.

The Conspirators of Nepaul.

MOST of our readers, who happened to be in London during the summer of 1850, will remember a tall and handsome oriental, gorgeously attired, and bedizened with jewels of almost fabulous value, who was seen driving daily about the streets and parks, and attended almost all the places of popular amusement. He was one of the sights of the season, and, from the extreme rarity of such a spectacle, the most attractive amongst them.

The name of this sojourner from the far-east was Jung Bahadoor, prime minister and commander-in-chief in the Indian principality of Nepaul. He arrived in England, accompanied by a numerous retinue of attendants and interpreters, the bearer of costly presents to the Queen; and having made as long a stay in Europe as it was prudent for him to be absent from his native country, he returned to resume his high offices of state; and the sequel proved that it was well for his fortunes, and perhaps for his life, that he did so. The circumstances which immediately followed his arrival in Nepaul are interesting, not only because they display in a striking light the coolness and presence of mind of this remarkable man, but because they show *that he had not failed to learn a lesson of magnanimity*.

THE CONSPIRATORS OF NE

and forbearance from the Christianity and civilisation of the West.

General Jung Bahadoor is the eldest of seven brothers, of whom the younger are named —General Bum Bahadoor, General Budee Bahadoor, General Khrishna Bahadoor, Colonel Juggee Bahadoor, Shere Jung Bahadoor, Colonel Dhere Shum Shere Bahadoor, and a sixth, a colonel, whose name has not reached us. The brothers had also a first cousin, Colonel Jye Bahadoor.

The ambassador, on his departure from Nepal, appointed his second brother, Bum Bahadoor, to act for him as prime minister, and his next brother, Budree Nur Sing, to act as commander-in-chief, in his absence. Budree Sing, having his ambition gratified by the possession of power, did not at all like the idea of relinquishing it, and in the prospect of his brother's return from England, entered into a conspiracy with his cousin, the object of which was to deprive Jung Bahadoor of his offices, and to secure them for themselves. To understand the means they adopted to accomplish this very ungrateful and unworthy end, it must be remembered that the Hindoo religion is strict in enjoining abstinence from certain indulgences, such as the use of wine, and in forbidding the use of any vessels which have been rendered unclean by the touch of persons of a different creed. If any Hindoo gentleman is found disregarding the law of his religion on these matters, he immediately loses caste, that is, forfeits his position in society, and becomes an outcast.

The treacherous brother and cousin of Jung Baha

door thought the easiest way of effecting their purpose was to charge him with forfeiting his caste by various acts performed whilst in England; such as associating with, and partaking food with Englishmen, drinking wine, &c.; knowing that nothing would so surely disgust the higher officers of state, and the leading members of society in Nepal, as such a contempt for the religion of the nation.

Their first scheme was to secure the co-operation of some member of the royal family, and as they knew the reigning sovereign would not enter into their plans, since he had been placed on the throne mainly by the exertions of Jung Bahadoor himself, they induced the Nistada Sahit, one of the king's brothers, to join them, telling him that he should be made king if they succeeded, and persuading him that their cause was just, and that they could not fail to prosper when they had got rid of a man who had treated their religion so contemptuously. The Nistada Sahit seems to have been a weak-minded and ambitious man, and readily entered into the plans of the conspirators; and they succeeded in prevailing upon Kutree, one of the party who had accompanied the prince to England, and who was a most bigoted Hindoo, to spread injurious reports as to what had taken place in Europe. To get this man entirely into their power, they charged him with allowing a deficiency in the treasure under his care, and kept this charge hanging over his head. But, before they proceeded further, they thought it necessary to provide some one who should undertake the civil government in case of their success, as they were themselves soldiers, and not com-

petent to the management of anything but military affairs. They determined, after much consultation, on offering the post to Bum Bahadoor, who acted as prime minister during his brother's absence. They proceeded to his residence for the purpose, but had completely mistaken their man; having to deal with the shrewdest politician in Nepaul, a man to whom Jung Bahadoor was under deep obligations, and who has ever shown himself worthy of the implicit confidence reposed in him by the eldest brother of the family. Bum Bahadoor at once pretended to join the plot, and so completely threw the conspirators off their guard by his apparent anxiety on the subject, that they developed all the details. He told them everything should have his hearty concurrence for carrying out their "excellent project" on the morrow. It will be sufficient here merely to state that an assassin (a good rifle marksman) was to have been hired, and placed behind one of the many buildings between Jung Bahadoor's residence and that of the king, where, as the minister was proceeding to the Durbar, he was to have been shot; and the leaders had matters so arranged, that the party escorting the minister would have been massacred to a man, and the remainder of the scheme carried out—no difficult matter, certainly, had Jung Bahadoor been killed.

We must now return to Bum Bahadoor, who, the moment his brother and cousin had retired, betook himself to the minister's house. So little did Jung Bahadoor anticipate anything of the kind, that he had dismissed all his attendants, and was alone with an

English gentleman, talking over his English adventures, at eleven o'clock at night, when the first intelligence of Bum Bahadoor having arrived on urgent business was communicated to him. The messenger ran up from the women's side of the house, and putting his mouth close to the minister's ear said a few words, sufficiently to change entirely the expression of Jung Bahadoor's countenance. Wishing his friend "good night," and expressing a hope of meeting him on the morrow, the minister retired to the room in which Bum Bahadoor awaited him.

The meeting between the brothers was very short; Bum Bahadoor burst into tears, and said, "I know you will suspect my being a party, but this I cannot help; your life is in danger, you have but a few hours to save yourself." He then explained rapidly all he knew of the affair. Jung Bahadoor, with complete self-possession, thanked his brother for his information, desired him to wait until further orders, and retiring to his armoury, with two trusty officers on guard at his quarters, proceeded to load a couple of double rifles and a pair of pistols; put on his sword and hookeree, and with those weapons (after enjoining the strictest secrecy on the officers) he walked out through a private path in his garden, leaving it by a small wicket, entirely alone. He went first to Colonel Jugget Shum Shere Bahadoor (the elder of the brothers who accompanied him to England), gave him orders to proceed at once, with a company of picked men, to the residence of General Jye Bahadoor to change his guards before going in, and to bring him either alive or dead within an hour to the Kote.

"Ask no questions," said the minister; "and punish all resistance quickly. Let me have these orders obeyed. In two hours' time I shall expect you at the place of meeting."

Jung Bahadoor then proceeded (still alone) to the gun-sheds in the Tondee Khet; ordered the officers in command to load the heavy artillery with grape, and to instruct the sentries to bayonet any man of any rank who approached the guns without answering his challenge; but strictly forbade any firing unless by his own orders.

Passing quickly on to the house of Colonel Dhere Shum Shere Jung Bahadoor (the youngest of the brothers who were in England), he ordered him in a few sharp decisive sentences to change all the guards of the city with his own men, allow no bodies of armed men to pass certain streets, and to be prepared to come down to any place where he might be required on an emergency, with a force sufficient to bear down all opposition. Having done this, the minister hurried on to the house of the Burra captain, Mana Mere Adhi Karee, relying on him as the most undaunted and trustworthy man of his party, having been well tried on more than one former occasion. The orders to this officer were, "Go, with a good body of your men, and bring my brother, Budree Nur Sing, dead or alive, to the Kote immediately; I rely on you entirely." Having said this much, the minister went to the Kote close by, and immediately ordered buglers, always in waiting there, to sound the assembly throughout the city, and in a very short time a large body of *the troops* were congregated. A hum issued

from the crowd, indicating a restlessness and anxiety to know what this gathering of the soldiers was for at such an hour (it was now one o'clock in the morning). Shortly after, Colonel Jugget Shum Shere marched in at the head of his men, bringing General Jye Bahadoor pinioned with him; and passing on to the minister's presence, in a respectful manner said, "Your orders are obeyed. Here is General Jye Bahadoor, whom you directed me to bring before you."

The minister answered, "Good; wait." Immediately after, the Burra captain was announced, and, on coming forward, presented his prisoner, General Budree Nur Sing, to his brother. The look which the minister gave this man will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The prisoner was not a man to quail; his countenance bore a bold, determined look, without any indication of fear. A few words passed between the brothers. Jung Bahadoor asked, "Why did you conspire against me?"

"You have thrown away your caste among the Feringhees."

"How?"

"By eating and drinking with them."

"Indeed! Who was your informant?"

"Kubrer Kutree Kaze, who accompanied you to England."

On this, a man was ordered to bring the said Kaze before the minister. He came in a few minutes, trembling from head to foot.

Minister. "So I lost my caste in England, did I?"

Kaze. "I never said you did."

Minister. "There is my informant" (pointing to Budree Nur Sing).

Kazee. "Forgive me, forgive me!"

Minister. "You are very pure, are you not?"

Kazee. "I did not lose my caste."

Minister. "Did you not drink water from the same vessel out of which I had taken water, after me?"

Kazee. "Certainly."

Minister. "How then could you say I was unclean, and this to my brother. However, further argument is useless here. Take this man's caste" (to two drummers).

This was immediately done. Then, turning to the assembled troops, he said,

"To those who are disposed to believe me, I say, I have preserved my caste through many severe trials; in one instance being forty-eight hours without water, after leaving Cairo, in the land of the Mohamedan; but if any or all of you do not believe me, I say, supposing I have eaten beef and drunk wine, let any man dare to say a word to me."

While this was going on, all the officers of rank had assembled, and the king and the ex-king (both of whom had been sent to by the minister), had arrived in the Kote.

A council was soon formed, to whom the minister submitted the whole matter of the conspiracy.

After consulting for some time, the opinion of the king was solicited as to the punishment of the concerned in it.

The king immediately said, "Death for all."

"Your own brother?" asked Jung Bahadoor.

"Yes," was the curt reply.

The ex-king consented also to the death of his son.

Every officer of the durbar sealed the document after the king had done so. The minister's seal alone remained to be affixed. When the moonshee brought the paper to him, he said, "No; the life of the king's brother shall not be taken, nor that of mine. Say, now, what punishment they are to suffer, instead of being deprived of life."

This caused much anxiety to the durbar, who were at a loss for a long time as to what they should recommend. At last they unanimously resolved "that the prisoners should be deprived of sight." Again the minister refused to sanction this sentence, which he said was worse than death. He dissolved the council, and ordered the prisoners to be confined in the jail until further orders. That is, as our newspapers would say, in reporting an English trial, "sentence was deferred."

The prince, having dismissed the troops to their quarters, the whole city was, by four o'clock in the morning, as quiet as usual. Jung Bahadoor returned home, lay down, and slept quietly until eight, and then galloped over, alone, well armed however, to the British residency. The resident received him immediately. In a few words, he explained all that had taken place, and then added,

"Oh! had I not been in England, all these men would have suffered death before this; but if I allowed the laws of the land to be carried out, your *newspapers* in England would have been full of attacks

on me for my cruelty and bloodthirstiness. You do not, however, understand our savage people. If I restore these men to their position, they will never give me credit for leniency, but say I was afraid to kill them, and take my life on the first opportunity. Advise me, therefore, what to do."

The prisoners were eventually ordered off to the Snowy Mountains,—the Siberia of Nepaul,—whence, in all probability, they will never return.

Thus we see the influence of that milder code of laws and manners, which Christianity has established in happy England, is beginning to be felt in those provinces of Asia with which the citizens of the West have hitherto had little or no intercourse, and the power of that public opinion to some extent acknowledged, which serves amongst us to curb the excesses of human passion. We trust that the visit of General Jung Bahadoor to Europe, and his long sojourn in the capital of England,—an event of extraordinary novelty and interest in the life of an eastern potentate,—will lead to the introduction of many reforms into Nepaul, and that he may be the means of establishing among his countrymen much of what his good sense led him to approve and admire in the course of his distant travels.

Anecdotes of the Forest and the Chase.

As stated in a former chapter, wolves are still found in many countries of Europe. What renders them so terrible a foe to both men and cattle, is their insatiate appetite for blood, and the extreme delicacy of scent which enables them to track their victims with unerring accuracy. The wolf is a beast of great ferocity of appearance, and of immense muscular power, with fiery eyes, a large mouth, and jaws and teeth of prodigious strength. He usually measures about three feet in length, and two feet and a half in height.

The aversion of the wolf to vegetable food (with the exception of grapes, which he will gorge until he becomes intoxicated, in the hot summer months), and the ingenuity and perseverance of his pursuit after flesh, render him the inveterate enemy of the traveller and farmer in neighbourhoods infested with his presence, whilst his boldness and ferocity make him a favourite object of pursuit with the more adventurous and daring class of sportsmen. His character altogether excludes him from our sympathy. Terrible as are the ravages of the huge lions against whom Jules Gerard has declared war in the forests of Africa, there is withal a dignity, and, under many circumstances,

a magnanimity about these kingly beasts, that elicit our respect. They appear to belong to a class of nobles in the brute creation. But the wolf is a dastard; he steals upon his unwary victim with the cunning of the serpent, and if the opportunity lies in his way, will rather carry off the infant from his cradle, than attack the strong man, or the cattle, whom nature has furnished with means of defence.

When wolves are numerous, as in the forests of Burgundy, plans for destroying them are projected on a very extensive scale. At fixed seasons of the year, large parties of huntsmen assemble, pits are dug, traps set, and poison laid near their haunts. But, in addition to this wholesale slaughter, in which the farmers and peasants seek by every means in their power to exterminate their common enemy, the wolf is hunted with dogs by parties of gentlemen, chiefly for the sake of the sport itself. The dogs generally made use of for this purpose are large greyhounds and bloodhounds. The former worry the brute by flying at his haunches, and so impede his flight until the bloodhound comes up and brings him to bay, when he contends with great obstinacy for his life, biting with his tremendous fangs every assailant that comes within reach, and continuing to sustain the struggle at great odds, for a length of time that sufficiently attests his muscular vigour and astonishing powers of endurance. He is generally despatched by a pistol-shot from the huntsmen.

Another mode of carrying on the warfare against these beasts, is for a party to lie in wait along their accustomed track, armed with fowling-pieces, whilst

others hunt them out from their lair. The sportsman loves the excitement of the chase, but, as we have said, the husbandman and peasant, who are kept in constant terror, and obliged to fortify their homes against the midnight depredations of the wolf with as much care, and to watch with as constant a vigilance, as a besieged city against the enemy that beleaguers it, care for little but the brute's destruction, and will adopt any and every means to secure his wholesale slaughter.

A farmer of La Madeleine, on the borders of Burgundy, who was surrounded in all directions by wolves, chancing to have a young colt die, thought it a good opportunity to lay a bait for some of his savage enemies, and accordingly, at nightfall, placed it on a truss of straw in the midst of his farmyard, surrounded on all sides by high walls. To the folding-gates which led into the yard he had attached ropes, communicating with the interior of the house, so that at any moment it was possible to close them. Having muzzled and shut up the dogs, to prevent their barking, the farmer and his family took up their post of observation within doors, to watch the events of the night.

It was not long before they heard the sound of wolves advancing, and could presently perceive them, by the light of the moon, sniffing the air at the entrance of the yard, evidently attracted powerfully by the tempting aroma of horse-flesh on the one hand, and apprehensive of some peril to themselves if they entered in, on the other. They moved about restlessly; now apparently yielding to the power of appetite, and





then again stopped by fear. At last, one great monster, whose hunger was keener, or whose courage greater than that of the rest, bounded onward, seized a portion of the prey, and quickly made his retreat, with the piece of flesh in his mouth. Emboldened by his impunity, the rest of the pack entered, and greedily seized upon the carrion (which, it must be mentioned, the farmer had heavily weighted, to prevent its being carried away). As soon as they had fairly commenced their feast, the signal was given, the ropes drawn, the gates suddenly closed, and the wolves, eight in number, found themselves captives, encompassed by walls too lofty for them to leap, and without a hole through which they could find exit; walls, in fact, built for the express purpose of serving as a barrier against their incursions, and therefore equally capable of serving as their prison. Seeing their foes thus secured, the party in the house retired for the night, deferring further operations till the morning.

At break of day they looked upon the scene. Their captives were restless and uneasy. Their sagacity told them they had been trapped, and they were running round and round like rats in a cage, perpetually searching for some mode of escape. The farmer and his men took their fire-arms, and stationing themselves, some on the top of the wall, and others at windows, opened their fire.

They succeeded but slowly in their work of destruction. The wolf is tenacious of life, the men were indifferent marksmen, and the difficulty of hitting the creatures was rendered greater by their incessant motion. Irritated by such wounds as they received, they ran

hither and thither with mad impetuosity, and bound with immense agility in their efforts either to get at their assailants, or to overleap the walls by which they were imprisoned.

At length one of the party, a mere youth, in order to take steadier aim, bestrode the top of the wall, his feet hanging down on either side. A large and powerful wolf, making a desperate spring, brought his jaws fearfully near the young man's foot, who, attempting hurriedly to lift his leg out of danger, lost his balance, and fell headlong into the courtyard beneath. The wolves were immediately upon him, eager to avenge the art that had ensnared them, and the wounds from which they were smarting. For a moment consternation seized the companions of the poor lad. The fearful shriek he uttered as he fell, and the sight of the wolves fastening on his throat, paralyzed them. Their first instinct was to cease firing, for they saw that their bullets might hit the young man. The farmer was the first to recover his presence of mind, and with gallant self-devotion, leaped into the yard to the rescue, and found himself in the midst of eight furious wolves. His example was followed by the rest of the party, and a terrific conflict ensued. Each side fought with the energy of desperation, and the victim whose mischance had precipitated this terrible scene lay bleeding and groaning in the midst. Man's strength, unaided by arms, is of little avail against monsters so powerful, and the wolves were rapidly getting the upper hand of their enfeebled combatants, when the farmer's wife, who was a terrified witness of the scene, remembered the dogs that were muzzled and

shut up in the house. She immediately unbound their mouths, and threw them from a window into the yard. This incident changed the fortune of the day. The struggle was sustained with renewed vigour, and at the end of half an hour the eight wolves lay dead upon the ground; one half of the dogs of the farm lay at their side; the lad, who had fallen from the wall, too, was a mangled corpse, and not a man had escaped without serious wounds.

Numerous are the tragedies of this nature¹ recounted by the firesides of Burgundy, where the presence of these fierce creatures, in numbers scarcely diminished by all the efforts annually made to extirpate them, occasions a constant feeling of terror.

Some few years back an aged woman might be seen roaming in the glades of the forest, or sitting at a little cottage-door, seemingly lost to all the activity of the world around her. Yet she was not inactive, only living apart from her kind, in a world of her own consciousness and recollections. She would laugh, and sing snatches of old songs, sometimes wild and sometimes plaintive, such as might have amused the varying moods of her childhood. She would rock in her arms, with the solicitude of a fond mother, some inanimate object, as a bundle of dried ferns, or a log of wood, dandling it on her knee as she might an infant, or hushing it with a lullaby to sleep.

Poor creature! her mind wandered; she was mad. It is many years, since, in her matron prime, her only child fell victim to a terrible fate. He had left her *in the pride of youth* and beauty, a loving son, an

expectant husband; and when the next day a few crushed and fleshless bones were shown her, and she was told that this was all that was left of her boy, she laughed in derision. Alas! it was the laugh of insanity.

The tale is a dreadful one. The young man, on the eve of his bridal, went to the forest to catch some turtle-doves for a present to his betrothed, and as the evening shades began to deepen around him, he left the beaten track, and struck out on some shorter way. It is the custom here to set traps for the capture of the wolves, and one of these lay in the path of the youth, as he skipped lightly along, singing gaily, as he thought of the damsel to whom he was bearing his love-token, and of the happiness of his bridal day.

The *traquenard*, or wolf-trap, consisted of two immense jaws, formed of a circle of iron, four or five feet in circumference, each furnished with a long row of sharp teeth, like those of a saw, which fitted into each other. Its spring was so powerful that it required two men to set it, and it grasped the unlucky beast it ensnared, with the firmness of a vice.

When one of these instruments has been set in the track of a wolf, it is customary to warn the casual passenger of the danger of the spot by tying stones and pieces of dead wood to the branches of the neighbouring trees, and at the end of the pathway that leads to it, so that the peasant winding his way through the forest, and observing these familiar signals, turns aside, and pursues another path.

But poor Adolphe had his mind engaged with *other thoughts*. He was picturing to himself the

gentle smiles that would reward him for his gift, and indulging in the dreams that make the future so beautiful to the anticipations of the young. Besides, it was growing dark, and even near objects were already becoming indistinct. Eager only to have his journey done, he pressed on through thorns and brambles in the direction he judged would take him most quickly home, when his course was suddenly arrested, a moment of intense agony was followed by unconsciousness—and when his senses returned to him, he found himself caught in the wolf-trap. Its great jaws held him by the leg, the teeth set deeply in his flesh, and even grating the bone.

No situation could be more horrible. Death was the only prospect before him—a lingering death from exhaustion and suffering, or a still more terrible destruction from the ravenous wolves that were prowling about him. The dreadful occurrences of the succeeding hours we can only conjecture. No eye of man rested on the scene. We can only fancy the mad-den eagerness with which he would strive to regain his liberty as he awoke to the dreadful realities of his position. How, as thoughts of his home, his mother, and his bride crowded upon his mind, he would try, with the energy of despair, to tear open the iron jaws that held him captive, and how a sickening sensation would steal over his heart as he found his utmost efforts unavailing. What followed we may infer from the appearances presented by the scene on the following morning, when the person who had set the *traquenard* came to examine it. Its teeth held the bone of a human leg; about it was a deep pool of

blood; around were scattered human remains, fragments of dress, and of hair, and a few bones crushed and broken. There was lying a hatchet soiled with blood, such as the peasants of these parts are accustomed always to carry with them in the forests, and in the neighbouring thickets were three wolves, exhausted and dying; their heads cut open, and their throats and foreparts hacked.

The history of that fearful night was plain. Poor Adolphe had heard the distant cries of the wolf; as they approached nearer—for the trap was directly in their track—he resolved to sell his life dearly. As the monsters scented their prey, and glared on their ill-fated victim with eyes like balls of fire, he lifted his hatchet to strike the foremost of his foes. Three fell before his blows, but the odds against him were too great. The pack rushed on, and the youth, whose pulse but a few short hours before beat high with hope and love, was a bleeding corpse.

They gathered his bones, and gave them decent burial; and to this day, as they pass by the spot, the peasants of the country drop a tear to the memory of the ill-fated Adolphe.

Not only do these beasts of prey carry their depredations into the haunts of men—they are equally relentless in their warfare upon those who are denizens of the forest as much as themselves. The timid hare and the peaceful and gentle roebuck become their nightly prey.

Some sportsmen are accustomed to indulge the *exciting pastime* of hut-shooting at night on the

banks of the little lakes or pools of water formed by some swollen streamlet, interrupted in its course in the depths of the forest. Concealing himself as effectually as he can from the ferocious creatures whose territory he has invaded, silent and motionless, lest his foes should discover his retreat, the hut-hunter waits in solemn and impressive solitude the approach of night, when the various tribes of animals, who have spent the sultry hours of the summer day stretched out at length beneath the bushes, or in the deep shadow of some rock, come forth to assuage their thirst and seek their food. The hut-hunter may now pursue his sport, or, if he be disposed to lay aside his gun, may witness a curious and painful picture of forest-life by night.

As the early shades of evening fall, myriads of birds, of every variety of plumage, assemble to sport upon the banks of the pool, and dip their wings in its waters, whilst the air is thick with insect life. Then hares and rabbits may be seen feeding on the tender grass, and deer moving with graceful and cautious step, turning their heads timidly round, as if to scent the presence of danger; nor is their precaution needless—the wolves are approaching. The quick instinct of the poor roebuck warns him of the fact, before the eye or ear of the watchman can detect any sign. The group herd hurriedly together, and turn about with uneasy gesture, sniffing the air in every direction. Alas! there is no escape. The wily wolves have encompassed them, hemmed them in, and on all sides are hurrying on to secure their prey. In a few minutes all is over. The assailants, seemingly ever

famished and craving for blood, have reached the spot; they seize their victims by the throat, whose sharp quick cries of agony are soon stifled, and their yet quivering bodies carried off to the depths of the forest to be devoured.

The wild boar is another scourge of *La Belle France*, as savage and ferocious as when William de la Marck hunted him in the forest of Ardennes, as pleasantly related by Sir Walter Scott in the novel of *Quentin Durward*. The large tusk with which these bristly fellows are furnished renders them very formidable antagonists, and they will frequently rip up the horses and dogs that attack them, and gore the hunter to death. The charge from a musket entering the body of a wild boar will render him furious with pain, and the attempt to despatch him with knives is too perilous and exciting to suit the tastes of any but sportsmen of strong nerves. The beast tears the ground, and utters terrific cries, his nostrils steaming, and his eyes flashing fire, until, rearing himself in the convulsive agony of death, his great frame falls a heavy and lifeless mass upon the earth.

Let us once more transport ourselves from these forest scenes of France to the continent of Africa,—not, however, on this occasion, to the coasts bordering the Mediterranean, where we have already followed the exploits of our lion-slayer, but to the southern extremity, in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope, and the young colony of Natal. Here, stretching *into the interior*, are large districts, which till within

a few years back had never re-echoed to the sound of firearms, densely peopled with curious birds, with savage beasts, and noxious reptiles. The elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, and the buffalo appear on the scene, the roar of the lion is heard in the distance, and the high points of the rocks are crowned with the hyæna and panther.

Amongst the inhabitants of southern Africa the elephant is considered the most dangerous of all the beasts of the forest; the most intrepid lion-hunter will often hesitate to penetrate his retreat, notwithstanding the strong inducement held out by the value of the prize. Many a sanguinary episode of the chase is written on the memory of these men. Whole families have been trampled to death in their tents beneath the feet of these monsters passing over them like a hurricane from the desert.

Elephants are frequently captured alive, and the most usual means of ensnaring them is to make use of the docility of individuals of the same species already subdued. This is, however, chiefly the case in Asia, where the elephant is of great value as a beast of burden, and as an indispensable part of all state ceremonies and public displays.

A description of the method of capturing wild elephants in the island of Ceylon will not be out of place here, by way of parenthesis. In the midst of the dense forest, an open space is cleared, of about three or four acres in extent, and enclosed with the stems of strong trees fixed firmly in the ground, with transverse beams and supporters tied together with strips of bamboo cane. Interstices are left between

these of about two feet in dimension, to allow the mahoots, or elephant-hunters, to pass in or out. Thousands of men are employed to drive the surrounding elephants towards this kraal, and large fires are lighted during the night, at some distance apart, forming a circle of perhaps twenty miles. These fires are placed on stands of light construction, which are moved each day gradually nearer to each other as the circle grows narrower. Elephants have a great dread of fire, and always retreat before it. The drivers, too, utter loud shouts, make a great noise with the tom-tom, a species of drum, and discharge firearms. The elephants are thus gradually driven to a confined space, not exceeding a mile in width, and forming the approach to the kraal, towards which it narrows, until it terminates in the gate leading within the enclosure. Four or five tame elephants are allowed to stray about the entrance, and on the approach of the wild animals they mingle with them, caress them, and actually lead them to the kraal, as though they found a pleasure in helping man to subjugate their own species.

The scenery of a Cingalese forest is of the most gorgeous and luxuriant description. Every variety of graceful stem and foliage,—every form and tint of beauty in the multitudinous flowers, each branch drooping with berries, and thickly covered with the brightest crimson, purple, blue, and yellow creepers, refresh the eye of the traveller on its outskirts; whilst in its deeper recesses trees of colossal dimensions spread out their clusters of deep green leaves against the sunny sky. The elephant has a noble and withal a pleasant abode, but his enemy seeks for him in its

farthest retirement, and lures him from the freedom of his forest glades to captivity and servitude.

A gentleman who had joined a hunting party in the summer of 1847, thus describes the incidents of the capture :—"We patiently waited for the entrance of the elephants into the kraal, from one in the afternoon till half-past nine at night. It was thought that some rascality was at work to cause disappointment, when all at once the guns went bang, bang, and the voices of the drivers became louder. As the elephants approached, a shout was given by the people on the stand, but too soon, as it frightened them back, and it was thought they had escaped. The repeated firing of guns was heard once more ; the noise increased, drivers shouting, tom-toms beating, then a sudden rush, when in an instant, as if by magic, around the enclosure was one brilliant glare of light. Blue lights, torches, and fires shed a dazzling blaze on the scene, as the maddened herd crushed and dashed through the kraal, spreading destruction around. Huge trees were crushed to splinters, and dashed to the earth, and the spot which had been a portion of dense forest and jungle, appeared in a few minutes like a ploughed field, whilst their trumpeting rent the air, as they raced and tore about, round and round the enclosure, which was surrounded with blazing piles of wood, and thousands of people from all parts of the island. Eighteen elephants were captured, some of them the largest I have seen, and three very small ones. Next morning the tying commenced. Six tame elephants entered the enclosure, the mahoots, armed with spears, mounted on their backs ; the wild ones kept in a herd,

the punchies, or little ones, running under the bellies of their mothers. Often would these affectionate and noble animals, when maddened by the hunters, cover their little ones with their trunks to protect them, as they raced up and down. Now and then a charge was made; one of the herd would elevate his trunk, his tail stretched out and his huge ear cocked, and run through the enclosure bellowing most frightfully. Two of the tame would single him out, one at each side, while, should he prove unruly, a large tusker would follow, goading him behind; then crushed between the two, the mahoot slipped a noose on one of his hind legs; he was dragged to a tree, and there tied, and his three other legs afterwards secured in like manner. So the herd were taken one by one, till all were secured, except the three little punchies, which were allowed to go at large. It was truly a melancholy sight to see these noble animals, who had roamed these wilds the undisputed monarchs of the forests of Ceylon, overcome, exhausted, bound captive, crying most piteously, some of them lying stretched on their side, and the little ones sucking their captive mothers."

But to return from this digression to the elephant of Africa. Unlike his Asiatic brother, he is comparatively seldom captured alive, but is more properly the object of the hunter, who seeks to slay him, and carry off his tusks either to exhibit as trophies of his prowess, or to dispose of as articles of commerce.

The elephant herds are not met with until the adventurous traveller reaches the far interior of the continent. What is denominated the "land of elephants,"

begins with the remote and almost endless forests beyond the mountains of Bamangwato, to the north and north-east of Natal and Kafirland. They occasionally descend below, but not frequently, and then are only to be met with in small numbers. In the vast unexplored plains of central Africa, they are no doubt as numerous as they are found to be in A

The Bamangwato chain of mountains are clothed their base upwards, with large and handsome and the vegetation of the forests beyond is in most luxuriant description. Such, however, the size and prodigious strength of the African (who will leave on the earth a footprint in two feet in diameter), that immense branches found broken off in all directions, and even then a giant tree may be seen uprooted out

ground, or broken short across its stem. A large tree in an inverted position, with its root uppermost in the air, is by no means an uncommon sight.

The male, or bull elephant, is very much larger than the female, and is provided with two enormous tusks, arched and tapering. These measure as much as from six to eight feet in length, and weigh from sixty to a hundred pounds each. Some are greatly larger and heavier than this. The females, unlike the elephants of Asia, are also provided with tusks.

In appearance the wild elephant is exceedingly majestic and imposing, and in spite of his huge frame, and apparently clumsy limbs, his movements, as he marches with a bold, free, and sweeping step through his native forests, are graceful and gentle. Until his anger is fairly aroused by an attack, he stands in great

dread of man, and a child can put a herd to flight; but when provoked and excited by the chase, he becomes a formidable and dangerous antagonist, and the most difficult of all animals to subdue.

Amongst the most renowned of the hunters of South Africa, may be named M. Adolphe Delagorgue, before whom upwards of eight hundred buffaloes, fifty-six rhinoceroses, forty-three elephants, and thirty hippopotami, besides a large number of smaller animals, are said to have fallen in the space of a single twelvemonth. . Without attendance, and almost unarmed, he has succeeded by great courage, coolness, and skill, in waging a war of destruction against these powerful denizens of the wilds of Africa. Clad in a simple blouse, and carrying on his shoulder a single-barrelled fowling-piece, Delagorgue, on his first landing in Africa, marched for several successive days towards the interior, beneath the rays of a burning sun, across a country inhabited by a scattered and degraded people, too miserable to offer him the simplest rites of hospitality. His first experience of the wild sports of Africa, was found in the pursuit of an ostrich, the "giant of birds." The next strange creature he saw bounding at his feet, was the river wolf, a species of hyena, of singular character and habits, very distinct from the ordinary animal of that name, and once supposed to change its sex every year. The common hyena of Southern Africa may be regarded as the scavenger of the deserts, who feeds upon the putrifying remains of dead animals, and especially upon fish thrown up on the banks of the rivers, and *thus prevents the air being filled with pestilent vapours.*

Such were a few of the first objects that presented themselves in the novel scenes, amid which the enterprising hunter, who had left Europe in search of more exciting adventures than her forests afforded, found himself.

An Englishman, Mr. Gordon Cumming, may be mentioned as holding a prominent place among the class of sportsmen to which M. Delagorgue belongs. Mr. Cumming penetrated into the far interior of Southern Africa, farther than the foot of civilized man had ever trodden before, and spent upwards of five years in the wilderness, apart from the habitations of his race. During this period the wagon was his only home, and even this he often deserted, and alone, or attended only by savages, proceeded on distant expeditions, leaving his few followers encamped round his baggage. Days and nights he passed on these occasions in his solitary hunting-hole, near some drinking-place, watching the lion and elephant who passed, and sported, unconscious of the proximity of man.

The rhinoceros is one of the fiercest of the wild beasts of Africa. Even the lion will fly before him, and he is often known to kill the largest elephants, by tearing open their sides with his terrible tusk. Mr. Cumming once observed an old bull, or black rhinoceros, a hundred yards in advance of him, and, immediately firing, sent a bullet between his shoulders. The beast, startled for a moment, looked about him, and then made off, blowing tremendously, and the blood dripping from his wound. His assailant followed, through a large herd of zebras and springboks, who

gazed on him with profound astonishment. He fired a second barrel, but missed his aim, and then continued to ride alongside of his prey, expecting every moment to see him come to bay. At last the beast fell flat on the ground, but immediately recovered his feet, and pursued his way. Mr. Cumming, growing weary with the chase, and determining to bring matters to a crisis, spurred his horse, dashed ahead, and rode right in the monster's path. The rhinoceros, irritated by this act of daring, instantly charged him, and followed at a furious pace for several hundred yards, his great horny snout close at the horse's tail. The horse was greatly terrified, and exerted himself to the utmost to get away, to which circumstance alone the hunter was indebted for his escape.

On Mr. Cumming's arrival in the land of elephants, he found abundance of sport to satisfy his ardent love of exciting adventure. On one occasion, he and his followers disturbed a herd of bull elephants, who were feeding in a forest, and started off at a gallop in their track. They soon beheld them, five in number, walking slowly along, and, as if heated at the pace at which they had retreated, refreshing themselves with large volumes of water, which they discharged from their capacious stomachs, and showered back upon their bodies with their trunks. One of them fell, after receiving twenty-four shots.

But whilst the hardy hunter is thus eager in the pursuit of the elephant, the lion, and the tiger, as objects of sport, rencontres with these creatures frequently befall those to whom they are objects only of

dislike and terror. They invade the farm-house of the bushman and the African village; and, making their home in the jungle, often come unexpectedly across the path of the traveller. Mr. Moffat, the missionary, tells an exciting story of an adventure of this kind.

"The following fact," he says, "will show the fearful dangers to which solitary travellers are sometimes exposed. A man belonging to Mr. Schmeleus's congregation, at Bethany, returning homewards from a visit to his friends, took a circuitous course, in order to pass a small fountain, or rather pool, where he hoped to kill an antelope, to carry home to his family. The sun had risen to some height by the time he reached the spot, and seeing no game, he laid his gun down on a shelving low rock, the back part of which was covered over with a species of dwarf thorn-bushes. He went to the water, took a hearty drink, and returned to the rock, smoked his pipe, and, being a little tired, fell asleep. In a short time, the heat reflected from the rock awoke him, and, opening his eyes, he saw a large lion, crouching before him, with its eyes glaring in his face, and within little more than a yard of his feet. He sat motionless for some minutes, till he had recovered his presence of mind; then, eyeing his gun, moved his hand slowly towards it. The lion, seeing him, raised its head, and gave a tremendous roar; he made another and another attempt, but the gun being far beyond his reach, he gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was enraged whenever he attempted to move his hand.

"His situation now became painful in the extreme; the rock on which he sat became so hot, that he could

scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them, alternately placing one above the other. The day passed, and the night also, but the lion scarcely ever moved from the spot; the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon the lion rose, and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind as it went, lest the man should move, and, seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, turned in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. The animal went to the water, drank, and, returning, lay down again at the edge of the rock.

“Another night passed. The man, in describing it, said he knew not whether he slept, but if he did it must have been with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet. Next day, in the forenoon, the animal went again to the water, and, while there, he listened to some noise, apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes. The man now made another effort, and seized his gun, but, on attempting to rise, he fell, his ankles being without power. With his gun in his hand, he crept towards the water, and drank, but, looking at his feet, he saw, as he expressed it, his toes roasted off, and his skin torn off with the grass. Thus he sat a few moments, expecting the lion's return, when he was resolved to send the contents of his gun through its head; but, as it did not appear, tying his gun to his back, the poor man made the best of his way on his hands and knees, to the nearest path, hoping some solitary individual might pass. He could go no further, when providentially a person came up, who took him to a place of

safety, from whence he obtained help, though he lost his toes, and was a cripple for life."

The same gentleman relates another anecdote of a man who had once been in the veritable jaws of a lion. He was one of a party of hunters, a dozen or more in number, and the whole were asleep one night, with a circle of bushes placed round their fire. When the blaze was extinguished, a lion sprang into the midst of the party, seized one of them by his shoulder, and dragged him off to some distance. The others, aroused by the scuffle, snatched up their guns, and not knowing one of their number had been carried off, fired in the direction whence the noise proceeded. One ball happened to wound the lion, and, in trying to roar, it let the man drop from its grasp, who instantly ran off, leaving his mantle, and bolted in among his companions, crying out, "Do not shoot me," for they supposed for a moment that he was the lion. He was accustomed to show the ugly marks of the animal's teeth in his shoulder in proof of his tale.

Perils of the Whaling Service.

THE dangers of the whaler arise, not only from the peculiar phenomena of the treacherous seas in which he plies his craft—among which that of becoming involved in, and crushed amongst, masses of floating ice, is the most imminent—but from the prodigious strength and activity of the leviathan, against whom his warfare is carried on. One of these creatures frequently measure from seventy to eighty feet long, and his movements, when attacked and wounded, are singularly rapid and energetic. A better idea of its colossal dimensions than that conveyed by figures, may be derived from the fact, that the open mouth of a whale is sufficiently capacious to contain a ship's jolly-boat full of men. It is commonly six or eight feet wide, ten or twelve feet high, and fifteen or sixteen feet long. The whale is, however, incapable of swallowing any large body, such as a man, in consequence of his throat being remarkably narrow. This monarch of the deep, when rising to the surface of the ocean, and so rendered visible to man,

“Stretched like a monster, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land.”

The fishing season usually commences about the *middle of May*, and continues as late as September, or
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even October. The principal seat of the fishery is a large open sea, called Baffin's Bay, on the other side of Greenland. A whaling ship carries a crew of from forty to fifty men, but the fishing is carried on in boats, of which there are six or seven attached to each ship. The instruments made use of to kill the fish are harpoons and lances, the former consisting of an iron shank, with a large barbed head, like a gigantic fish-hook. The shank is attached to a rope, about two inches in thickness, and is from six to eight fathoms in length. Each boat has six of these harpoons, making a total length of 720 fathoms, or 4,320 feet. The harpoon is employed to hook the whale, and the fisherman remains at the end of the rope, until he has exhausted his strength in struggles or efforts to escape, and when on his rising to the surface, he is despatched with lances, which are nothing more than a stock or handle of fir-wood, of about six feet in length, tipped with a thin steel head, made exceedingly sharp.

In attacking the whale, the first thing to do is to approach him sufficiently near to take aim without discovery; for which purpose the fisher rows directly upon him, and the instant before the boat touches, buries the harpoon in his back. Now the peril of the adventurous fishermen in reality commences. The surprise and agony of the wounded monster find vent in convulsive struggles, in the midst of which the boat is subject to violent blows from its head, its tail, or its huge fins. It is a common occurrence for limbs to be broken, and life to be lost in this terrific encounter; and frequently the boat itself is upset, or broken to pieces, and the crew thrown into the sea.

One or two adventures of actual occurrence will serve to illustrate the nature and imminence of these perils. The signal of a whale having been given as usual from the masthead, and the customary preparations having been made for the attack, one of the party relates the casualties that befell the boats in the following words:—"It was my duty to steer the mate's boat, and she happened to be the fastest puller, so that although we left the ship together, and for a few rods kept nearly head and head with each other, still we knew well enough that as soon as the word came from the mate to 'give way,' we should drop the others in a moment, so we did not fret ourselves, but kept cool for a tight pull when the whale should show himself upon the surface of the water again, which he did the moment after. 'Here she is,' cried the mate, 'and not over ten rods from the boat. Now, my dear fellow, lay hard back! Spring hard, I tell you. There she blows! Only give way, my boys, and she is ours.' The boat bounded forward like a thing of life. 'Spring like tigers,' said the mate, his voice sinking almost to a whisper. I looked over my shoulder to see what kind of a chance I was about to have, at the same time pulling at my own oar with all my might. We were going on her star-board quarter, just the chance I liked to fasten to a whale. 'Stand up,' shouted the mate, and in a moment I was on my feet, and in the next moment I had two harpoons to the hitches into her. 'Stern all! stern all!' sung out the mate, as he saw the iron enter the whale. 'Come here, my boy,' said he to me. We shifted ends; he to the head, and I to the stern of

the boat. The whale started off like lightning. 'Hold on line,' said the mate, and again we started after her like an arrow from the bow. 'Haul me to that whale,' he shouted; and all hands turned to hauling line, while I coiled it away in the stern-sheets. We had got nearly up to the whale when she took to sounding, taking the line right up and down from the head of the boat. I had two turns of the line round the loggerhead, and was holding on as much as the boat would bear, when, all at once, another large whale, that we knew nothing about, shot up out of the water, nearly her whole length in a slanting position, hanging directly over the boat. I threw off the turns from the loggerhead, and shouted to the men to 'stern;' but it was of no use. She fell the whole length of her body on the boat. I heard a crash! And as I went down I felt a pressure of water directly over my head, caused, as I thought, by the whale's flukes as she struck. How long I was under water I know not; but I remember that all looked dark above me, and that I tried very hard to shove my head through in order to breathe. At last I succeeded; but what a sight was that on which I gazed when I found myself on the surface of the water! About a rod off was the whale that we were fast to, thrashing the water into a foam with his flukes, the ocean red with blood, and the crimson streams pouring from the wounds in the whale's side made by the harpoons. In another direction I could see pieces of the boat floating around; at the distance of two or three miles I could occasionally get a glimpse of the ship as I rode on the *top of a swell*, and not a human being

in sight. Not losing heart or hope, I struck out for a piece of the stern of our once beautiful boat, a few yards distant. The crew came up one after another, catching at anything they could see to help to keep them afloat. One poor fellow came paddling along with two or three oars under him, crying out that his back was broken. Another of the crew and myself got him on a piece of the boat that we had got hold of. His thighs were broken, and he could not move his legs at all. The party was soon picked up; and then for the first time perceived that one of their number was missing. He had been the midship oarman, and the whale fell directly over him, and probably killed him in a moment."

In another instance a whale being chased, suddenly turned, and advanced to meet his assailants, who, forgetting prudence in the excitement of the pursuit, rushed on until the boat came into contact with the head of the monster with such violence, that the men were all thrown out of their seats. The whale, being at the same moment wounded, rolled over on his back, and a heavy sea striking the boat, threw it and its entire crew into the animal's mouth. The men, with sudden and well-timed agility, succeeded in leaping from the dangerous cavern, as the huge jaws, descending, crushed the frail boat to atoms, and were fortunately picked up by another crew.

The following incident is related partly in the language of one who was himself an actor in the scenes described, having been one of the hands of the captain's boat. Upon getting into a "gam," or company of whales, this boat, together with that of one of the



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mate's, pulled for a single whale that was seen at a distance from the others, and succeeded in getting square up to their victim unperceived. In a twinkling the boat-steerer sprang to his feet, and, as he darted his second harpoon, the bow of the boat grounded on the body of the whale, but was instantly "sterned off," and before the whale had sufficiently recovered from his surprise to show fight, the "cedar" was out of the reach of his flukes.

The captain, who now took his place in the bow of the boat, seized his lance, and the oarsmen again shot the boat ahead; but before he could plunge the lance, the whale pitched down and disappeared. The line attached to the harpoon, being of great length, is coiled very carefully and compactly in a large tub in the centre of the boat; from thence it passes to the stern, and around a post called the loggerhead, firmly secured to the frame of the boat; and it is used for checking the line by friction as it runs out, a "round turn" being taken for that purpose. From the loggerhead the line passes along the whole length of the boat between the men, and leads out through a notch in the bow to the harpoons, two of which are always attached to the line's end.

Soon as the whale disappeared, the line commenced running through the tub so rapidly that, as it rubbed round the loggerhead, sparks of fire flew from it in a stream. As the different coils run from the tub, they sometimes, when not well laid down, get "foul" or ~~stangled~~ tangled, in which case there is great danger, for, in attempting to clear it, a turn will get by accident round an arm or leg. As any one can see, there is little hope

for the unhappy man thus entangled, for, unless the line be cut instantly, the limb is either lost, or the man goes overboard.

A few years since, one of the most active and energetic of our whaling captains was thus taken overboard by the line, and had the singular good fortune to survive to tell the story. The whale was sounding very swiftly when the line became entangled. The boat-steerer, who was at his post in the stern of the boat tending the line, instantly threw the turn off the loggerhead, and the tangled part ran forward, and caught in the bows. The captain was seen to stoop to clear it, and then at once to disappear. The boat-steerer seized the hatchet, which is always at hand, and chopped the line, with the faint hope that when it slackened the captain could extricate himself.

The accident being so sudden and dreadful as almost to stupify the amazed crew, neither of them spake a word, but each eye was fixed upon the sea with fearful interest. Several minutes had elapsed, and the last hope was expiring, when an object was seen to rise to the surface a short way from the boat, which, though exhibiting no sign of animation, was speedily reached, and the body of the captain, apparently lifeless, was lifted into the boat. It was evident that vitality was not extinct, and, to the joy of the little crew, symptoms of consciousness became visible in a few minutes, and the oars were lustily plied to reach the ship. By means of the usual remedies, the resuscitated captain was in a few days, in his own words, "as good as new."

In giving an account of the accident and his sin-

gular escape, he said, that as soon as he discovered the line had caught in the bow of the boat, he stooped to clear it, and attempted to throw it out from the "chock," so that it might run free. In doing this, he must have caught a turn round his left wrist, and felt himself dragged overboard. He was perfectly conscious while he was rushing down, down, with unknown force and swiftness; and it appeared to him that his arm would be torn from his body, so great was the resistance of the water. He was well aware of his perilous condition, and that his only chance for life was to cut the line; but he could not remove his right arm from his side, to which it was pressed by the force of the element through which he was drawn.

When he first opened his eyes, it appeared as if a stream of fire was passing before them; but as it descended it grew dark, and he felt a terrible pressure on his brain, and a roaring as of thunder in his ears. Yet he was conscious of his situation, and made several efforts to reach the knife that was in his belt. At last, as he felt his strength failing, and his brain reeling, the line for an instant slackened; he reached his knife, and instantly that the line again became *taut*, its edge was upon it, and by a desperate effort of his exhausted energies he freed himself. After this he only remembered a feeling of suffocation, a gurgling spasm, and all was over, until he awoke to an agonizing sense of pain in the boat.

But to come back from this digression. The whale to which our hero's boat was now fast took out a large portion of the line with great rapidity before it was deemed prudent to check it; then an extra turn was

taken round the loggerhead, and the strain upon it became very great; for the whale, continuing to descend, would bring the bow of the boat down till the water was just about to rush over the gunwale and fill it, when the line would be "surged," or slacked out.

Sometimes, when the line is nearly spent, and there is great danger of losing the whale by having it all run out, the disposition to hold on has been fatally indulged too far, and the boat taken down. One boat was thus lost on the "False Banks," and her whole crew drowned. And very lately the whaling bark *Janet*, of Westport, lost her captain and boat's crew of five men; they were all carried down and drowned by the boat-line getting foul while they were fast to a whale.

In the present instance, before taking all their line, the whale began to ascend, and as it became slackened, the line was hauled in, "hand over hand," by the boat's crew, and coiled away by the boat-steerer. The moment the whale came to the surface, "he went smoking off like a locomotive with an express." They held manfully to the line, and with oars peaked, ready to be seized in a moment, they dashed along in the track of the whale. Had they been fast yoked to a team of wild horses on a plank road, their rate of travelling could hardly have been quicker. Milestones, trees, and rails were all one in their Gilpin race; and, Mazeppa like, as they dashed along at the heels of the monster, they could only see one white bank of foam, which rolled up before them higher than the bow of the boat, as if it would momentarily rush aboard.

The whale, in this instance, decided that their ride should not be altogether barren of variety, for they soon found themselves rushing into the midst of loose whales, who, having been disturbed by the other boats, were merrily fluking and snorting all around, and playing their mad antics and gambols. The other boats had also fastened, and as their whale, too, seemed to have a fondness for company, they were all in a mass together.

At length, as the first whale slackened his speed, they hauled up to him, and the captain darted his lance adroitly, which took effect. The second mate, who had kept as near as possible during the chase, now fastened with his barbed irons, and whichsoever way the harrassed whale turned, he met an enemy.

Weakened with the loss of blood, that was now jetted forth from his huge nostrils in torrents, the subdued monster soon became passive, and his captors hauled off to a safe distance to wait the last struggle. This was speedily over; for, after a few moments of convulsive writhing, there came the final spasm, which is always terrible to see. The surrounding waters were lashed into foam, and all previous exhibitions of power were as nothing compared with the incredible strength put forth in the "flurry."

At last, leaping almost clear from the water, the whale pitched down head foremost, and as their lines tautened, they commenced hauling in hand over hand, expecting that he would die under water, and that the body would rise directly; but in this they were deceived. The strain upon the lines soon indicated that the whale was sinking, and it was all in

vain they endeavoured to check its downward tendency. It would sink like lead in spite of all their efforts, and they were obliged at last to cut the lines in order to keep the boats from going down with it. Thus they lost, not only the fruits of many hours of severe toil, but a large quantity of line, and the valuable harpoons also, besides the incalculable moral detriment and loss of spirits from such a disappointment.

Some few years ago, in latitude about 24° South, and longitude 40° West, an old weather-worn and barnacled whale-ship was working slowly along on a wind, homeward-bound, or after another sperm whale, if one should heave in sight. Her "try-works" were sending up a smoke, black as night, in huge volumes, for they were trying out an eighty barreler not long taken.

The deck was lined with casks, and the main-hatches off, men engaged in the blubber-room cutting up the blanket pieces into horse pieces ready for mincing; others picking the pieces from one tub to another, ready for the mincers; some tending the fires, some filling up casks with hot oil from the cooler; every man busy and each at his place; but the decks confusedly strewn with barrels, and tubs, and whaling gear, like a street with goods in it, after a fire.

All at once, says an old whaler, in a yarn of random recollections of his youth, all at once, a voice clear as the lark, and to the ear of the whaler far sweeter, rang through the ship, "There she blows!" Again,

and again it is repeated, at regular intervals. Now the captain hails the masthead: "Where away is that whale, and what do you call her?"

"Sperm whale, sir; three points on the weather-bow; not over two miles off."

"Get your boats ready; slack down the fires; and stand by to lower away!"

The boats' crews each stand by their own boat, some of the men help to put in the tub of line, others lay down the boat-tackle falls in such a way that they will run clear. The boat-steerer bends on his harpoons, the gripes are cast clear of the boats, and now comes the word, "Hoist and swing!" In a moment the boats are hanging by their tackles, and clear of the cranes, ready for the word "Lower away!" The mates in the mean time were aloft, watching the movements of the whale, in order to judge how to pull for her.

Now comes the word, "Lower away!" In a moment all the boats are off, and in a chase, at a good speed, in order to see who will be up with the whale first. However, at this time, it did not make so much difference which boat pulled the best, as the whale peaked her flukes, and went down before any boat came up with her. Now each boat-header uses his own judgment as to where the whale will come up next, for a sperm whale is almost always travelling when she is down, or under water. The whale was gone an hour when we caught sight of the signal at the main, which said plainly that the whale was up. All eyes gaze eagerly round in all directions for her.

"There she is," cries one of the men, "not twenty

rods from the chief mate's boat! There, he sees her!"

"Down to your oars, lads!" said the captain, in whose boat I was. "Give way hard!" Now, then, the little boat jumps again, sending the spray in rainbows from the bow. "Spring hard, my dear fellows; if she blows a dozen times more, the mate will fasten. There she blows! Oh, she's a beauty! a regular old sog! a hundred barreller. There she lays, like a log! Oh, what a hump! There she blows! Stand up, David! (the name of the mate's boat-steerer). There goes one iron into her, and there, he gives her the second one; he is fast solid. Now, then, my boys, let us be among the suds. Stand up!" shouted the captain to me, as he laid his boat square on to her. In go two more harpoons, and our boat is fast.

I thought I had seen large sperm whales, but this old chap beat them all; he cut and thrashed, with his flukes a while, but did not take to sounding or running as some whales do. The mate pulled up, to lance him, but let him go on as he would, the whale would head for his boat, and prevent his getting a chance at her with his lance.

"Now then, Mr. —," said the captain to me, "you must kill that whale." The captain steered me this day, as he had done several times before, as we were short of a boat-steerer. We pulled up to her, and I set my lance into her life, as I thought, the whole length; she spouted a little thin blood. "You are not low enough," said the captain; "set your lance lower down; this fellow is deep, and you must lance lower."

The whale settled away under water after she felt the lance, and I kept a look-out for her, expecting she would break water near the head of the boat. Pretty soon, I saw her whiten under water, and got my lance ready as soon as she should come to the surface; the next moment I was flying in the air, and a moment after was several fathoms under water. The whale came up head foremost, hitting the boat a tremendous knock under my feet, sending me all flying. The captain at the same time grabbed his steering oar, and overboard he went also.

Fortunately, I could swim well, and soon came up to blow; but I had hardly time to spout, before I found that I was in a very disagreeable situation. Putting out my arm to swim, I hit the whale on his head, and at the same time saw the boat three or four rods from me. I confess I did not feel exactly right; but it was no use for me to lie still, and be picked up like a squid; so I made a regular shove off with my feet against the whale's head, and struck out for the boat. I saw that all was confusion in the boat, and that the men did not notice me at all. I had on thick clothes, and found it hard swimming. Finally, one of the men saw me, and stopped the boat, which some of them were steering away from me as fast as they could.

As I got in at the bow, I saw the captain come over the stern. "Hallo?" said he, "where have you been to?" "After the whale," said I. "And I have been after you," said the captain. We had a good laugh, wrung our hair, and started for the whale again. She lay still, with her jaws open, and her head towards the boat; the rest of her body was under water, so that

she gave no chance to kill. We lay still, watching her motions. All at once she let her jaws fly back, striking the boat in the bow, and smashing a hole through her. The boat began to fill, but, fortunately, we had a jacket ready, and stopped the hole up, and so we kept from filling, and pulled up to the whale again.

This time she headed the mate, and lay her whole length broadside towards us. We had nothing to do but to pull up, and in lance, the whale lying perfectly still all the time. In twenty minutes she went into her flurry, and soon after lay fin out. We took her alongside the ship, and commenced cutting her in; but it took all the next day to gather all in. She measured over seventy-five feet in length, and between fifty and sixty feet round the largest part of her body; her jaw was seventeen and a half feet long, and her flukes seventeen feet broad. She stowed us down 125 barrels of sperm oil.

In the vicissitudes of a whaling fortune, a prize now and then offers itself to a ship, in the form of a dead whale afloat. Such a fortunate windfall once came to the *Cremona*, of New Bedford, in 1839, while cruising on the coast of Peru, in the latitude of 3° South.

Her master there fell in with two whaling ships, belonging to the same port. Being old acquaintances, they were happy to see each other, compared notes, talked of old times; and, whales being in sight all around, although rather shy, they agreed to keep company for the night, hoping for good luck on morrow.

At early dawn, the mastheads were manned, and the horizon carefully scanned in every direction; and the survey increased in interest and care as the hour of rise drew nigh. But no whales were in sight.

The wind was light, and they packed on all sail, steering to the northward, in company with the ships they had fallen in with the day before; the *Orion* being about five miles distant, broad off on the weather bow, and the *Lupin* about three points under the lee, not more than two or three miles off. Being in the north-east trade-winds, and standing along to the northward, they all, of course, had the starboard tacks on board.

On board the *Cremona*, said her captain, in relating the adventure, we had our mastheads doubly manned, and at the maintop gallant-head was stationed Webquish, a smart, active, Gay Head Indian, who was a faithful sentinel on such occasions, with a restless eye, and a keenness of vision seldom surpassed by any of his race. All hands were on deck, and expectation was exhibited in the grave demeanor and semi-smiling countenances of the crew.

It was about nine o'clock in the forenoon, that Webquish, the Indian, who had been looking out steadily in one direction for some minutes, called out that he saw some object afloat away to windward. It was bobbing up and down, and looked something like a boat, but he could not tell what it was.

This excited the curiosity of every man on board; and, as is usual in such cases, all made a spring into the rigging, with a view to run aloft, and get a squint at the mysterious object reported by Webquish. But I

ordered them to remain on deck, and sent up my first mate (a man of good judgment and sharp eyes,) with a spyglass, to the foretop-masthead. He soon got sight of the object, and immediately reported that it was a large dead *spermaceti* whale.

This was an event, the announcement of which created quite a sensation on board the *Cremona*; and the question asked of each other was, whether we could secure it for ourselves? In order to do this, it was necessary not only to see it first, but to *get fast to it first!* From the favourable position of the *Orion*, being to windward, it was clear that the whale would inevitably fall a prize to her, if it should be seen by the look-out before it could be reached by our boats. It was a matter which required a little *management*.

I directed my mate, Mr. Hopkins, to come down to leeward, and keep the mast between him and the *Orion*, that he might not be seen from that ship, which might excite suspicions that something was in the wind; and, in the same manner, I went myself aloft to take a look at the object to windward, an object of much interest to us, as it was probably of great value.

The other ships quietly kept on their course. The *Lupin*, being to leeward, could not possibly see the whale; and on board the *Orion*, the look-out aloft seemed to be taking a nap, for no indications were given that the whale was seen from the ship. This gave us hopes that we might secure the prize; and all was animation on board the *Cremona*. The mate's boat being the fastest, was got in readiness, and a good

coat of tallow was applied to her bottom, a set of the best oars was selected, and all due preparation made for a race.

For nearly an hour we kept on our course, occasionally going a little to windward, but not in a manner to excite observation. By this time the dead whale was abaft the weather beam. And now, without heaving to, or altering the ship's course, the boat was lowered to leeward. Mr. Hopkins and his stalwart and eager crew stepped into it, seized their oars, the word was given, and hurrah, whiz! away they darted toward the whale, with the swiftness of an arrow.

We watched the boat with much interest and no little anxiety; for even now, if the prize should be discovered from the *Orion*, that ship would be filled away, and, running down before the wind, would be able to reach it before Mr. Hopkins could get to it first with his harpoon. And this reflection seemed to add vigour to the arms of the boat's crew, for they pulled away heartily, with a right good-will, and forced the boat merrily through the water. But their fears were groundless. For nearly half an hour they pulled with a degree of strength and skill seldom equalled, and were close on board the whale, and still neither the whale nor the boat was seen by the sleepy look-out on board the *Orion*!

Under these circumstances, I considered that manœuvring was no longer necessary, and gave the orders to tack ship, which enabled us to steer almost *directly for the whale*! This opened the eyes of the *Orion*; for our yards were hardly trimmed before that

ship squared her yards, and came running down directly across our track, and in a few minutes the *Lupin* hauled her wind, and came creeping up to windward.

But it was of no use. The *Orion* was just in time to see Mr. Hopkins strike his harpoon into the whale, and take possession of the prize in the name of the good ship *Cremona*, of New Bedford! And it was not long before we had the whale alongside, and forthwith commenced "cutting in" upon this noble specimen of the class Mammalia, which proved to be an eighty-barrel whale, and was worth nearly five hundred pounds.

By the time we had made fast to our prize, the *Orion* was within speaking distance. Evidently chagrined at the success of our manoeuvre, she lavished no compliments upon our enterprize, and soon resumed her former course. In about an hour or so, the *Lupin* came up to inquire the news, but soon made sail after the *Orion*; and before night, both were out of sight to the leeward, and our oil mostly boiled out and cooling to stow away below.

The fortunate captain of the *Cremona*, thinks that in this instance, and others like it, the whale, having been harpooned, and deprived of life, sunk, we know not why, and remained below the surface until its specific gravity had diminished, by the generation of gases within the animal tissues, to such a degree, that it rose from indefinite depths below.

Multitudes of the right whale sink immediately after capture, as we have already learned, and are a dead loss; but this is seldom the case with the sperm;

and the *Cremona's* lucky prize in this instance may have been a sperm whale that had to be abandoned by some other ship, after being mortally wounded, and dying on the surface, without ever sinking.

In what is called shore-whaling, where there are soundings, they fasten buoys, like as to an anchor, to the sinking right whales, and then watch the spot or the buoy till the dead animal rises, after the expiration of two or three days. It is probable that old age, reducing the whale to leanness, and any other cause that diminishes the animal's adipose or oily matter, tends to increase his specific gravity, and consequently the tendency to sink when killed.

A chase similar to that described above, but for a living whale, once came off in the South Pacific between four ships of different nations, becalmed together within the neighbourhood of a mile—English, French, Portuguese, and American. The officers of the American ship were making preparation to visit their English neighbours, and the men were amusing themselves below, or loitering about the decks, when the look-out on the masthead gave intelligence of a whale by the exciting and familiar cry of "There she blows!" "There she blows!" "Oh, she's a beauty!" "There she blows again!"

"Where away?" hailed the officer of the deck.

"West of south, heading east."

"How far, and what is she?"

"Three miles—a real sperm," was the reply.

The men of the American had not been idle during this dialogue. As soon as the first "There she blows!" was heard, each man had sprung to his station in the

boat. Stopping for a moment to have a keg of water placed in the stern-sheets, the boat-steerer, who gives the account, sprang into the boat, and casting all clear, they were soon under-weigh. The other ships also had been on the alert, and a well-manned boat from each was in the chase.

The French, English, and Portuguese ships lying somewhat in advance of the American, had the advantage of from fifteen to twenty rods the start; but, speaking a few words of encouragement to the men, relates the captain of the latter, we were soon passing over the water with a velocity which is hardly conceivable to a landsman. The crew gave their whole energy to the oar, laying themselves to the work with a hearty good-will. Placing the palm of my left hand under the abaft oar, while with my right I guided the boat, and at each stroke threw a part of my weight against it, our boat would "skim the water like a thing of life."

A few moments from the start brought us up with the Portuguese. The crews of the different vessels witnessing the chase, the excitement was tremendous. Our shipmates cheered us as we came up with the first boat, and as we passed, the whale again made its appearance. Singing out to the men, "There she blows! She's an eighty-barrel, right ahead. Give way, my boys," &c., we were soon alongside of the Frenchman. The Frenchman was too polite to oppose us, and we passed him with ease.

The English boat was now about ten rods in advance, and the whale about one and three-fourths of a mile. Now came the trial. The English boat was

manned by the same number of stout, active hands, as our own, and seeing us pass the other boats, their whole strength and force was put to the oar. We gained on them but slowly; and such was the excitement of the race, that we were in danger of passing over where the whale had blown. At this moment, the English boat-steerer noticed the manner in which I had placed my left hand and weight against the oar. Instantly laying hold of his own in like manner, his first effort broke it short at the lock. Disabled by this accident, he was obliged to abandon the chase, and we shot past him like a meteor.

We had been so excited with the race, that we had lost sight of the whale. As luck would have it, at this instant she "blowed" but a few rods ahead. In a moment we were fast and "all hands astern." Soon she was in a "flurry," and, all in the course of an hour, we were slowly returning to our ship. That whale stowed us down eighty-five barrels of oil, and shortened our voyage two months.

To these narratives of peril it may not be out of place to append a brief notice of an incident recorded, upon the testimony of a gentleman of reputation, in the pages of the "Westminster Review." It is a tragedy so extraordinary and unparalleled in its nature, that we must content ourselves with thus naming the authority upon which the story rests.

It is said that Captain Warrens, the master of a Greenland whaler, being becalmed in the midst of an immense number of large icebergs, in the autumn of 1775, *discovered, at length, a canal of open sea, wind-*

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ing its way for an immense distance among them. Pursuing his course through this channel, Captain Warrens perceived, at a distance of two miles from its mouth, a strange ship. At first, intervening icebergs prevented anything being seen but the masts, which were observed to present a singularly dismantled aspect. On nearer approach, it was discovered that the hull was miserably weather-beaten. Not a living

ure was to be seen on board, though through an port-hole was perceived the figure of a man ing in a chair with writing materials before him.

Captain Warrens and a party of his men went on deck, and proceeded to explore the mysterious vessel. Entering the apartment into which they had already glanced, they found the occupant of the chair a corpse, his flesh covered with a green, damp mould, his hand still holding a pen and a log-book before him, of which the following lines were the last entry :—"November 11th, 1762.—We have now been enclosed in the ice seventeen days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again, without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief." In the principal cabin, the dead body of a female reclined upon a bed, with a countenance still wearing the look of life, and on the floor was seated the corpse of a man, holding in his hands a flint and steel, as if in the very act of striking fire on some tinder that lay beside him. Several other corpses were found lying dead in their berths. No fuel and no food of any description could be discovered. It is added that Captain Warrens' reason for not making *more minute search* was the superstitious feeling of

his crew; but that bringing the log-book with him to England, he was enabled, by various inquiries, to ascertain the name and history of the imprisoned ship, which he found had been frozen-in thirteen years previous to his discovery.

A Californian Execution.

THE discovery of large deposits of gold in the rocks and streams of California, a part of the newly acquired territory of the United States of America bordering on the Pacific ocean, has caused the stream of emigration to flow in that direction with a force and rapidity unexampled in the history of the world. The restless and adventurous of all countries—men eager to discover easier means of acquiring riches than the plodding routine of commerce, men of strong passions, rebellious against the restraints of civilized society, and men of lost character, anxious to find new openings amid scenes where their past would be unknown—flocked in vast numbers to the gold diggings, as soon as the exciting news of the discovery had spread abroad; and the cities of Sacramento and San Francisco became the dense centres of a population filled with more of the elements of mischief and crime than any other spot of equal magnitude on the surface of the earth.

The consequences of such a state of things were early apparent. Lawlessness became the prevailing condition of society. Offences against property and life were of fearful frequency; and whilst the sense of insecurity was general and constant, the executive authorities were too feeble to make the law, so omnipotent an engine for repressing and punishing crime in this country, a real "terror unto evil-doers."

Proportion as the first rush of immigrants was by the more respectable and sober traders, ought to avail themselves of the new field for mercial enterprize presented in California, the presence of so many reckless desperadoes became more and more felt as an intolerable social evil.

To put an end to such a state of things, grave and earnest men at length adopted the fearful resolution of taking the law into their own hands, and on their own authority, supported, as they felt they would be, by respectable public opinion, inflicting such a summary and severe punishment for theft and murder, as might be looked for in vain from the established courts of law.

This mode of proceeding, viz.: the punishment of offences by the voice and hands of the public, rather than by the regular judicial tribunals, is known in America under the name of Lynching. In many instances, when popular feeling has been strongly excited, the populace have wreaked their vengeance upon some unhappy victim of indignation, by Lynch law.

In California the circumstances attending its execution are widely different. There is a terrible deliberation—a deep gravity of demeanour. Men of high

station and honourable character are the actors ; and the sentences they pass are carried into effect in the open light of day, and with every possible publicity.

In England we pride ourselves on our reverence for law. Whatever horror we may feel at any deed of violence, our maxim is to let the law take its course. The reason is that we have ample cause to know that the law is mighty enough to vindicate itself, and to protect us. Respectable men in California say they cannot feel this ; that the law is too weak to ~~afford~~ them security. They contend that the course they are taking is absolutely necessary in the face of the dangers that threaten their property and their lives ; that there is no safety without it ; for the criminal laughs at the ordinary judge and his tribunal ; and the only defence, therefore, society can set up for its protection, is to terrify him into order.

It is fair to remember this when we read the terrible accounts of executions by Lynch law in the public squares of San Francisco, and it is also fair to remember that these irregular judges only act after they have gone through all the formality of a trial, where the evidence on which an accusation rests is brought forward, and a prisoner's answer to it heard on the same principles as in a more authorized court of law.

These incidents occurring in the nineteenth century, and in one of the states of a great and civilized nation, are very curious features of society. In the narrative that follows, the principal actors are two hundred citizens of San Francisco, who have formed themselves into a "vigilance committee," for the pur-

pose of "insuring that no thief, burglar, incendiary, or assassin shall escape punishment, either by the quibbles of the law, the insecurity of prisons, the carelessness or corruption of the police, or laxity of those who pretend to administer justice." The miserable man whose fate they took on themselves to determine was guilty, upon very clear evidence, of stealing an iron safe containing a considerable sum of money. Being seen to carry something very heavy wrapped in a bag, he was followed, and jumping into a boat, pulled towards the end of the wharf. The fact of the robbery having in the mean time become known, a number of the boatmen on the wharf immediately started off in pursuit. A sharp pull brought them alongside, when the man threw his booty overboard. After a severe struggle, one party of boatmen succeeded in capturing him, while another fished up the bag, which proved to contain the stolen safe. The culprit was conveyed on shore, and at once taken possession of by some of the vigilance committee, who conducted him promptly to their head-quarters, where he was tried in the presence of about eighty members of the conclave, sitting with closed doors; by them convicted, and sentenced to be hanged in the Portsmouth-square that very night. During the time of the trial, the citizens had accumulated in large numbers about the building and in Portsmouth-square, the bell on the engine-house of the latter locality having rung a signal to apprise them of the proceedings going on. The populace were very much excited, but more orderly than is usually the case, or could well have *been expected*, with such a numerous assemblage on

such an occasion. Some disapprobation was manifested at the secrecy of the committee's proceedings: but when the result was known, there was a very general approval, although many deemed the punishment of death too severe for the offence.

As soon as the sentence was passed, the bell on the Californian engine-house, near by, commenced tolling the prisoner's funeral knell. Captain Benjamin May, of the police force, applied at the door of the committee-room, and demanded the prisoner, but was refused several times; and although others of the police were upon the ground, they saw it was no use to attempt a rescue.

About one o'clock Mr. Samuel Brannan came out, and, ascending the bank opposite, announced the result of the committee's deliberations, stating that the man had been fairly tried, convicted on the strongest testimony, and offered no defence, except a denial of the robbery. He gave the name of John Jenkins, a native of London. Mr. B. stated that he had been allowed another hour to prepare himself for death, and that the Reverend Mr. Innes had been sent for to visit him. The crowd present promptly approved of the action of the committee. From that time the excitement began to increase, and the matter was freely discussed by knots of citizens at the various street corners round the committee-room and the square. A very large majority were evidently in favour of the execution.

The prisoner was perfectly composed during this time, and indulged in a cigar. The clergyman promptly responded to the request to pray with him, and remained with him for nearly an hour. His presence ap-

peared to have no effect upon the condemned man, who doubtless confidently anticipated a rescue by the police.

About two o'clock the doors of the committee-room were opened, and the condemned was for the first time presented to the populace. He was a tall man, of very great muscular development, and with rather a forbidding countenance. He was smoking a cigar, and appeared pale, but composed. His arms were pinioned, and his hands tied behind him, while he was surrounded by a rope thickly manned by armed men, many others closing on them, determined to prevent his escape.

In this manner, followed by a large crowd, he was conducted to the public square.

His arrival was announced with a shout, and every description of vociferation, the wildest scene of confusion and excitement prevailing. The moon, obscured by clouds, shed no light, and the picture presented was wild and awful in the extreme. Some person climbed the liberty-pole to rig a block for the execution, but a loud shout of "Don't hang him on the liberty pole" arose. Voices screamed out, "To the old *adobe*!" A living stream set in for that edifice, upon the corner of the square, formerly occupied as the custom-house. A rush was at once made for the end of the building, a block rigged, and a long rope run through it. In the mean time a number of the police, who were on the ground, made several attempts to obtain possession of the prisoner, but they were roughly handled and prevented; had they persisted, they would have been riddled with balls. Several citizens denounced the execution, and sought to aid the police.

A CALIFORNIAN EXECUTION

The prisoner by this time was nearly dead with fear and rough handling, when, by a hasty movement, a noose was thrown over his head, the rope manned by twenty ready hands, and the heavy form of the convicted felon swept through the air, and dangled from the block. A few fearful struggles, a quiver of the hempen cord, a few nervous twitches, and the crowd gazed upon the lifeless corpse of him upon whom such speedy and terrible vengeance had been executed on an outraged people. As he swung to and fro, turned round and round, a feeling of awe appeared spread through the crowd, who could not be other than impressed by the terrible occurrence. Still they dispersed; but when day broke, there were many gazing upon the swollen, purple features of the doomed man. At six o'clock, the marshal, Mr. Crohier, repaired to the spot, cut down the body, and consigned it to the dead-house.

Thus ended the first execution that ever took place in San Francisco.

In the peculiar circumstances of society in California, such as we have described it, much may doubtless be found to excuse such terrible acts of popular sovereignty. As we hear of these deeds done on a distant shore, we should learn to appreciate more keenly the happiness of living in a land where the law is universally respected, because there is universal faith in its efficacy, and where we can live in peace and security, knowing that the vigilance of public authority has done all that human precaution can devise, to shield us from outrage and harm.

A Sketch on the Coast of Central America.

It was a dark and rainy morning when "land on the lee bow" was sung out by the man at the helm, and in considerably less time than is occupied in writing it, the occupants of the close little cabin, in which they had been cooped up for twenty-six mortal days, made their way on deck, to look for the first time upon the coast of Central America. The dim outline of the land was scarcely discernible through the murky atmosphere, and many and profound were the conjectures hazarded as to what precise point was then in view. The result finally arrived at was that we were "off Monkey Point," about thirty miles to the northward of our destined port. This conclusion was soon confirmed by observing, close under the shadow of the shore, an immense rock rising, with all the regularity of the Pyramids, to the height of three hundred feet, a landmark too characteristic to be mistaken.

We were sweeping along with a stiff breeze, and were comforted with the assurance that we should be in port to breakfast, "if," as the cautious captain observed, "the wind held." But the perverse wind did not hold, and in half an hour thereafter we were tumbling about with a wash-tubby motion the most disagreeable that can be imagined, and of which we

A SKETCH ON THE COAST

had had three day's experience under the Domingo. The haze cleared a little, and with our glasses we could make out a long, low line of shore covered with the densest verdure, with here and there a feathery palm, which forms so picturesque a feature in all tropical scenery, lifting itself proudly above the rest of the forest, and the whole relieved against a back-ground of high hills, over which the grey mist still hung like a veil.

Some of the party could even make out the shore; but the old man at the helm smiled and said that there were no huts there, and the unbroken and untenanted forest extended far beyond the great ridge of the cordilleras. So it was that the adventurous Spaniards coasted here three centuries ago, and so it has remained ever since. These observations were interrupted by a heavy shower, which was acceptable for the wind it brought, which filled the idle sails, and helped us towards our haven; and though the rain fell in torrents, it did not deter us from getting soaked, in vain endeavours to harpoon the porpoises that came tumbling in numbers round our bow.

But the shower passed, and with it our breeze, and again the brig rocked lazily on the water, which was now filled with branches of trees, and among the rubbish that drifted was a broken spear and a cocoa-nut, which attracted particular attention; the one showed the proximity of a people whose primitive weapons had not yet given place to the more effective ones of civilized ingenuity, and the other was a certain index of the tropics. The shower passed, but it had carried us within sight of our port.

A trim schooner was presently discerned moving rapidly along under a shower, in the same direction as ourselves, and became immediately a subject of great speculation. It was finally agreed on all hands that it must be the B——, a vessel which left New York three days before us, the captain of which had boasted that he would "beat us by at least ten days in." So everybody was anxious that the little brig should lead him into the harbour, and many were the observations upon the wind, and desperate the attempts of the sailors to avail themselves of every catspaw that passed.

The excitement was great, and some of the impatient passengers inquired for sweeps, and recommended putting out the yawl to tow the vessel in. They even forgot, such was the excitement of rivalry, to admire the emerald shores, which were now distinct, not more than half a mile distant, and prayed that a black-looking thunder-storm, that loomed gloomily in the east, might make a diversion in our favour. And then a speck was seen in the direction of the port, which every moment grew larger as it approached, and by-and-by the movements of the oars could be seen, and bodies swaying to and fro; and in due time a *pitpan*, a long, sharp-pointed canoe, pulled by a motley set of mortals, stripped to the waist, and displaying a great variety of skins, from light yellow to coal-black, darted under our bows, and a burly fellow in a shirt pulled off his straw hat to the captain, and inquired in bad English, "Wantee ah pilot?" The mate consigned him to the nether regions for a lubber, and inquired *hat had become* of his eyes, and if he couldn't tell

the *Frances* anywhere; the *Frances*, which had made thirty-seven voyages to that port, and knew the way better than any black son of a gun who ever put to sea in a bread-basket; and then the black fellow in a shirt and straw hat was instructed, if he chose, to go and pilot in the lubberly schooner to windward. The black fellow looked blacker than before, and said something in an unintelligible jargon to the rest, and away they darted for the schooner.

Meantime, the flank of the thunder-storm swept towards us, piling up a black line of waters crested with foam, while it approached with a noise of distant artillery. It came upon us; the sails fluttered a moment, and filled, the yards creaked, the masts bent to the strain, and the little brig dashed rapidly through the hissing water. In the darkness we lost sight of the schooner, and the shore was no longer visible, but we kept on our way. The *Frances* knew the road, and seemed full of life, and anxious to reach her old anchorage.

"Don't she scud?" said the mate, who rubbed his hands in very glee. "If she only holds for ten minutes more, we are in like a spike;" and, strange to say, it did hold; and when it was passed, we found ourselves close to Point Arenas, a long, narrow spit, partly covered with water, which shuts in the harbour, leaving only a narrow opening for the admission of vessels. The schooner was behind us; but here was a difficulty. The bar had shifted since his last trip, the captain was uncertain as to the entrance, and the surf broke heavily under our lee. Excitement of another character prevailed as we moved slowly along, when a great swell proclaimed the existence of shallows.

The captain stood in the bow, and we watched the captain. Suddenly he cried, "Hard a-port," with startling emphasis, and "hard a-port" was echoed by the helmsman, as he swept round the tiller. But it was too late,—the little vessel struck heavily as the wave fell.

"Thirty-seventh and last," muttered the mate between his teeth, as he rushed to the fastenings, and the mainsail came down with a run. "Round with the boom, my men," and the boom swung round, just as the brig struck again, with greater force than before, unshipping the rudder, and throwing the helmsman across the deck. "Round again, my men! Lively, or the *Frances* is lost," cheered the mate, who seemed inspired with superhuman strength and agility; and as the boom swung round, the wave fell, but the *Frances* did not strike again.

"Clear she is!" shouted the mate, who leaped upon the companion-way, and waved his cap in triumph, and turning towards the schooner—"Do *that*, d'ye hear, and call yourself a sailor."

There was no doubt about it; the *Frances* was in before the schooner, and, notwithstanding the accident to her rudder, she passed readily to her old anchorage, in the midst of a spacious harbour, smooth as a mill-pond. There was music in the rattling cable as the anchor was run out; and the *Frances* swung slowly round with her broadside towards the town. The well was tried, but she made no water, which was the occasion for a new ebullition of joy on the part of the mate.

All danger past, we had an opportunity of looking *about us*. We were not more than two cable-lengths

from a low sandy shore, upon which was ranged, in a line parallel with the water, a double row of houses, or rather huts, some built of boards, but most of reeds, and all thatched with palm-leaves. Some came down to the water like sheds, and under one end were drawn up pitpans and canoes. In the centre of the line of houses, which was no other than the town of San Juan de Nicaragua, was an open space, and in the middle of this was a building larger than the others, but of light construction, surrounded by a high fence of canes; near one end rose a stumpy flag-staff, and from its top hung a dingy piece of bunting, closely resembling the British union-jack. This was the custom-house of San Juan, the residence of all the British officials; and the flag was that of the king of Mosquito, the ally of Great Britain.

Just opposite us, on the shore, was an object resembling some black monster, that had lost its teeth and eyes. It was the boiler of a steamer, which some adventurous Yankee had proposed putting up here, but which, for some defect, had proved useless. Behind the town rose the dense tropical forests. There were no clearings, no lines of road stretched back into the country, nothing but dense, dark solitudes, where the tapir and the wild-boar roamed unmolested; where the painted macaw and the noisy parrot, flying from one giant cebia to another, alone disturbed the silence and where the many-hued and numerous serpents of the tropics coiled round the branches of strange trees loaded with flowers and fragrant with precious gums. The whole scene was unprecedentedly novel and picturesque. There was a strange blending of ob-

pertaining to the extremes of civilization. The boiler of the steamer was side by side with the graceful canoe, identical with that in which the simple natives of Hispaniola brought fruits to Columbus, and men in stiff European costumes were seen passing among others, whose dark naked bodies, protected only at the loins, indicated their descent from the same aborigines who disputed the possession of the soil with the mailed followers of Cordova, and made vain propitiations to the symbolical sun, to assist them against their enemies. Here they were, unknowing and careless alike of Cordova and the sun, and ready to load themselves like beasts of burden in order to earn a six-pence.

Our anchor was not fairly down before a canoe came alongside, containing as variegated an assortment of passengers as can well be conceived. Among them were the officers of the port, whose importance was manifest from the numerous and unnecessary orders they gave to the oarsmen, and the prodigious bustle they made in getting up the side. After some inquiries and other formalities, as we were anxious to land, we crowded ourselves into the canoe of the harbour-master, and went on shore.

Most of the women had a simple white or flowered skirt fastened about the hips, with a *guipal*, or sort of large vandyke, with holes, through which the arms were passed, and which hung loosely down over the breast. They all had their hair braided in two long locks, which hung down behind, and which gave them a school-girl look; quite out of keeping with the cool, deliberate manner in which they puffed their cigars, occasionally

forcing the smoke in jets from their nostrils. Their feet were innocent of stockings, but the more fashionable ladies wore silk or satin slippers. A number had gaudy-coloured rebisas thrown over their heads; and altogether the entire group, with an advanced guard of wolfish, sullen-looking curs, was strikingly novel, and not a little picturesque.

We leaped ashore upon the yielding sand with a delight known only to the voyager who has been penned up for a month in a small uncomfortable vessel, and without further ceremony rushed through the crowd of gazers, and started down the principal avenue, which, as we learned, was called King-street.

The doors of the various queer-looking little houses were all open, and in all of them might be seen hammocks suspended between the front and back entrances, so as to catch the passing current of air. In some of these, reclining in attitudes suggestive of most intense laziness, were swarthy figures of men, whose constitutional apathy not even the unwonted occurrence of the arrival at the same moment of two ships could arouse. The women, it is needless to say, were all on the beach, except a few decrepit old dames who gazed at us from the doorways.

Passing through the town, we entered the forest, followed by a train of boys, and some ill-looking grown-up vagabonds. The path led to a beautiful lagoon, fenced in by a bank of verdure, upon the edges of which were a number of women, naked to the waist, who had not yet heard the news. They were washing, an operation quite different from that of our own country; placing the clothes in the bottom

of an old canoe, and beating them violently with clubs. Visions of buttonless shirts rose up incessantly in long perspective, and we turned down a narrow path, which led along the shores of the lagoon, and invited us to the cool, deep shades of the forest. A flock of noisy parrots were fluttering above us, and strange fruits and flowers appeared on all sides. We had not gone far before there was an odour of musk, and then a plunge. We stopped short; but one of the urchins waved his hand, and said "Lugartos." And sure enough, glancing through the bushes, we saw three monster alligators propelling themselves through the water. The urchins noticed our surprise, and, by way of comfort, one of them in advance, looking suspiciously round at the same time, exclaimed, "There are lots of snakes here." This interesting piece of intelligence opened conversation, and we learned that, a few days previously, two men had been bitten by snakes, and had died in frightful torments. It was soon concluded that we had gone far enough, and that we had better defer our walk in the woods to another day. It is scarcely necessary to observe that it was never resumed.

Finding that a quantity of hides had been stored in the house selected for my accommodation, which could not be removed till the next day, I determined to sleep the first night on board the brig, and then sauntered with some companions through the town, looking in at the doorways, catching occasional glimpses of the domestic economy of the inhabitants, and admiring not a little the perfectly good understanding that appeared to prevail between the pigs, babies,

dogs, cats, and chickens. The pigs gravely took pieces of food from the mouths of the babies, and the babies as gravely took other pieces away from the pigs. A wag remarked, this was probably as near an approach to those millennial days, when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, as we should probably live to see. There was one house in which we noticed a row of shelves, containing various articles of merchandize, among which long-necked bottles of various hues were most conspicuous; and a rude counter, behind which sat a short lady, of considerably lighter complexion than the average, to whom a coloured friend politely introduced me, informing me that this was the "Maison de Commerce de Viscomte A. de B—— B—— & Co."

We reached the beach just as the sun was setting, where we found our mate with the yawl. "An it baites any city ye've seen, I'll be bound! Its pier-head is this blessed spot of dirt, where ye are jist now! Maybe ye don't know it! And yonder hen-coop is the custom-house, be sure! And yonder clout is the Nagur king's flag; bad luck to it!"

It was clear that our mate, who had not looked at a bottle during the whole voyage, thought a "dhrap" necessary to neutralize the miasma of San Juan. Whilst he was speaking, a ghostly-looking individual, wan with numberless fevers, approached us. He was dressed in white, and wore a jacket and glazed cap; upon the latter, in gilded capitals, was the word "POLICE." He came to invite us to call upon the English consul-general, who was confined to his house by sickness.

The evening passed pleasantly, barring the mosquitoes, and the next day I took possession of my house. It was constructed of rough boards, and elevated on posts, so that every one who entered had to take a short run and flying leap, and was fortunate if he did not miss his aim, and break his shins in the attempt. It was satisfactory to know that the structure was comparatively new, and that the colonies of scorpions, lizards, house-snakes, cockroaches, and other numerous and nameless nondescript vermin who flourish here, had not had time to multiply to any considerable extent. And though there was a large pile of tobacco in bales in one corner, and no other object, moveable or immoveable, in the room, the novelty of the thing was enough to compensate for all deficiencies.

The time passed comfortably enough in our new quarters, interrupted only by various droppings from the roof, which the active fancies of sundry members of our party converted into scorpions and other noxious insects. All slept, notwithstanding, until broad daylight next morning, when every one was roused by the firing of guns, and a great noise of voices, apparently in high altercation, mingled with the cackling of hens, the barking of dogs, and the squealing of pigs, a noise unprecedented from the variety of its constituent sounds.

"A revolution, by Jove," exclaimed M——, whose head was full of exciting news from the interior. "It has got here already."

The doors were hurriedly thrown open, and every head thrust out to discover the cause of the tumult, *The scene that presented itself passes description.*

There was a mingled mass of men, women, and children, some driving pigs and poultry, others flourishing sticks; here a woman with a pig under her arm, and a pair of chickens in each hand; there an urchin vainly endeavouring to carry a long-nosed porker, nearly as large as himself, and twice as noisy; there a busy family, forming a circle round a mother pig, with a large party, and the whole excited, swaying, screaming mass retreating before two policemen in white, each bearing a sword, a pistol, and a formidable-looking blunderbuss.

"They are driving out the poor people," said M——.
 "It is too bad."

But the manner in which two or three old ladies flourished their sticks in the faces of our wan friend and his companion, betokened anything, we thought, but bodily fear. Still all was a mystery, and when the crowd stopped short before our door, and every dark visage, in which anger and supplication were strongly mingled, was turned towards us, each individual vociferating the while at the top of his voice, we were puzzled beyond measure. At length the wan policeman came up and explained, that he was merely carrying out a wholesome regulation which had been promulgated, to the effect that the inhabitants of San Juan should no longer allow their pigs and poultry to roam at large, but keep them securely "cooped and penned;" and as the aforesaid pigs and poultry had roamed at their will since the time "the memory of man runneth not back thereto," and as there were neither coops nor pens, it was very clear that the wholesome regulation could be but partially

complied with. A stout mulatto, behind the policeman, carried a pig and several fowls, which had evidently met a recent and violent death, and we had strong suspicion as to the manner in which the various small porkers and chickens we had encountered at the consul's table had been procured.

During the day we paid a visit to the other side of the harbour, where some Mosquito Indians, who came down the coast to strike turtle, had taken up their temporary residence. They were the most squalid wretches imaginable, and their huts consisted of a few poles, set in a slanting direction, upon which were loosely thrown a quantity of palm-leaves. The sides were open, and altogether the structure must have cost fifteen minutes' labour. Under this shelter crowded a group of half-naked figures, begrimed with dirt, with faces devoid of expression, and altogether brutish. They stared at us vacantly, and then resumed their meal, which consisted of the flesh of the alligator and the manitus chopped in large pieces, and thrown into the fire, until the outer portions were completely charred. These were devoured without salt, and with a wolfish greediness it was horrible to behold. At a little distance, and away from the stench and filth, the huts and the groups beneath them were really picturesque objects.

As we paddled along the shore, we saw many thatched huts, in cool leafy arbours, surrounded by spots of bare hard ground, flecked with sunlight, which danced in mazes as the wind waved the branches above. Around them were dark naked figures, and before them were light canoes drawn close to the

COAST OF CENTRAL AMERICA

bank, which filled out the foreground of pictures, such as we had imagined in reading the quiet recitals of the early voyagers, and the effects of which were heightened by the parrots and macaws that fluttered with their wings on the roofs of the huts, and deafened the ear with their shrill voices. Occasionally a monkey was seen swinging by his tail from the branches of the trees, and making grimaces at the passers.

The habits of the natives were unchanged in the space of three hundred years; their dwellings were the same; the scenes they lived on were the part of those the discoverers had witnessed. A summer reigned above them; their wants were few and simple, and profuse nature supplied them with abundance with all the necessaries of existence. They little thought that the party of strangers gliding silently before them were there to prepare the way for the clanging steamer, and that the great world without was meditating the Titonic enterprise of laying open their primeval solitudes, grading down their hills, and opening from one great ocean to the other a gigantic canal, upon which the navies of the world might pass, laden with the treasures of two hemispheres.

The Bear-Tamer of the Kaatskills.

MORE than a hundred and fifty years ago, there lived in the mountains, amid which the river Delaware rises, a man of singular character, who is remembered by the *soubriquet* of Boddeback the Bear-Tamer. He is the subject of innumerable stories, most of them sufficiently marvellous, and not without a strong dash of the supernatural. The strange incidents we are about to record are among the legends associated with his name, and are said to be entitled to more credit than many, having been handed down from the first settler on the mountain, Nicholas Brawn by name, whose father was a boatman on the Hudson, and who, on his demise, left his son a fortune of fifty golden guineas.

Depositing his treasure inside the lining of his cloth cap, and taking care to secure this well-endowed head-dress firmly in its natural place, Nicholas started off one morning to seek his fortune where no adventurous white man had been before him. He carried on his back a little bag of meat, to supply his modest wants, and fastened a huge horse-pistol in his belt, as a defence against any emergency that might arise.

In this way he wandered for a week among the mountains that lie to the westward of the Hudson, at the end of which time he found himself on a spot that

THE BEAR-TAMER, &c

he determined to select as his settlement near the bottom of a valley watered by a stream of limpid water, and seemed, from its fresh and free look, to be a promising place for cultivation. His mind once made up, he took immediate steps to make himself secure and comfortable. He constructed a hut of stakes, covered over with bark of trees, dried leaves, and a light covering. His next care was to clear a space of ground, and sow the few seeds he had providently brought with him in his pocket. He then, he might have said, began clearing the forest with his axe, and gradually settling in his neighbourhood, picturing to himself his future home should be covered with corn, and verdant pasture.

He thought that as soon as the season was sufficiently advanced for sowing on an extensive scale, he would return to the Hudson and buy a stock of grain, and whatever might be necessary to conduct his little plantation, not forgetting a stout white mare, on which he had his eye, and a plough, which he could sling over her back, and so provided, return to the wilderness.

One evening in August, Nicholas lay stretched on the grass, watching the stars in the darkening twilight—he was always a dreamy fellow at such times—and planning in his own mind how he could lay out some of his golden pieces to the best advantage, when suddenly bethinking himself of his daily diminishing bag of oatmeal, he rose and sought it, for the purpose of ascertaining how much of its contents was left;—for

although he now and then caught a few fish from the neighbouring spring, and plucked a few wild raspberries from the bushes, the bag of meal was his principal dependence! What was his astonishment to find that little more remained than would suffice for a single day's subsistence. His situation was an appalling one. He was too poorly furnished with firearms to find much relief in the thought of providing for himself by that means. What, then, was to be done?

Nicholas determined that he would not perish of hunger in the wilderness, if boldness and resolution could avert such a terrible fate. He had several times seen bears lurking not far from his rude habitation, and he resolved that, getting what help he could from his pistol, and eking that out with his axe, he would try and despatch one of these creatures. He comforted himself, moreover, with the thought that, from all he could see of them, they did not appear to be very ferocious specimens of their race.

Accordingly, before the morning sun had risen above the mountain, Nicholas was far on his way up the western ridge in pursuit of a bear trotting leisurely before him. This bear seemed on the whole a funny creature, for he would suffer Nicholas to come pretty close up to him, and then, whenever the latter lifted his pistol to fire, off he would suddenly start, and be out of bullet-range before the marksman could steady his aim.

Tiring of this game, Nicholas stopped and sat down, an example the bear immediately followed at a *respectful distance*, looking his pursuer very coolly in

the face, and opening his mouth until his distended jaws bore very much the expression of what we may suppose a bear's laugh would be.

Poor Nicholas was provoked beyond endurance. Moreover, his heat and fatigue made his cap, with its deposit of sovereigns, feel oppressive, and, with an angry exclamation, he snatched it from his head, and threw it right in the face of his tormentor. The bear cleverly eluded the blow, and, seizing the precious cap in his mouth, retreated with it up the mountain.

Our poor friend now grew desperate. His whole fortune was running away from him, and he started off more recklessly than before in pursuit, unthinkingly leaving his axe behind him on the ground. Approaching nearer the bear than he had hitherto been, he fired, and waited breathlessly to see his victim fall; but he had become excited and nervous; his aim was unsteady, and the provoking object of his pursuit was still safely moving at the same pace before him.

He had now reached a level spot on the mountain, and the bear, quickening his speed, soon arrived at a large rock covered with moss, on one side of which was a small, rude edifice, constructed of stones, and cemented with mud. The animal disappeared on the other side of this building (the appearance of which was as sudden a surprise to Nicholas as any event of his life), still holding the cap in his mouth.

The poor man thought he must not lose his money in this way, and prompted as much perhaps by curiosity as anxiety, he made the best of his way to an aperture, through which he supposed the bear had

entered, and, after hesitating very naturally for a moment, rushed precipitately in.

Descending a short flight of steps, he found himself in a low, dark apartment, where he encountered the fiery eyes of a fierce-looking old man, with coarse white hair and grizzled countenance, who stood with a hunting-knife in his hand, and, in a deep harsh voice, demanded of Nicholas what he wanted?

The settler replied, with as much firmness as he could summon to his aid, "I want my property; that is, if you please, I want my cap."

The old man held the cap in his left hand, and grasping it tightly, exclaimed, in an ironical tone, "Ha! is it so precious then? I will take good care of it for you, rely upon me."

With these words he opened a wooden chest that stood beside him, and carefully depositing the cap inside, locked the chest, and placed the key in his bosom.

In vain poor Nicholas implored the stranger to restore it to him, in order that he might protect his head from the heat of the sun; for he saw the danger of conveying the impression that it possessed any greater value than any other cap would have done to a man in his situation. The old man turned a deaf ear to every appeal, and the settler was forced to abandon the last hope of ever regaining his lost fortune.

He now began to look around him, and his surprise became intense as his eye rested on the singular objects the apartment contained. The room was dimly lighted by a small opening in the roof, and on half a dozen chairs, roughly constructed out of oaken boughs, were seated, with a very comic

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But it presently transpired that Boddlebak had other intentions respecting his captive; for, after contemplating for a considerable time the agony of the poor man with an expression of demoniacal pleasure, he made preparations for the evening's feast. First he brought from one side of the room a table, and setting it on the middle of the floor, placed food upon it. His mysterious companions then came to his assistance, and brought drinking-cups in their paws. Next pushing up the chairs on which they had been sitting, they seated themselves round the table, and being helped by the old man, proceeded to eat and drink.

At first the meal was conducted in silence; but a youthful-looking bear having awkwardly thrust his nose into his wooden drinking-bowl, and upset it, Boddlebak addressed him very solemnly as follows:—

"It is for your good, my young friend, that I have brought you to this place, and devoted myself to your instruction. You stood low, it is true, in the scale of beings when I found you, but you possessed great qualities, unknown to you or any one but myself. Your great powers of mind only require development, and after many years of careful instruction they shall be devoted to the study of the occult sciences. You are by nature more deserving than that being of a different shape whom you see in the corner there, and who, as I will show you, can be reduced from his present state down to the condition of a brute. This it is my intention to accomplish, in order that I may prove to beings that all are by nature the same."

These words he spoke with a fierce, determined

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bring him to the corner of the apartment near Nicholas, and raising a huge stone, let him fall into a dark pit, whence issued savage growls of untamed bears. Whilst the old man was engaged in these pursuits, Nicholas felt himself becoming every day more like a brute, his beard and nails having grown to a great length, and his heart being filled with a gloomy passion for vengeance against the hateful old wretch who held him captive. His sufferings were rendered greater by the dreams of glowing cornfields and meadows of rich grass that visited him at night, and from which he would wake up to see the bears feasting round the table, or the horrid gaze of Boddlebak fixed upon him, until he began to think that he was under the influence of some terrible enchantment, which would gradually make him in form and in nature one of the brutes he had about him. He had long refused to partake of the beastly fare that was provided for him, but the pangs of hunger compelled him to yield.

At length, one dark and gloomy day, the old man returned after a long absence, leading a bear of great size, which he could scarcely manage, although it was thoroughly bound with very strong cords. The day was so dark that objects in the apartment could only be discerned indistinctly. When Boddlebak had reached the mouth of the pit, and having removed the stone, was in the act of thrusting his captive in, the furious animal succeeded in slipping the muzzle from his mouth, and seized in his jaws the long arm of the bear-tamer, who uttered a fearful cry of rage and pain.

Nicholas saw in a moment the advantage the old *man's* misfortune gave him, and resolved to profit by

the opportunity. Fortune kindly came to his aid. A rope happened to be lying within the limits to which his chain reached. Seizing it, and advancing towards Boddlebak, he threw it round him, so as to bind his remaining hand close to his body. The wretch now made desperate resistance, but the wound inflicted by the bear had, in a great measure, disabled him, and Nicholas being endowed with unusual strength, wrested his knife from his belt, and held it pointed to his breast, whilst the bear continued to maintain his hold.

The feet of the old man being tied and every means of resistance taken away, Nicholas succeeding in getting from his bosom, first the key of his iron collar, and then the key of the chest that contained his treasure. Quickly unlocking both, he regained the cap lined with his father's legacy, and waiting for nothing further—for something like an earthquake shook the old place to its centre—he rushed back to the apartment he had left. It was void of living creatures, but looking down the mouth of the pit, he saw the wretched Boddlebak in the mouths of furious bears, uttering horrible cries, which every moment grew fainter and fainter.

Appalled by the sight and by the terrible sounds, Nicholas rushed from the spot, inwardly determining never to approach within a long distance of it again. Having picked up his axe on his way, and reached the valley in safety, he threw himself on the grass, overcome with fatigue. He was never again a visitor to the hut of the ill-fated bear-tamer, nor when time passed on and his settlement prospered and grew populous, did superstitious dread allow any to seek out the spot, until its exact locality became unknown.

Anecdotes of Maritime Adventure.

THE introduction of the mariner's compass into Europe, about the twelfth or thirteenth century, gave a vast impetus to the progress of maritime discovery. We have reason to believe that the singular properties of the magnetic needle were known to the Chinese, and that this instrument was used by them in navigation at as early a period as 2,600 years before the birth of Christ. But in Europe it was unknown until the date we have named, and it was not until a considerable period after its introduction that its use was sufficiently understood, and confidence in its powers sufficiently established, to enable men to launch out fearlessly into distant and unknown oceans. The commerce of this part of the world had hitherto been carried on by such guidance as an imperfect knowledge of astronomy afforded, and during the continuance of fair weather; and in the case of voyages of limited extent, this was found a tolerably effective help. But although we read of communication held with distant lands by means of ships, by the Phœnicians, the Greeks, and other ancient nations, it is certain that they availed themselves as much as possible of the guidance and shelter of such coasts as they could keep near, and only ventured out to any considerable distance from land

during the summer season, and when winds and waves were propitious.

The mariner's compass introduced a new era in the history of navigation. A combination of causes had inspired the whole of western Europe with an ardent passion for distant enterprize, discovery, and conquest. The Crusades had inflamed the imaginations of men with reference to the East. The speculations of many ingenious minds had whetted public curiosity in connection with the supposed existence of a continent in the West; and a spirit of commercial cupidity, engendered by the rapid development of power and influence among the trading classes, led many of the "projectors" of those times to devise means for establishing direct and speedy communication with such distant markets as were already known, and to encourage the efforts of the adventurous to discover new ones.

Amongst the most daring and successful of the early navigators, whose spirit of enterprize these circumstances called into activity, occurs the name of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the vast continent of America, and the rich and productive islands that crowd around its coast—lands of the richest physical beauty and resources, which, till his time, had lain hidden from the knowledge of the civilized world—their boundless forests peopled and their fertile soil trodden only by savage tribes, and the beasts they hunted for pleasure or prey. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this great event to the commerce and industry of the world, or to admire too profoundly the *genius*, the sagacity, and the heroism

that conducted the hazardous enterprize of Columbus to so successful and glorious an issue.

This great navigator, descended from an ancient Genoese family, adopted the profession of a mariner from a natural love of adventure, and qualified himself by an ardent study of the sciences associated with his calling—geography and astronomy—to forsake its beaten track, and explore new and untrodden paths. From his knowledge of the form and motions of the earth, and some ideas he had conceived of the laws of motion, he was easily led to conjecture the existence of some great continent in the western hemisphere, and the conviction having once taken possession of his mind, its realization by actual research became the ruling passion of his life. Repulsed in every quarter in which he applied for the necessary assistance, he suffered no rebuff to damp his ardour, or weaken his resolution. Some treated him as an imposter, others laughed at him as one whose mind had been weakened by incessant study; and those who made him promises of assistance, usually did so to get rid of his importunity, subjecting him, without remorse, to renewed disappointments. But Columbus never lost his faith in the principles he had adopted and the deductions he had drawn, and pursued the realization of his dreams with untiring perseverance. The trial of his patience was long; but he fainted not, and in due time reaped a glorious reward.

It was by the assistance of Isabella, queen of Spain, that Columbus was at length enabled to set sail, in a few crazy ships, to prosecute his enterprize of peril in the waste of the Western Ocean.

It is not our intention to follow his steps in the remarkable voyages, the results of which have been so stupendous, but one episode in his eventful history may well claim to be recorded in these pages. It exhibits a calmness in the presence of danger, a perseverance in the midst of great difficulties, and a resolute determination, in spite of every obstacle, to accomplish the great object on which he had set his heart, that would stamp him, if every other evidence of his high qualities were absent as a *great man*.

It was on Friday, the 3d of August, 1492, that Columbus set sail for the West; and on the 6th of September (having been detained at the Canary Islands for three weeks) he left the last outposts of Europe behind him, and entered into unknown and untried waters. The moment of losing sight of land was one that severely tested the fidelity and courage of his men. Every landmark was lost; nothing surrounded them but a wide waste of waters, of whose currents and quicksands, and treacherous rocks they knew nothing. Behind them they had left safety and home; in the foreground an affrighted imagination painted nothing but disaster, shipwreck, and death. The decks were crowded with men bewailing the fate they had unwarily courted, and straining to catch one more glimpse of the shores that had already sunk below the distant horizon. Never was task more trying or difficult than Columbus had to execute, in soothing the fears and subduing the discontent that threatened already to crown his enterprize with premature failure. He addressed himself to all the motives by which men of strong passions are occasionally

moved—promised wealth to their cupidity, and glory to their love of fame—and at length he succeeded in restoring them to something like composure and content. The calm, however, was uncertain. The elements of mutiny were held in check, not subdued; and every circumstance which superstition could interpret into an omen of evil renewed the disposition to rebel, and augmented the peril of Columbus. Nor were such incidents uncommon. The 11th of September showed them some floating remnants of a wreck, and on the 13th there appeared grounds for an apprehension that the compass, their only guide and protector in these strange seas, was losing its mysterious virtue. This fear was occasioned by observing for the first time the phenomenon now familiarly known, though not understood or explained, as the “variation of the compass.” It is not indeed surprising that a circumstance so opposed to all their former experience, and thus threatening to rob them of their only chance of directing their course homewards again, should strike terror into the hearts of superstitious men, and make them fancy they were approaching a world where even the ordinary laws of nature were reversed. This mutinous spirit, which had been but ill concealed, now broke out without restraint, and, armed only with the moral power of a high, energetic character, Columbus had to contend with a band of fierce and desperate men. The slightest indication of wavering or timidity would have involved his destruction. Whilst the fears of the crew were conjuring up every phantom of terror, their superstition pointed to Columbus as the evil genius, whose

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 1039-1044.

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7. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1990; 263: 1025-1028.

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James Cook, who was originally destined by his parents for the business of a country shopkeeper; but having conceived a passion for the sea, prevailed on his master to cancel the indentures of his apprenticeship, and acquired his first experience of nautical affairs in a Yorkshire collier. Having, after some years, determined to "try his fortune" in the navy, he entered the king's service as a common sailor, on board the *Eagle*, in the year 1755. The abilities of the young seaman soon became so conspicuous, and his efforts to remedy the disadvantages of a defective education so unremitting and successful, that he was rewarded with rapid promotion in his profession. On the 15th of May, 1759, we find him appointed to the rank of "master" in the navy, on board the *Mercury*, in which vessel he joined the fleet before Quebec. His incessant study had by this time made him a truly scientific navigator, and his reputation in this respect being fully established, he was employed in the execution of many services of the highest importance and responsibility. In 1768 he was sent out in command of the *Endeavour*, with a party of astronomers, intended to make observations in the Pacific Ocean on the approaching transit of Venus over the sun's disc. His conduct in this enterprize gave the highest satisfaction, and to him was subsequently intrusted the command of those celebrated *voyages of discovery*, the momentous results of which were to bring to light hidden lands in different parts of the globe, at that time peopled solely by savage tribes, but in which Europe has since sown the seeds of civilization and Christianity. Amongst his more im-

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portant discoveries may be mentioned the groups of islands in the South Sea, to which he gave the name of the Sandwich Islands.

In the hazardous enterprise of navigating unknown seas, and taking possession of countries whose inhabitants were ferocious barbarians, and, in many instances, cannibals, Captain Cook and his companions frequently found themselves in positions of great peril. The waters they traversed, without any charts to guide them, abounded with coral reefs (the peculiar production of a minute sea insect), contact with which threatened almost certain destruction to ships and crew.

This danger was encountered by the *Endeavour*, in the year 1770, and because, says the captain, in his narrative, "here we became acquainted with misfortune, we called the point which we had just seen furthest to the northward, 'CAPE TRIBULATION.' " "This cape," continues the narrative, from whose graphic description we cannot do better than quote, "lies in latitude 16° 6' S., and longitude 124° 39' W. We steered along the shore N. by W., at the distance of between three or four leagues, having from fourteen to twelve and ten fathoms water: in the offing we saw two islands, which lie in latitude 16° S., and about six or seven leagues from the main. At six in the evening, the northernmost land in sight bore N. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., and two low woody islands, which some of us took to be rocks above water, bore N. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. At this time we shortened sail, and hauled off shore E.N.E. and N.E. by E. close upon a wind; for it was my design to stretch off all night, as well to avoid the danger we

saw ahead, as to see whether any islands lay in the offing, especially as we were now near the latitude assigned to the islands which were discovered by Quiros, and which some geographers, for what reason I know not, have thought fit to join to this land. We had the advantage of a fine breeze, and a clear moonlight night, and in standing off from six till near nine o'clock, we deepened our water from fourteen to twenty-one fathoms; but while we were at supper, it suddenly shoaled, and we fell into twelve, ten, and eight fathoms, within the space of a few minutes. I immediately ordered every one to their station, and all was ready to put about and come to an anchor; but meeting at the next cast of the lead with deep water again, we concluded that we had gone over the tail of the shoals which we had seen at sunset, and that all danger was past. Before ten we had twenty and one-and-twenty fathoms, and this depth continuing, the gentlemen left the deck in great tranquillity, and went to bed; but a few minutes before eleven the water shallowed at once, from twenty to seventeen fathoms, and before the lead could be cast again the ship struck, and remained immovable, except by the heaving of the surge that beat her against the crags of the rock upon which she lay. In a few minutes everybody was upon the deck, with countenances which sufficiently expressed the horror of our situation. We had stood off the shore three hours and a half, with a pleasant breeze, and therefore knew that we could not be very near it, and we had too much reason to conclude that we were upon a rock of coral, *which is more fatal than any other, because the points*

of it are sharp, and every part of the surface so rough, as to grind away whatever is rubbed against it, even with the gentlest motion. In this situation all the sails were immediately taken in, and the boats hoisted out to examine the depth of water around the ship. We soon discovered that our fears had not aggravated our misfortune, and that the vessel had been lifted over a ledge of the rock, and lay in a hollow within it: in some places there were from three to four fathoms, and in some not so many feet. The ship lay with her head to the N.E., and at the distance of about thirty yards on the starboard side the water deepened to eight, ten, and twelve fathoms. As soon as the long-boat was out, we struck our yards and topmasts, and carried out our stream-anchor on the starboard bow, got the coasting-anchor and cable into the boat, and were going to carry it out in the same way; but upon sounding a second time round the ship, the water was found to be deepest astern; the anchor therefore was carried out from the starboard quarter instead of the starboard bow,—that is, from the stern instead of the head,—and having taken ground, our utmost force was applied to the capstan, hoping that if the anchor did not come home, the ship would be got off; but, to our great misfortune and disappointment, we could not move her. During all this time she continued to beat with great violence against the rock, so that it was with the greatest difficulty we kept upon our legs; and to complete the scene of our distress, we saw by the light of the moon the sheathing-boards from the bottom of the vessel floating away all around her, and at last her false keel,

so that every moment was making way for the sea to rush in which was to swallow us up. We had now no chance but to lighten her, and we had lost the opportunity of doing that to the greatest advantage, for unhappily we went on shore just at high water, and by this time it had considerably fallen, so that after she would be lightened so as to draw as much less water as the water had sunk, we should be but in the same situation as at first; and the only alleviation of this circumstance, was that as the tide ebbed, the ship settled to the rocks, and was not beaten against them with so much violence. We had, indeed, some hope from the next tide, but it was doubtful whether she would hold together so long, especially as the rock kept grating her bottom under the starboard bow with so much force as to be heard in the fore store-room. This, however, was no time to indulge conjecture, nor was any effort remitted in despair of success. That no time might be lost, the water was immediately started in the hold, and pumped out; six of our guns, being all we had upon the deck, our iron and stone ballast, casks, oil-jars, hoop-staves, decayed stores, and many other things that lay in the way of heavier materials, were thrown overboard with the utmost expedition, every one exerting himself with an alacrity almost approaching to cheerfulness, without the least repining or discontent; yet the men were so far impressed with a sense of their situation, that not an oath was heard among them, the habit of profaneness, however strong, being instantly subdued by the dread of incurring guilt when death seemed to be so near.

“ While we were thus employed, day broke upon us, and we saw the land at about eight leagues’ distance,

MARITIME ADVENTURE

without any island in the intermediate which, if the ship should have gone to pieces, we might have been set ashore by the boats, and from which they might have taken us by different turns to the main; the wind, however, gradually died away, and early in the afternoon it was a dead calm: if it had blown hard, the ship must inevitably have been destroyed. At eleven in the forenoon we expected high water, and anchors were got out and everything made ready for another effort to float her off if she should float, but, to our inexpressible surprise and concern, she did not float by a foot and a half, though we had lightened her near fifty tons; so that the day-tide fell short of that in the night. We now proceeded to lighten her still more, and threw overboard everything that it was possible for us to spare. Hitherto she had admitted much water, but as the tide fell, it rushed in so fast, that two pumps incessantly worked could scarcely keep her free. At two o'clock she lay heeling two or three streaks to starboard, and the pin-nace, which lay under her bows, touched the ground. We had now no hope but from the tide at midnight, and to prepare for it, we carried out our two bower-anchors, one on the starboard quarter, and the other right astern; got the blocks and tackle, which were to give us a purchase, upon the cables, in order, and brought the falls, or ends of them, in abaft, straining them tight, that the next effort might operate upon the ship, and by shortening the length of the cable between that and the anchors, draw her off the ledge upon which she rested, towards the deep water. About five o'clock in the afternoon, we observed the

tide begin to rise, but we observed at the same time that the leak increased to a most alarming degree, so that two more pumps were manned, but unhappily only one of them would work. Three of the pumps, however, were kept going, and at nine o'clock the ship righted; but the leak had gained upon us so considerably, that it was imagined she must go to the bottom as soon as she ceased to be supported by the rock. This was a dreadful circumstance, so that we anticipated the floating of the ship not as an earnest of deliverance, but as an event that would probably precipitate our destruction. We well knew that our boats were not capable of carrying us all on shore, and that when the dreadful crisis should arrive, as all command and subordination would be at an end, a contest for preference would probably ensue, that would increase even the horrors of shipwreck, and terminate in the destruction of us all by the hands of each other; yet we knew that if any should be left on board to perish by the waves, they would probably suffer less upon the whole than those who should get on shore, without any lasting or effectual defence against the natives, in a country where even nets and firearms would scarcely furnish them with food; and where, if they should find the means of subsistence, they must be condemned to languish out the remainder of life in a desolate wilderness, without the possession, or even hope, of any domestic comfort, and cut off from all commerce with mankind, except the naked savages who prowled the desert, and who perhaps were some of the most rude and uncivilized upon the earth.

“To those only who have waited in a state of such

suspense, Death has approached in all his terrors; and as the dreadful moment that was to determine our fate came on, every one saw his own sensations pictured in the countenances of his companions. However, the capstan and windlass were manned with as many hands as could be spared from the pumps, and the ship floating about twenty minutes after ten o'clock, the effort was made, and she was heaved into deep water. It was some comfort to find that she did not now admit more water than she had done upon the rock; and though, by the gaining of the leak upon the pumps, there was no less than three feet nine inches water in the hold, yet the men did not relinquish their labour, and we held the water, as it were, at bay; but now having endured excessive fatigue of body and agitation of mind for more than four-and-twenty hours, and having but little hope of succeeding at last, they began to flag. None of them could work at the pumps more than five or six minutes together, and then, being totally exhausted, they threw themselves down upon the deck, though a stream of water was running over it from the pumps between three and four inches deep. When those who succeeded them had worked their spell, and were exhausted in their turn, they threw themselves down in the same manner, and the others started up again, and renewed their labour, till an accident was very near putting an end to their efforts at once. The planking which lines the inside of the ship's bottom is called the ceiling; between this and the outside planking there is a space of about eighteen inches. The man who till this time had attended the well to take the depth of water had taken it only to

the ceiling, and gave the measure accordingly; but he being now relieved, the person who came in his stead gave the depth to the outside planking, by which it appeared in a few minutes to have gained upon the pumps eighteen inches, the difference between the planking within and without. Upon this, even the bravest was upon the point of giving up his labour with his hope, and in a few minutes everything would have been involved in the confusion of despair. But this accident, however dreadful in its first consequences, was eventually the cause of our preservation. The mistake was soon detected—and the sudden joy which every man felt upon finding his situation better than his fears had suggested operated like a charm, and seemed to possess him with a belief that scarcely any real danger remained. New confidence and new hope, however founded, inspired new vigour; and though our state was the same as when the men first began to slacken in their labour through weariness and despondency, they now renewed their efforts with such alacrity and spirit, that before eight o'clock in the morning the leak was so far from having gained upon the pumps, that the pumps had gained considerably upon the leak. Everybody now talked of getting the ship into some harbour as a thing not to be doubted; and as hands could be spared from the pumps, they were employed in getting up the anchors. The stream-anchor and best bower we had taken on board; but it was found impossible to save the little bower, and therefore it was cut away at a whole cable; we lost also the cable of the stream-anchor among the rocks; *but in our situation these were trifles which scarcely*

attracted our notice. Our next business was to get up the fore-topmast and fore-yard, and wrap the ship to the south-east; and at eleven, having now a breeze from the sea, we once more got under sail, and stood for the land.

"It was, however, impossible long to continue the labour by which the pumps had been made to gain upon the leak; and as the exact situation of it could not be discovered, we had no hope of stopping it within. In this situation Mr. Monkhouse, one of my midshipmen, came to me, and proposed an expedient that he had once seen used on board a merchant ship, which sprung a leak that admitted above four feet of water an hour, and which by this expedient was brought safely from Virginia to London, the master having such confidence in it that he took her out of harbour, knowing her condition, and did not think it worth while to wait till the leak could be otherwise stopped. To this man, therefore, the care of the expedient, which is called fothering the ship, was immediately committed, four or five of the people being appointed to assist him; and he performed it in this manner: he took a lower studding-sail, and after mixing together a large quantity of oakum and wool, chopped pretty small, he stitched it down in handfulls upon the sail as lightly as possible, and over this he spread the dung of our sheep and other filth; but horse-dung, if we had had it, would have been better. When the sail was thus prepared, it was hauled under the ship's bottom by ropes, which kept it extended, and when it came under the leak, the suction which carried in the water carried in with it the oakum and wool from

the surface of the sail, which in other parts the water was not sufficiently agitated to wash off. By the success of this expedient, our leak was so far reduced, that instead of gaining upon three pumps, it was easily kept under with one. This was a new source of confidence and comfort; the people could scarcely have expressed more joy if they had been already in port; and their views were so far from being limited to running the ship ashore in some harbour, either of an island or the main, and building a vessel out of her materials to carry us to the East Indies, which had so lately been the utmost object of our hope, that nothing was now thought of but ranging along the shore in search of a convenient place to repair the damage she had sustained, and then prosecuting the voyage upon the same plan as if nothing had happened. Upon this occasion, I must observe, both in justice and gratitude to the ship's company and the gentlemen on board, that although, in the midst of our distress, every one seemed to have a just sense of his danger, yet no passionate exclamations or frantic gestures were to be heard or seen; every one appeared to have the perfect possession of his mind; and every one exerted himself to the uttermost, with a quiet and patient perseverance, equally distant from the tumultuous violence of terror, and the gloomy inactivity of despair. In the mean time, having light airs at E.S.E., we got up the main-topmast and main-yard, and kept edging in for the land till about six o'clock in the evening, when we came to an anchor in seventeen fathoms water, at the distance of seven leagues from the shore, and one from the ledge of rocks upon which we had struck."

The adventurous and brilliant career of the gallant Cook met with a tragic termination, attended by every circumstance that could embitter the loss of so brave and successful a discoverer. The latest and one of the most important discoveries effected by his researches in the South Seas, was that of the island Owhyhee, in sailing round and surveying which he spent upwards of seven weeks. His ships at length anchored in Karahakooa, on the south side of the island, and at once entered into friendly intercourse with the natives. With the exception of occasional acts of theft on the part of the latter, nothing occurred to interrupt the harmony existing between the islanders and the English sailors. Provisions were procured with the utmost facility, and large and valuable presents were sent to the ships as marks of good-will. Captain Cook sailed from Karahakooa Bay on the 4th of September, for the purpose of completing his survey of the island, but adverse winds compelled him to return to his old anchorage-ground, which he reached on the 11th of the same month. He missed at this time the cordial reception with which he had previously been greeted. The natives who appeared were few in number, and their manners were changed. The absence of the chiefs, moreover, left their taste for pilfering unchecked, and the frequent squabbles arising out of this cause led to much uneasiness and bitterness of feeling. Some parties of the crew who visited the shore to fill their water-casks were surrounded and attacked by bands of natives. Collisions between the two became frequent, generally originating in some act of theft committed by the islanders. In pursu-

of one article stolen, the tongs belonging to the smith's forge, a boat's crew were sent on shore, but they were disarmed by superior numbers, and subjected to rough treatment, whilst in another scuffle, Parcea, a chief, held in much respect, was struck down with an oar. In the midst of the mutual irritation thus existing, on the morning of Sunday, the 14th of September, a party of islanders succeeded in loosening and carrying off without observation the six-oared cutter of the *Discovery*, an act of daring outrage, which Captain Cook determined he would take the most decided measures to punish, as a check upon future dishonesty, should he fail in recovering the missing boat. The plan he resolved to pursue was to endeavour to obtain possession of Tereoboo, the king, or principal chief of Owhyhee, and hold him a hostage until he could obtain satisfactory redress. Between seven and eight o'clock he proceeded on shore, taking Captain King, a lieutenant, a sergeant, two corporals, and a party of marines, such as he deemed a sufficient force for the occasion. On landing, he met with no molestation, the natives prostrating themselves before him, and paying him every other mark of respect. It even seemed that he would succeed in his purpose of carrying the old king on board without opposition, for, after some reluctance, Tereoboo consented to accompany him, and walked with his two sons through the crowd to the water side. At this moment an unfortunate accident occurred at a little distance, which inflamed the wrath of the islanders, already resenting the attempt to entrap their king, which they sufficiently saw through. A

canoe putting off from shore, a boat stationed at the west end of the way fired a gun as a signal for it to stop, and the shot by some mischance happened to kill a popular chief named Kareemoo. When this occurrence became known, the multitudes who crowded the shore were fearfully excited, and with shouts and yells and brandished clubs gave the usual signals of strife.

It was in the midst of these threatening circumstances that some of the best features of Captain Cook's character were displayed. He at once abandoned the attempt to carry off the king, whom the people were evidently determined to retain, and clinging to the hope that the affair might be brought to an end without more loss of blood, refused to give his men the order to fire. The spirit of vengeance, awakened by the death of Kareemoo, could not, however, be laid. As the captain and his lieutenant were retreating to the boat, a chief approached him with threatening gestures, and in spite of warning to stand back, continued to advance nearer and nearer, evidently with murderous intent. Urged by the instinct of self-preservation, Cook fired with a musket loaded with small shot. The savage was clad in a thick casing of matting, from which the shot rattled off without taking effect; but the signal of war being now given, the marines fired, and the infuriated natives rushed upon them. Cook knocked the chief down with the butt-end of his musket, and fired his second barrel loaded with ball. The fire of musketry on one side was answered by the discharge of stones and other missiles from the other. The events which succeeded were

most untoward. Captain Cook's signal to the boats to advance was misunderstood by one of them, which drew further off. The islanders, displaying great bravery under the fire, rushed upon the marines before they had time to reload their weapons, and forced them back into the water, where four of them were killed, and three others dangerously wounded. The boat rapidly crowded with the fugitives, and Captain Cook was left alone upon the rock. As he approached the pinnacle he was seen to hold his hand against the back of his head, as if to protect it from the shower of stones that continued to assail him, and to carry his musket under the other arm; at the same time an Indian was seen stealthily approaching him from behind, who, at length, springing upon him unawares, dealt him a heavy blow with his club on the back of his head. The captain appeared stunned, staggered a few paces, and then fell on his hands and knees. As he was attempting to rise, another Indian stabbed him in the back of the neck with an iron dagger, and as the ill-fated officer fell into the water, the crowd rushed upon him and endeavoured to hold him under. He had still strength to struggle, and lifting his head, looked to the boat as if imploring assistance. Once more his head was seen to rise, and he was turning to the rock and endeavouring to support himself by it, when he received his death-blow from the club of a native. The body was then dragged from the water, and the savages, eager to glut their thirst for blood, snatched the dagger from each other's hands, that they might plunge it in the lifeless body of their victim. Strange to say, during the whole of this

melancholy scene, the boat under the command of the lieutenant was within a distance of five or six yards, and does not appear to have made any attempt to prevent Captain Cook's murder; and although the islanders retreated and left the body deserted on the beach, the party returned to the ship without a single endeavour to recover it.

Captain King, in the afternoon of the day, received a promise from the chiefs that the remains of the murdered commander should be restored, but the promise was not kept. The next day a native brought on board a piece of human flesh, about ten pounds in weight, stating that this was the only relic of the captain left, that the rest of his body had been burned, and that the head and bones were in possession of the king and his chiefs. In the course of a few days most of the remains, wrapped up in fine cloth, were given up to Captain King. The hands were entire; the scalp was separated from the skull; the bones of the face and the feet were wanting. There were signs of the whole having been subjected to the action of fire, except the hands, which were salted, as if with the intention of preserving them. On the afternoon of the 21st they were deposited in a coffin, and committed to the deep with the usual naval honours, amid the heartfelt lamentations of the crew.

The Sandwich Islands, the discovery of which by this ill-fated gentleman was the means of introducing to them the blessings of civilization, are now, in little more than eighty years after the murder we have been relating, a prosperous and constitutional kingdom. Its people enjoy the blessings of free institutions and

a representative government. It possesses a flourishing and rapidly-increasing commerce; and in its recent history presents us with an unexampled instance of rapid rise from the depths of barbarism to a high degree of social refinement, public order, and political liberty.

The commercial importance of Asia has made it an object of long desire to the principal trading communities of Europe to discover some shorter road of communication than the tedious passage round the Cape of Good Hope. The hope of finding a north-west channel through Baffin's Bay to Behring's Straits is scarcely yet abandoned, having been the object of Sir John's Franklin's recent ill-fated expedition. A north-west channel was for many years believed to be practicable, and it was in the endeavour to find this, that the following singular adventures happened to a Dutch pilot of the name of William Barentz. In his first expedition he failed; but the merchants of Amsterdam were not so quickly discouraged; and in the year 1596 equipped two ships, which they intrusted to the care of Barentz, at their own expense. Sailing at an early period of the year, by the first day of June he had reached such high latitudes, *i. e.*, a position so far distant from the equator, that he experienced no night. On the 9th of the same month his crew killed a bear, whose skin measured twelve feet in length, at a spot afterwards called Cheny Island. Ten days afterwards they discovered the island of Spitzbergen, which they were surprised to find covered with herbage, and supplied bountifully with deer, and multi-

tudes of red geese. Returning from Spitzbergen to Cheny Island, Barentz parted from his consort, and steered for Nova Zembla, which he reached the first week in August. Here, obliged to make his ship fast to an immense iceberg, he was shortly terrified by the explosion of this huge mass of crystal rock, which burst into a thousand fragments with a loud noise. Driven back by strong winds, they succeeded, with great difficulty, in reaching Icehaven, in latitude $73^{\circ} 50'$, on the 26th of August, where they were immediately closed in upon and imprisoned by the ice that beset them on all sides. The crew had been reduced by sickness and privation to seventeen persons, who had now no other prospect before them than that of spending the winter (if they should survive to do so) in this inhospitable and desolate spot. It was sufficient to put despair in the hearts of men not inured like them to constant vicissitudes and hardships. The unhappy fate they were doomed to endure for long weary months was one, of which, dense darkness, intense cold, and the companionship of bears and foxes, were the principal features. But they resolutely prepared themselves to endure it as best they might, and during the little season of light yet left them, set about making such provision for their comfort, and such precaution against danger, as circumstances would permit. They collected the drift-wood along the shore (the island was wholly destitute of vegetation of its own) to supply them with fuel, and materials for a hut to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather, and brought into it their scanty stock of wine and beer. They could not accomplish even this without great suffering. Bears fre-

quently attacked them with much ferocity, and they found their provisions damaged and deprived of their strength by the frost.

They saw the rays of the sun for the last time on the 4th of November. Total darkness then set in, and the cold increased until it became almost too intense for endurance. They were scarcely able to keep themselves from freezing by means of great fires, heated stones applied to their feet, and double fox-skin coats wrapped about their bodies. The animals from whose depredations they had suffered, proved in return of great service. The bears, some of whom they succeeded in killing, furnished them with supplies of fat to feed their lamps; and the white foxes, which were snared in traps set in the roof of the hut, served them both for clothing and for food. With every alleviation, however, their situation was one of extreme misery; nor can we too much admire the resignation and patience with which sufferings of such unexampled severity were borne by these poor sailors. It is not easy to picture to ourselves the anxiety with which they would count the days as they passed by; how they consoled themselves with the reflection that each left the period of their captivity shorter, and brought the chances of deliverance nearer to them. How must their hearts have beaten as they thought of the peaceful homes they had left behind, and the loved friends who were probably mourning their supposed shipwreck! At length the 19th of December came, and they were astronomers enough to know that one-half of the season of darkness had expired. Then they welcomed the great

Christmas festival, the time of happy re-unions in so many lands. Nor did they lack heart to celebrate Twelfth-eve with such simple games as served to amuse them, and an extra allowance of wine. With the return of light and more genial weather, they began to think of adopting means of escape; but it continued so boisterous and inclement until June, as to prevent the possibility of doing anything effectual. They found their ship too much damaged by the ice to be susceptible of repair, and the utmost, therefore, they could hope to accomplish was to put their boats in as good order as possible for encountering the perils of the ocean. Doing this as well as the means within their reach allowed them, they prepared, on the 13th of June, to bid farewell to their winter home; Barentz first drawing up in writing an account of their misfortunes, and the various incidents which had befallen them during their imprisonment, and depositing the document in the wooden hut, in order that if they were lost, as indeed seemed but too probable, in the dangerous voyage they were about to undertake, some future wanderers to these unknown shores might thus discover their fate.

At length, on the 14th of June, 1597, at six o'clock in the morning, our adventurers embarked in two small boats, and set their sails to a westerly wind. Before evening their course was arrested, the ice being so solid, that it held them for awhile prisoners, and, fearing that they should be unable to force their way out, they were overwhelmed with consternation. Happily, however, the frozen mass slightly parted the next day, and they were enabled to

proceed slowly on their way. Beginning to suffer much from the want of fresh water, they melted snow, and filled some small kegs with the liquid. At another point, Barentz, who was suffering from extreme sickness, being enfeebled both by anxiety and disease, begged some of his men to lift him up, that he might have the satisfaction, as he said, of letting his eyes rest once more upon the spot. "We know not," remarks the Dutch narrative, "if he had any presentiment of his approaching end; but he had ample time to satisfy his desire, for the boats were forthwith seized by the ice, and held immovably in their position." The next morning, on the other hand, they sustained the shocks of a great number of icebergs, which beat against them with a violence that seemed to threaten them with inevitable destruction. At length, they found themselves so wedged in between two banks of floating ice, that the crews mutually bade each other farewell. Presently, taking courage once more, they made an effort to approach a spot where the ice seemed stable, to free themselves from these concussions, that seemed likely every moment to crush them. They gradually drew near it, but could not succeed in securing their position with a rope. In the midst of the general discouragements occasioned by this succession of misfortunes, one of the sailors, named De Veer, who was the most active of the lot, taking an end of the rope in his hand, and leaping lightly from one floating mass to another, happily reached the solid ice, and fixed the cord firmly to it. The others then left the boats, carrying the sick with them in *their blankets*, and ultimately dragging the boats them-

MARITIME ADVENTURE

selves on the rock, congratulated each other on a escape from a shipwreck that seemed inevitable. The next day they spent in repairing their boats, and in seeking some nourishment for the sick, for wherever they could procure only a few birds.

In this desolate spot they remained for some days, and whilst here had the misfortune to lose their gallant comrade and commander, Barentz. On the early morning of the 21st of June, De Veer came to inform Barentz, that one of the sailors drew his end. "Mine," he answered the other, "is not far distant." His illness did not belie his words; his illness was so dangerous that shortly after he had spoken, he expired so suddenly, that many of his fellow sufferers had not time to bid him adieu. His death spread a profound consternation amongst the two crews. He had been the life and soul of every enterprize that had enlisted his services, and his integrity and his skill inspired equal confidence. Andrie, the other sailor, died the same day, and there remained now but thirteen men left.

On the 22d, the ice offering an opening for their escape, the survivors were enabled to pursue their way, and on the 25th encountered a severe tempest, which lasted for the greater part of two entire days. The ice, driven violently in every direction by the raging sea, menaced them a hundred times with a terrible fate, and to crown their misfortune, the two boats were separated. Both parties were, however, happily preserved amid these perils, and when the storm had subsided, were able to effect their re-union by means of a musket-signal.

On the 27th, they found themselves a league to the westward of Cape Nassau, and witnessed on the ice innumerable multitudes of sea-cows. Birds at the same time began to appear in large flocks, and they killed twelve of them, which made them a delicious feast. On the 28th, the ice again surrounded them, and they were obliged once more to drag their boats up on the solid mass, to prevent their being beaten to pieces. Here they erected a tent with their sails, in the hope of spending one tranquil night "on shore." But, in the midst of their slumbers, towards midnight, the sentinel (for they had the precaution to set a watch) discovered the approach of three bears. The whole company was speedily awoke by their cries. One sailor rushed out armed, and fired his musket. The shot had little effect; but checking the advance of the monsters for a moment, it afforded time for re-loading, and the second discharge took such effect, that one of the bears dropped dead, and the others immediately took to flight. They returned the following day, and carrying off their slain companion as a prize, were seen in the distance busily engaged in devouring him. The sailors, struck equally with astonishment and fear, pelted them away, and then drew near the one they had slain, which they found already half-eaten. When they witnessed his size, they were amazed at the prodigious strength of the creature who had carried him away, inasmuch as it was with great difficulty four of them together could succeed in bearing back to the tents the moiety that remained.

The first day of July, a disastrous accident befell our party. About nine o'clock in the morning, the

floating icebergs that came in from the sea struck with such force against the solid mass the sailors had selected for their asylum, as to shatter it to pieces. Their baggage fell into the sea, and, great as was the importance of preserving this, another care, still more engrossing, demanded their utmost attention. This was the necessity of looking after the safety of one of their boats, which it became necessary to drag over the ice to a spot where it was less liable to injury. As soon as this was effected, they began to see to their floating baggage; but their efforts to save this were perilous in the extreme. As they approached the edges of the ice, it cracked ominously beneath their feet. The chests, as they were about to seize them, suddenly glided beneath an iceberg, or were carried away by some floating mass. The boldest knew not how to rescue their few little necessities, and at the same time to save themselves. The hazard was still greater when they attempted to remove the second boat. The ice broke beneath a party of sailors. The boat was carried away with them clinging to it, seemingly damaged in many places, especially where it had been recently repaired. One sick man was only saved from instant death by most incredible exertions and risks on the part of the rest. In addition to the terrors and fatigues occasioned by this incident, there were lost two kegs of biscuits, a box of linen, a cask filled with various tools, some astronomical instruments, and small kegs of oil, wine, cheese, &c. Several following days were spent in repairing the boats and recruiting the strength of the men. On the 9th, the solid ice beginning to float, it became necessary to carry the boats

down to the water, a distance of three hundred and fifty feet, a labour they describe as "so horrible, that no one would have been equal to undertake it under any other motive less powerful than to save his life."

After enduring a succession of hardships, and encountering endless perils, of a similar kind to the ones we have already described, sometimes pursuing a hazardous search for eggs and other articles of food, sometimes endeavouring to find traces of men, and sometimes encountering and slaying bears; now making way in their boats, amid floating icebergs, and now again dragging them along the frost-bound coasts; they doubled the capes of Plancio and Langenes on the 21st, and falling in some days after with a strong ocean-current, they found themselves on the 28th in the Bay of St. Lawrence, whose point they had no sooner passed, than they recognized two vessels at anchor, and several persons upon the sands.

Who shall describe the happiness of these poor mariners, at finding themselves once more in the neighbourhood of their fellow-men, from whom they had so often thought themselves doomed to an eternal separation? They had escaped a twofold series of perils, such as seldom fall to any man, however adventurous. From the darkness and privation of Ice Haven, they had fled only to traverse eleven hundred miles of the frozen ocean, continually threatened by masses of floating ice, liable to the attacks of bears, and exposed for more than forty days to every extremity of cold, famine, sickness, and fatigue. We need not repeat the astonishment excited by their appearance, nor the eagerness with which they were ques-

tioned as to their adventures. Having safely embarked on board one of the vessels they had thus opportunely fallen in with, they at length reached their native village, and were welcomed with warm felicitations.

As an appendix to this interesting and touching tale of captivity, it will not be out of place to relate the adventures of four Russian sailors, who encountered a very similar misfortune, having been cast away on the desert island of East Spitzbergen in the year 1743.

A merchant of Archangel having fitted out a vessel for the whale or seal fishery, manned her with a crew of fourteen men. After a prosperous sail of eight days, she missed her course, and was driven considerably to the westward of the usual place of rendezvous of the Dutch fishing-ships. Having approached the island of East Spitzbergen, within a distance of two English miles, the vessel was suddenly surrounded with ice, and the position of the crew became one of much peril. A council being held for the purpose of determining what was to be done, Alexis Himkof, the mate, suggested that an attempt should be made to winter on the island, and said he recollected to have heard that the remains of a hut erected by a party once placed in circumstances similar to their own were yet to be found.

Perceiving the full extent of the danger that threatened them (of being crushed to death between the masses of floating ice), the crew at once determined to adopt this advice, and accordingly despatched four of their number to search for the hut, and any other

succour they might be able to discover. The names of this party were Alexis Himkof, the projector of the scheme, Iwan Himkof, his godson, Stephen Scharapov, and Feodor Weregine.

The expedition was full of danger, and it was deemed inexpedient to load themselves with too heavy burdens, as they had to travel over loose ridges of ice extending for two miles to the shore, continually lifted and driven against each other by the waves. Accordingly, they only took with them a musket, a horn, containing twelve charges of powder, and many balls, an axe, a kettle, twenty pounds of flour in a bag, a knife, a tinder-box and tinder, and a bladder filled with tobacco. Thus equipped, the little party started for the island, which they soon reached in safety.

Their first care, after resting themselves for a while, was of course to seek for the hut, in which they hoped they and their companions might find shelter from the severity of an Arctic winter. They discovered it about a mile and a half from the shore. It was about thirty-six feet in length, and about eighteen in height and breadth, consisting of two rooms, such as the Russian peasants are accustomed to occupy. The smaller of these two apartments served as an ante-chamber, and as both rooms had doors, the warmth of the inner and larger one was greatly promoted by this arrangement.

We may well imagine that our poor adventurers were overjoyed at the discovery of what must have appeared to them, in their almost desperate circumstances, as nothing short of a palace. They made it

their resting-place for the night, and having thus refreshed themselves with sleep in their new lodgings, hastened to carry the welcome intelligence to their companions in distress.

Alas ! ship and comrades were all gone ! The ice was broken up, a storm had arisen during the night, and either the vessel had been dashed to pieces amongst the icebergs, or had been violently carried out to the main ocean. So here were the little party, without food and without resources, doomed to abandon all hopes of quitting the desolate island in which they had been so strangely cast away. Their abandoned situation was at first too horrible to be fully comprehended, but as the full extent of their misery gradually broke upon their mind, they were overwhelmed in an agony of despair. Ammunition, clothing, provision—they were robbed of all, save the scanty supplies they had provided for their immediate necessities.

There are, however, very few circumstances in which man finally abandons the hope of life. The first emotions of dismay eventually subsiding, Himkof and his three companions began to devise means of preserving existence, and of making their hut suitable for a lengthened occupation. They began by expending their twelve charges of powder, and by this means procured as many reindeer, with which the island, happily for them, was stocked. They next proceeded to the repair of the house. The axe they had brought on shore proved invaluable. They filled up the cracks in the boards of the building with fresh wood and bunches of moss. For this purpose, and to secure a supply of fuel, they gathered up the fragments washed

up by the waves on the shore, which consisted partly of the remnants of wrecked vessels, and partly of roots and branches of trees brought from other lands by the sea. No tree, or even shrub, nothing higher than a species of moss, on which the reindeer feed, grows in Spitzbergen.

Having, as far as they were able, thus set their house in order, and made some provision against the extreme rigour of the climate, our adventurers turned their attention towards the increase of their tools and weapons of attack and defence; for, besides the reindeer, upon which they were dependent for food, the island was inhabited by a large number of white bears, which are by far the most ferocious of their kind, and whose attacks it was a matter of great anxiety to guard against. Several things they found along the sea-shore, though in most circumstances they would have deemed them utterly worthless, proved now of greatly more value to them than heaps of pure gold would have been. Amongst these were some broken boards, a long iron hook, some large nails, and other bits of old iron, and the root of a fir-tree, nearly approaching the shape of a bow. Thus Providence did not wholly forsake these unfortunate mariners. Forlorn as their position was, it would have been infinitely more hopeless but for these scraps of rusty metal which the boisterous waves had brought to their feet.

Not having any string for their bow, they determined upon making a couple of lances, which they accomplished in this rude way. And it is interesting to be able to understand the little devices to which they had resort, in place of the conveniences of

civilization, they had hitherto been accustomed to, as showing how God has kindly gifted man with ingenuity capable of adapting itself even to the most unexpected and unwonted circumstances. Finding they could not make heads for their lances without a hammer, they contrived to form one out of the great hook we have mentioned, by heating it, and widening a hole there happened to be about its middle, by means of one of the largest nails. This hole served for the insertion of a handle, and a round button at one end of the hook constituted the face of the hammer. An anvil was easily improvised out of a large pebble. With such instruments they made two spearheads, sharpening them on stones, and fixing them as firmly as they could to long sticks, with thongs made of reindeer skin. So were they armed against their enemy the white bear, whom they accordingly resolved at once to attack.

After a most dangerous encounter, they succeeded in killing a formidable bear, a stroke of good fortune, on which they congratulated themselves on two accounts, —first, the supply of flesh, which they greatly relished; and, secondly, the discovery that the tendons of the animal could be divided into filaments of various degrees of fineness, which they might use for bow-strings, and several other useful purposes.

How necessary it was to be prepared with weapons of warfare against these strong and ferocious creatures, will be seen from the fact that some of them used to attack the hut, and even enter the outer room, for the purpose of devouring our poor sailors. Of ten they succeeded in slaying all, with the exception of the first,

who were the aggressors. The want of a more efficient means of defence than was furnished by the two spears induced the islanders to try their hand in forging some heads for arrows. They made these in the same way as their spearheads, though of somewhat smaller size. Having ground and sharpened them, they tied them with the sinews of the white bear to pieces of fir, at the other end of which they fastened feathers of wild fowl. Thus possessed of a bow and arrows, they were able to command a plentiful supply of provisions, and, during the whole period of their continuance on the island, they killed with these weapons as many as two hundred and fifty reindeer, and a great number of blue and white foxes. They ate the flesh of these animals for food, and employed their skins for clothing, the fur of which was an invaluable protection against the intense cold of a climate so near the pole.

At first, our adventurers were obliged to eat their meat almost raw, as well as unseasoned with pepper and salt. The stove in the oven was ill adapted for purposes of cooking, and wood was too scarce and precious to be consumed for any other purpose than to keep life in them by sustaining the warmth of the body. Their first expedient to obviate the necessity of eating comparatively raw meat, was to dry the flesh, first by exposure to the air at the top of their hut, and afterwards by hanging it suspended from the roof, amid the smoke that filled the upper part of their apartment; for, it must be observed, they were altogether without a chimney. This dried meat they used as we should bread, eating it with their fresh half-roasted flesh. Some *little rivulets* among the rocks supplied them with

water, until the depth of winter set in, when they were obliged to melt ice and snow in the little kettle they had the good fortune to possess.

One of their causes of greatest anxiety was the fear that by some unfortunate accident they might be left without fire, or the means of rekindling one. In such a case, there would have been no alternative before them but to lie down and die. They had flint and steel, but were destitute of match and tinder; and though we may suppose they were not ignorant of the practice prevailing amongst the Americans, and other rude nations, of procuring fire by rubbing pieces of wood together, the fragments of fir cast ashore by the waves were wholly unfit for this purpose, being completely saturated by the sea. The plan they ultimately adopted, after anxiously revolving the subject in their minds, was the following. They had met, in their rambles through the island, with a kind of clay or slimy loam, and contrived out of this to form a vessel they could use as a lamp, which they determined to keep constantly burning. They filled it, therefore, with the fat of the reindeer, and stuck into it some twisted cotton, to serve as a wick. No sooner, however, had they trimmed their lamp, than they had the mortification to find that the melted fat all escaped through the porous clay. This disaster they immediately set about remedying. It will be remembered, that amongst other things they had originally brought with them from the ship, was a small bag of flour. A portion of this was still unconsumed. They therefore boiled down some flour and water to the consistency of thick starch, and, having made another lamp, and

dried it in the air, they then heated it red-hot, and plunged it into the kettle of flour-starch, by which means they succeeded in rendering it capable of holding liquid. Having thus made a lamp that did not leak, and a second in a similar way, in case of accidents, they considered themselves tolerably safe against the chances of being left without fire and light. By a careful use of some oakum and bits of cordage they found amid the wrecks of vessels, and afterwards by tearing up their linen shirts and drawers, they succeeded in keeping their lamp burning without intermission, from the day they first made it, until they re-embarked for their native country.

The severity of the weather did not, however, allow them thus to convert their most essential articles of clothing to other uses, without finding some effectual substitute. Besides, a supply of some kind of shoe to cover the feet, and other articles, soon became indispensable. Bedding was equally necessary to keep them warm whilst they slept.

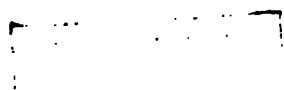
It has already been stated, that the skins of the animals they slew proved of great service in these respects. But they experienced at first much difficulty in tanning them, and at last adopted the following rude method, which was found to answer perfectly well. Soaking the skins for several days in good fresh water, till they could pull all the hairs off easily, they then rubbed the wet leather dry with their hands, and in the same manner rubbed melted reindeer fat well into it. Skins they intended to use for fur they did not of course strip of the hair, but otherwise prepared them in the same way.

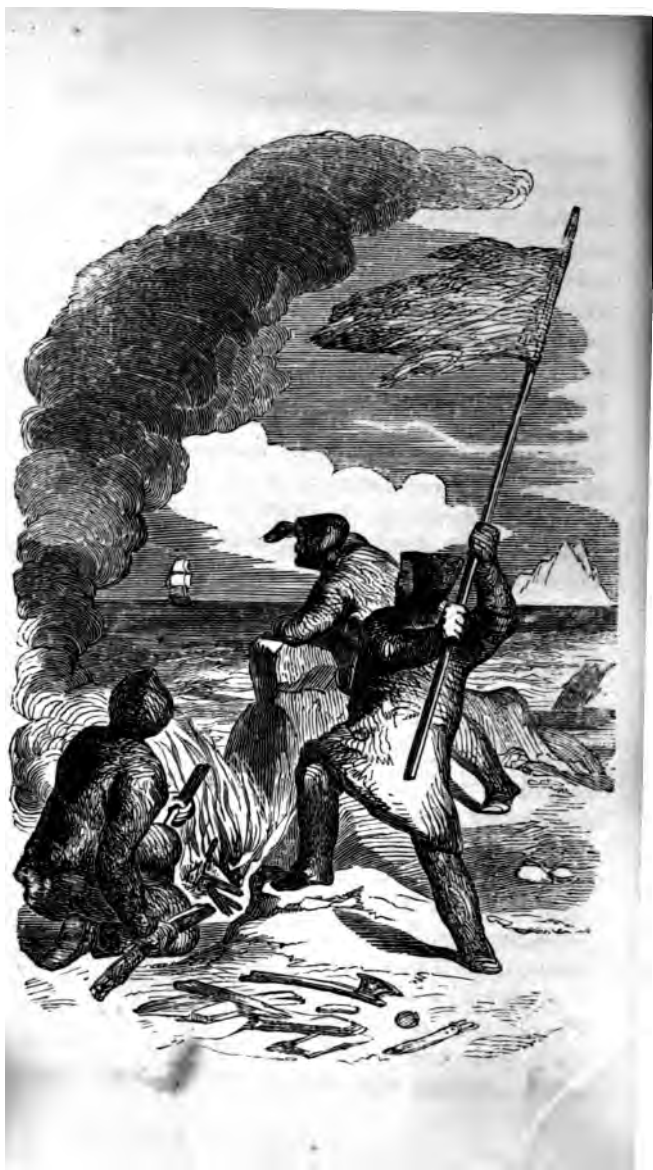
Their next difficulty was to sew or fasten these skins together in the shape of garments, for which purpose they ingeniously made needles out of the bits of iron they occasionally collected, as well as awls for manufacturing shoes. The most trying operation was giving eyes to their needles, but this they at length effected by heating one end of it to a white heat, and then piercing it with a knife they had previously ground to a point for that purpose. This eye was indeed so rough that it frequently cut the thread through as they used it; but this imperfection the want of better tools rendered it impossible to avoid. They smoothed and pointed their needles by rubbing them on stones. Not being able to manufacture a pair of scissors, they managed to cut their skins into shape with a knife, and using the sinews of the reindeer for thread, they acquitted themselves in the capacity of tailors with great ingenuity and success. In the severest weather they wore long fur gowns, furnished with a hood covering their head and neck, and leaving only an opening for the face. Being sewed closely round, these garments had to be drawn over the head in the manner of a shirt. When the cold was less intense—for even in this bleak and desolate spot there are the variations of winter and summer—they dressed themselves in jackets and trowsers made of skins.

By such devices did these unfortunate men, taking diligent advantage of every alleviating circumstance that marked their lot, and displaying throughout an equal ingenuity and patience, render their season of long captivity endurable. The island of which they had first disputed the possession with the fox, the

reindeer, and the white bear, was upwards of a hundred miles in length and breadth. It had many mountains and steep rocks, covered with perpetual snow and ice. Not a tree or shrub of any kind is to be found throughout its entire extent, its vegetable productions consisting only of a kind of stunted grass or moss. The longest continuous duration of daylight in the island is for four months in the year. Beginning its course round the island in the early days of May, they watched the sun performing its circuit during a period of ten or eleven weeks; after that, it rose and set every twenty-four hours until the end of October, and then totally disappeared.

It may occur to some of our readers that it is very marvellous how these poor sailors, without either watches, clocks, or sundials, could keep account of time, to determine the beginning and end of the day, when the sun was constantly moving round them without sinking below the horizon, and still more so, when for so many months they had lost sight of him altogether. Himkof, the mate, on being particularly questioned on this point, replied in these words: "What a fine pilot, sir, would you think me to be, if I knew not how to take the altitude of the sun when he is before my eyes, or not to regulate myself by the course of the stars on the sun's not appearing, and by that means to determine the period of twenty-four hours? I had for this purpose made a staff like that I had left behind in our vessel, which I employed for making my observations." It would appear, therefore, that the slight knowledge of astronomy Himkof had acquired in his capacity as a navigator enabled





him, by a very simple course of observation, to measure the lapse of time; the blue vault of heaven was his dial, on which the glittering stars marked the hours.

The time of deliverance to our prisoners did not arrive for a period of considerably more than six years. Shortly before that, one of their number, Feodor Worogin, who had been sick almost from the commencement, died. His loss sensibly affected them; and made each one anxious to know whose turn it would be the next to follow. But whilst the melancholy thoughts engendered by this event were yet fresh in their minds, they suddenly, on the 15th of August, 1749, got sight of a Russian trading vessel, which had originally intended to winter in Nova Zembla. Fortunately for our poor exiles, this intention was departed from, and the captain steered his way towards *West Spitzbergen*. Here again contrary winds intervened to favour the work of deliverance. The vessel was driven to the island of *East Spitzbergen*, directly opposite to the residence of Himkof and his two comrades, who no sooner perceived her than they hastened to light fires on the hills nearest their habitation, and then ran to the beach, waving a flag made of the hide of a reindeer fastened to a pole. The crew on board of course interpreted these signals as signs of a party ashore needing their assistance, and consequently came to an anchor.

It would be idle to attempt any description of the joy with which they welcomed their deliverers. They carried on board with them their stock of worldly wealth, consisting of two thousand pounds,

weight of reindeer fat, many hides of the same animal, and skins of the blue and white foxes, and of the ten bears they had slain. Their bow and arrows, their spears, their knife and axe, their self-made awls and needles, were of course not forgotten. They were preserved as curious memorials of one of the most singular series of adventures that ever befell any party of men.

The three sailors, who had long been given up by their friends as lost, arrived at Archangel on the 28th of September, 1749, having spent six years and three months in their strange captivity. The wife of Alexis Himkof happening to be present when the vessel came into port, and immediately recognizing her husband, ran so eagerly to embrace him that she slipped into the water, and but nearly escaped being drowned. Happily this tragic sequel to a tale already filled with sufficient sorrow, was averted. All three reached home in perfect health; but the new habits they had acquired in their desolate island had become so much second nature to them, that they could not reconcile themselves to many of the customs of their earlier days. Amongst other things, they were unable to partake of bread, complaining that it filled them with wind, and could drink no beverage stronger than water. It is interesting to know that, throughout, our adventurers retained their religious principles, and never lost their confidence in the goodness of God.

We now come to the extraordinary feat of open-boat navigation performed by Captain Bligh, of his

Majesty's ship *Bounty*, cast adrift in the "launch" of that vessel in the South Seas, by Christian and his accomplices, in the celebrated mutiny. The party consisted of nineteen individuals, and they were furnished with the following supply of provisions:—one hundred and fifty pounds of bread, sixteen pieces of pork, each weighing two pounds, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, and twenty-eight gallons of water. These stores were increased by some natives of one of the islands at which they touched, who brought down to them small quantities of bread-fruit, plantains, and cocoa-nuts. They were unable to obtain any extra water. Before they could get these things on board, large parties of the natives assembled, and assumed a threatening attitude, so much so, that the crew had difficulty in getting away, and did not succeed in doing so without the loss of one of their number—the quarter-master—who was stoned to death on the beach whilst casting off the stern-fast. Pushing out to sea with all the speed they could, they were pursued for some way by canoes, and exposed to a continuous discharge of stones, and could adopt no other expedient for escape than casting some of their clothes overboard as a bait for the canoes to stop and pick up. This had the desired effect, and they proceeded without further molestation on their way.

There was no hope of any relief until they reached Timor, a distance of twelve hundred miles, and the party at once determined to avert the chances of famine before they could renew their supplies (should they meet with favourable winds, and escape the perils of the sea), by placing themselves on an allow-

ance, which they found on a calculation of their resources, would not exceed one ounce of bread and one pint of water each, per day. It was about eight o'clock at night, on the 2d of May, that the adventurers bore away under a "reefed lug-sail" in an open boat twenty-three feet long, deeply laden with eighteen men, and in a sea whose navigation was then but little known. They passed a tranquil night, but the next morning broke with the sure indication of a severe gale, and by eight o'clock they became placed in a most distressing and perilous position, the wind blowing a violent storm, and the sea running so high that the sail was becalmed when between the waves. They were not only in imminent danger of being swamped at the very outset of their enterprize, but even if the waves should save them, it seemed but too certain that their bread would be spoiled by the wet, and the whole party thus reduced to starvation. Desperate emergencies demand desperate remedies, and our poor castaways were fain to seek safety in lightening their boat by committing to the waves everything that could not be considered as strictly a necessary of life. Every article of superfluous clothing and some pieces of rope and reserve sails were thrown overboard. The carpenter's chest was filled with the bread, the tools being disposed at the bottom of the boat. A teaspoonfull of rum was then served out to each man, with a quarter of a bread-fruit. During the day the sea continued to run even higher than in the morning, and continued throughout that night until the following morning (the 5th), when the gale abated. During this time they had subsisted upon bread-fruit and cocoa-nuts, a

small quantity of rum being occasionally served out, as the men were suffering greatly from wet and cold. Their way now lay through groups of islands, but their dread of the natives did not allow them to land.

On the 6th, they met with a bitter mortification; they had succeeded in hooking a fish, which promised them a plentiful meal; but just as they were exchanging congratulations on their good luck, they had the misfortune to lose their prey in trying to get it into the boat. Their supper, therefore, consisted of an ounce of damaged bread to each, washed down with a pint of water. Another spoonful of rum was served on dawn of day on the 7th, as the night had been so and the wet so continuous, that they were scarcely able to bend or move their limbs. In the afternoon heavy rains falling, they succeeded in catching enough to increase their stock to twenty-four gallons besides effectually quenching their present thirst the first time since they had been cast away. It may be supposed, however, that the heavy wet did not increase the comfort of their situation, and their sufferings during the night that followed were great. They were now passing through the group of Feejee Islands and were chased for some distance by two large sailing canoes. On the 8th, they were allowed an ounce and a half of pork each, and this small supply of flesh-food, and a little quantity of rum, which chanced to be of good quality, did them a wonderful amount of good. With the prospect of a voyage of several weeks before them ere they could hope to meet with any assistance, they now began to be still more exact and scrupulous in measuring out the daily allowance of food. "Hi-

therto," says Bligh, "I had issued the allowance by guess; but I now made a pair of scales with two cocoa-nut shells, and having accidentally some pistol-balls in the boat, twenty-five of which weighed one pound, or sixteen ounces, I adopted one of these balls as the proportion of weight that each person should receive of bread at the time I served it. I also amused all hands with describing the situation of New Guinea and New Holland, and gave them every information in my power, that in case any accident should happen, some of those who survived might have some idea of what they were about, and be able to find their way to Timor, which at present they knew nothing of more than the name, and some even not that." On the 9th was eaten the remainder of the rotten bread, which was in a very offensive state, together with some cocoanuts and their milk. In the evening, about nine o'clock, the clouds began to gather, and a heavy fall of rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning, yielded them before midnight about twenty gallons of water. The night itself was "miserable," and the morning brought no relief. The sea broke over them so much, that two men had to be constantly baling, and they were obliged to abandon all attempts at following their proper route, and to keep the boat before the wind, in order to prevent her filling. Their rations at this time consisted of one twenty-fifth part of a pound of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water, at eight in the morning, at noon, and at sunset.

"Our situation," says Captain Bligh, "on Monday morning, the 11th of May, was extremely dangerous, the sea frequently running over our stern, which kept

us baling with all our strength. The sun appeared at noon, which gave us as much pleasure as on a winter's day in England. We observed the latitude $14^{\circ} 15' S.$, and had made since yesterday 102 miles. In the evening it rained hard, and we again experienced a dreadful night. At length the day came, and showed to me a miserable set of beings, full of wants, without anything to relieve them. Some complained of great pain in their bowels, and every one of having almost lost the use of his limbs. The little sleep we got was noways refreshing, as we were covered with sea and rain. I served a spoonful of rum at day-dawn, and the usual allowance of bread and water, for breakfast, dinner, and supper." The next day was calm, and the crew stripped themselves, and wrung their clothes through the salt water, by which means they received a warmth that while wet with rain they could not have. Some fruit floating on the water, and some birds in the air, made them believe themselves not far from land. Several islands were discovered during the succeeding days. But the sight only increased the misery of their situation. Plenty was in view, but to attempt to procure relief was attended with so much danger, that they preferred encountering the actual horrors that surrounded them so long as any chance of ultimate escape was left. The night of the 15th was very dark and miserable, and the men, now suffering severely, began to clamour for extra allowances, which the captain was firm in refusing. He was also compelled to withhold the daily supply of rum at dawn, as the quantity was getting very low. At dawn of Wednesday the 20th, he writes,

"several of my people seemed half-dead. Our appearance was shocking, and I could look no way without catching the eye of some one in distress." Extreme hunger was felt by all, but little thirst. The little sleep they could get was in the midst of water, and they always awoke with severe cramps and pains in their bones. "On Friday our condition was extremely calamitous. At noon it blew very hard, and the foam of the sea kept running over our stern and quarters. The misery of the night increased; the sea flew over us with great force, and kept us baling in horror and anxiety. I found every one in a most distressed state at dawn, and began to fear that another such night would put an end to the lives of several who seemed no longer able to support their sufferings." Happily, towards noon the wind moderated, and fairer weather set in, which produced a cheering and beneficial influence on the crew, who consented to a further reduction in the daily allowance of food, so as to make the remaining stock last over a period of six weeks. On Monday, a bird, called a noody, was caught. It was about the size of a pigeon, and was divided into portions, and distributed by lot. It was eagerly eaten up, bones and all, with salt water for sauce. In the evening a booby was captured, the size of a duck. This being killed, the blood was given to three men who were the most distressed for want of food, and the rest being divided into eighteen shares, furnished the materials of "a good supper." The following day they had the good luck to catch three more boobies, the bodies of two of them containing several flying fish. *These served for a plentiful dinner on Wednesday.*

MARITIME ADVENTURE

Every person thought after his repast of raw bird salt water sauce that he had made a luxuriant feast. The method of distributing the various pieces was one well known at sea, and consisted in a person taking a share in his hand, then turning his back, and crying, "Who will have this?" upon which some name is called out.

At one o'clock the next morning (the 28th), the man at the rudder heard the sound of breakers. It afterwards proved to be the "Barrier Reef," that runs along the eastern coast of New Holland. Having the good fortune to find a passage through the reef, over which the sea broke with great fury, they accomplished the channel in safety, and found themselves in smooth water. Here they returned God thanks for his gracious protection, and with much content took their miserable allowance of a twenty-fifth of a pound of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water for dinner. The coast of New Holland now began to show itself very distinctly, and about four miles off they perceived two islands, the smaller of which promised to afford them a secure resting-place. They approached it and landed. Every one was anxious to find something to eat, and as the tide was out, oysters were soon discovered on the rocks, but, being dark, few could be collected. One half of the company slept on shore, and the other in the boat. They had no means of kindling a fire, but the night was serene, and the next morning found them wonderfully improved in health and spirits, so much so, that the most favourable hopes of ultimate deliverance now began for the first time to be cherished. No natives appeared, but

oysters and fresh water were found in abundance. With the help of a small magnifying-glass, they obtained a light, and on rummaging the boat, they discovered a piece of brimstone and a tinder-box, so that their means of lighting a fire were secured for the future. Their health continued tolerably good, giddiness of the head and weakness of the joints being the most general complaints.

This little island bore several signs of its being an occasional resort of the native tribes; such as places where fires had been kindled, two ill-constructed huts, &c. They chanced to meet with several little things that either proved a welcome addition to their present mess, or promised to be of use in their future voyage. Amongst them were the sap of some palm-trees, which was very palatable, and some fern roots, which were found to have the power of allaying thirst. There were also three different kinds of berries, which they feared at first might be poisonous, until they saw them eaten by birds, which satisfied them that they were wholesome. Wild pigeons, parrots, and other birds were plentiful, but could not be brought down for want of firearms. On Saturday, the 30th May, there were but two pounds of pork left, which they divided amongst themselves for dinner. Having picked up a quantity of oysters, and filled their water-vessels, which held nearly sixty gallons, they got ready for sea once more. They prepared to embark about four o'clock, when a party of natives made their appearance on the opposite shore—about twenty in number. These hallooed to our adventurers to approach them, but they deemed it most prudent to set off, and they proceeded to the

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northward, leaving the continent on the left, several small islands on the right. Landing on one of these, two parties were sent out to search for signs of life, and here for the first time signs of a mutiny began to display themselves. "Fatigue and weariness," says Mr. Bligh, "got so far the better of their sense of duty, that some of the people expressed their discontent at having worked harder than their companions, and declared they would rather be without their dinner than go in search of it. One person in particular went so far as to tell me, with a mutinous look, that he was as good a man as myself. It was impossible for me to judge where this might end; therefore, to prevent such disputes in future, I determined either to preserve my command or die in the attempt. Seizing a cutlass, I ordered him to take hold of another and defend himself, on which he cried out that I was going to kill him, and immediately made concessions. I did not allow this to interfere further with the harmony of the boat's crew, and everything soon became quiet." Dining on a pint and a half each of stewed oysters, they started, and on Monday, the 1st of June, landed on another island, four leagues distant from the mainland. Here several were taken seriously ill, and the wine, which they had husbanded for such an emergency, proved of signal service. On the 3d of June, after passing several small islands, the little boat and her crew doubled Cape York, the northeasternmost part of New Holland, and once more launched out upon the open ocean. They continued to catch a few boobies, and as they were sanguine of a

quick passage, they ventured to increase their allowance of bread.

On Monday the 8th a small dolphin was caught, which was the first relief of the kind they had obtained. The sea was now running very high, and several of the men began to complain of their sufferings. Mr. Lefward, the surgeon, was amongst the first to give way. The next morning there was a visible alteration for the worse in many of the people. Extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, and an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to be the melancholy presages of approaching dissolution. The wine was the only thing that kept them alive. The appearance of gannets and other birds the following day gave promise of land, and their look-out was very keen and anxious. Another evening and night of suspense and misery, and then "Early next morning, with an access of joy, we discovered Timor, and by daylight were within two leagues of the shore. It is not possible," adds Mr. Bligh, "for me to describe the pleasure which the blessing of the sight of this land diffused among us. It appeared scarcely credible to ourselves that in an open boat, and so poorly provided, we should have been able to reach the coast of Timor in forty-one days after leaving Tofoa, having in that time run by our log the distance of 3,618 miles, and that, notwithstanding our extreme distress, no one should have perished on the voyage." On Sunday the 14th they anchored in Coupang Bay, in such a condition of exhaustion that they were scarcely able to stand. Their bodies were nothing but skin and bones, their limbs were full of sores, and they were

clothed in rags. The spectators looked on them with horror, but gave them every mark of kindness and hospitality. The sufferers remained here two months, and having by this time sufficiently recruited their strength, proceeded to the westward in a small schooner on the 20th of August, arriving on the 18th of October in the Batavia Roads, where they were provided with passages in various ships home. Sad to relate, however, after passing safely through such long and severe hardships and privations, several of the party died before they reached their native shore. Out of the nineteen unfortunate men forced by the mutineers of the *Bounty* into the launch, twelve survived to return to England, six having died either at Coupang or on the passage home, and one having been stoned to death by the islanders at the onset.

Even this feat, however, extraordinary as it was, cannot be said to equal the exploit of Diogo Botelho Perreira, a Portuguese navigator, in the years 1536 and 1537. The following particulars are collected out of a narrative contained in the *Decades of Diogo de Conto*.

The hero of the adventure was the son of the commander of the Portuguese settlement at Cochin, and became at an early age an adept in the science and practice of navigation. Having resolved to visit the court of Lisbon, he was well-received by the king, a circumstance that emboldened him to apply for some high preferment, which not being granted him, and the disappointment provoking some expressions of resentment, he was committed to prison, but after-

wards allowed to accompany Vasco da Gama to India, on express condition that he would not return to Portugal.

Learning, however, on the voyage, that the Sultan Badur, sovereign of Cambaya, had given permission to Nuna da Cunha, the Portuguese governor, to build a fortress on the island of Dice, an object which had been long and anxiously sought by the government of Lisbon, for the protection and security of its possessions in India, Botelho determined on bearing home the welcome intelligence to the king without delay, hoping that his carrying such a piece of news would at once restore him to royal favour. Ambitious, moreover, of renown, as a daring and skilful adventurer, he resolved to perform the voyage in a vessel so small and so dissimilar from any previously seen in Portugal, that it could not fail to excite astonishment, that any man should consent to brave the perils of the ocean in such a frail and diminutive bark.

His first step was to procure a native boat called a *fusta*, and fit it with a deck, from stem to stern, sails and spars, and such other necessities as his experience as a mariner suggested. Amongst other provisions, he constructed two tanks for water. As soon as the monsoon served, he procured some men and embarked, pretending that he was going to trade with Melinde, having purchased clothes and beads for the market of that place, in order to give colouring to his story. Some native merchant also intrusted him with goods for sale there, which he was obliged to take charge of, lest his sailors should suspect him and become alarmed. Reaching Melinde, he disposed of his merchandize, took

in provisions, and again set sail, giving out that his destination was Quiloa. Under this impression his crew accompanied him; but some of them showing signs of mutiny when they had got to a distance from land, he put them in irons, securing the fidelity of the remainder by giving them to understand that he was going to Sofala on account of the trade in gold, and promising to reward them liberally for their services. Touching at various places for safety, he proceeded without mishap until he arrived at Sofala, and gradually skirting the coast and touching at the different rivers of Africa without venturing to any distance from the land, reached the Cape of Good Hope in the month of January, 1537. On leaving this spot he stretched out into the ocean with gentle breezes, steering for St. Helena, on reaching which he drew his boat ashore, cleaned her bottom and repaired her, and allowed his men, that is, those who survived, for some had perished of cold and exposure, to enjoy the luxury of a few days' rest.

Departing from St. Helena, he boldly stretched across the wide ocean, bearing for St. Thomé, where he took in provisions, wood, and water, and from thence proceeded to the bar of Lisbon, where he arrived in the month of May. He entered the Tagus with his oars, the little vessel gaily dressed with flags and pendants; and occasioned such an excitement by his appearance, that the river quickly became covered with boats to see the fusta. The intelligence of Botelho was highly grateful to the king, who went on board the vessel for the purpose of examining its construction and appointments, and ordered money and

clothes to be given to the sailors, as a recompense for the perils and sufferings they encountered on their extraordinary voyage. The fusta was afterwards drawn ashore, and remained until it fell to pieces from decay, an object of curiosity to visitors from all parts of Europe. The expectations of Botelho, however, of royal favour, were not realized. His having previously incurred the heavy displeasure of the king, and his having now violated his express injunctions, were offences which even his good news failed to atone for, and it was not until after many years of neglect, that he was appointed to be captain of Cananor, in India, a post conferred upon him, as the chronicle records, in order "that he might be at a distance from Portugal."

It must be explained that a fusta was a long shallow Indian-built rowboat, using sails in very fine weather. These boats were usually open, but Botelho covered his in with a deck. Its dimensions were as follows:—Length, $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet; breadth, 6 feet 9 inches; depth, 4 feet 6 inches. The boat in which Captain Bligh and his crew performed their voyage measured 23 feet in length, 6 feet 9 inches in breadth, and 2 feet 9 inches in depth.

Philosophers' Perils in Mid-Air.

ASCENTS with balloons were long regarded by scientific men as furnishing the readiest means of ascertaining important facts in meteorology and atmospheric electricity. It used to be asserted by many, that the magnetic needle ceased to traverse at very great elevations in the air. Others pretended that the composition of the atmosphere at great heights was different from that at the surface of the earth; and numerous speculations of a similar kind, more or less judicious, were indulged in, which it seemed impossible to test by any other means than actual experiment; and actual experiment could only be conducted in the upper regions of the air itself.

Two young French chemists, M. Biot and M. Gay Lussac, undertook, many years back, to perform this service, and obtained the sanction and patronage of the government for their scheme. A balloon was prepared for them at the public expense; and, surrounded by curious instruments, and birds and other animals, they ascended from the Garden of the Conservatoire des Arts, on the 23d of August, 1804.

They rose with a slow and imposing motion, and in a few minutes entered the region of clouds, which seemed like a thin mist, and gave them a slight sensation of humidity. Discharging some of their gas and

ballast, they shot up above the clouds to a height of about 6,500 feet. The clouds viewed from above, had their usual whitish appearance, but their upper surface seemed marked with gentle waves and undulations, exactly resembling a wide plain, covered with snow.

At an altitude of 11,000 feet, they liberated a green linnet, which directly flew away, but quickly returned again, and perched on the stays of the balloon, as if it felt itself abandoned in the midst of an unknown ocean; then, mustering fresh courage, it took a second flight, and dashed downwards to the earth, describing a tortuous yet almost perpendicular track. A pigeon, which they let off under precisely similar circumstances, rested awhile on the edge of the car, as if measuring the breadth of the unexplored sea it designed to traverse; then, launching in the abyss, it fluttered irregularly, and seemed at first to try its wings in the thin element, till, after a few strokes it gained more confidence, and, whirling in large circles or spirals, like the birds of prey, precipitated itself towards the mass of extended cloud, where it became lost to sight.

The aeronauts reached a height of 13,000 feet, and satisfactorily conducted many highly interesting experiments. After spending upwards of three hours and a half in the regions of the air, they descended in safety, but encountered great danger from being dragged along the ground before they could get the balloon secure, or extricate themselves from it. Poor Monsieur Biot was so greatly alarmed, that he is said to have become insensible.

In accordance with a wish very generally entertained by his scientific friends, M. Gay Lussac de-

terminated to make a second aerial excursion, and started accordingly on the 15th of September. On this occasion the adventurer was alone, and succeeded, in his solitary car, in reaching the astonishing altitude of 23,040 feet above the level of the sea; that is, a perpendicular height of four and a quarter miles; one thousand feet above the summit of the Andes, and considerably higher than the loftiest pinnacle of the globe. In this ascent, M. Gay Lussac suffered severely from the extreme cold and tenuity of the atmosphere; but met with no mishap of any kind.

Next to this celebrated voyage, the aerial excursion performed in the year 1850 by M. Barral, a distinguished chemist at Paris, and M. Bixio, a member of the French Legislative assembly, may be regarded as the most interesting, and at the same time the most perilous on record. The object of these gentlemen was to observe and report upon the meteorological phenomena of the atmosphere at greater altitudes, and with more precision, than had hitherto been accomplished. Unwilling to be associated in a purely philosophical expedition with any persons who had made the art of aërostation a subject for vulgar display and profit, they failed to secure the advantages which experience as aëronauts had conferred on these men, and which might have saved the adventurers from the extraordinary perils to which they became exposed. Had they, instead of determining to ascend alone, taken with them some person who had made several previous voyages, and thus become familiar with the practical management of balloons, a much more favourable

result would, in all probability, have been obtained. But we are anticipating.

As it was intended to make experiments and observations at various altitudes, a large collection of philosophical instruments, and a programme for their guidance prepared by the hands of M. Arago, the well-known French *savant*, were taken with them. Day-break, on Saturday the 29th of June, was selected for the ascent from the garden behind the Observatory of Paris.

At midnight the balloon was brought to the spot; but it was a machine by no means fitted for the hazardous voyage for which it was designed. It was afterwards ascertained that it was old and patched; that seamstresses had been employed the preceding day in mending it, and that the network was neither of the proper size nor properly adjusted. The night, moreover, before the ascent, was one of continual rain, so that the silk and cordage became thoroughly saturated with moisture. So great, however, was the anxiety of the parties not to let obstacles, the importance of which they under-rated, stand in the way of their grand experiment, that the inflation was proceeded with, and at ten o'clock A.M. it was announced to be complete.

The instruments being duly deposited, and the voyagers having taken their seats, the balloon was liberated from its fastenings at twenty-seven minutes after ten o'clock. The ascent was exceedingly rapid, the strata of air it was intended to experiment upon lying very much higher than those usually attained. Such in fact was the velocity at which it darted up-

wards, that, in the space of two minutes after leaving the surface of the earth, it had plunged into the clouds, and was lost to the eager gaze of the spectators below.

The weather had seemed unpropitious. The earth was enveloped in gloom; but no sooner did the two voyagers emerge from the region of cloud, which it took them fifteen minutes to penetrate, than they found themselves ascending under a splendid canopy of azure, whilst the balloon was gilded with the rays of a brilliant sun. Already the dense cloud they had passed was seen several thousand feet below them. This heavy mass of vapour, they afterwards found, from the observations made with the barometer whilst penetrating it, was 9,800 feet—or little less than two miles—thick. The height of the balloon from the level of the sea, at the moment they emerged from the cloud was 14,200 feet.*

From the continued and rapid fall of the barometer, they knew that they were still ascending with great velocity, which increased as the heat of the sun evapo-

* The height of the mercury in a barometer is regulated by the weight of atmosphere pressing upon it. The mercury is contained in a tube having two upright arms, something like the letter u. A float, upon which a column of air presses, works upon the mercury in one of these, and its weight causes the fluid to rise in the other arm. In proportion as a balloon ascends, the weight of the atmosphere above it of course decreases, and the pressure on the float becoming less, the mercury in the other, or index column, falls. By this means (the instrument being fitted with a carefully-adjusted scale) the aéronaut is enabled to tell with accuracy the height to which he has risen, from observing the extent to which the weight or pressure of the atmosphere is lessened.

rated the moisture with which the balloon was saturated, and rendered it lighter by the quantity of water of which it was relieved. At eleven o'clock they had reached the enormous height of 19,700 feet, or nearly four miles in a direct line above the surface of the sea.

M. Barral was busily engaged in wiping the icicles from the thermometer, to resume his observations with it, when accident directed his look upward, and he beheld a sight which might have made the stoutest heart quail.

The balloon was, at this moment, at a height of nearly 20,000 feet above the surface of the earth, and about a mile above the highest stratum of the clouds. In consequence of their immense altitude, and the extreme rarity of the atmosphere, the gas had expanded to such an extent, that the balloon not only filled the netting which covered it, but forced its way in a frightful manner through the hoop beneath, from which was suspended the car that held the voyagers, whose heads the inflated silk already almost touched.

The remedy for this state of things was, of course, to open the valve, and so let some of the gas escape. But this was, unfortunately, not an easy thing to do. The valve of a balloon is usually placed in a sort of sleeve, connected with the lower part of the machine, through which the string of the valve passes. So it was in this case. But what was M. Barral's consternation when, on looking for this sleeve, he found it had disappeared! It seemed afterwards that the balloon had been so awkwardly placed in the receiving net, that the valve-sleeve, instead of hanging clear of the hoop, had been gathered up in the network above it, so that it could only be

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reached by forcing a passage between the inflated silk and the hoop.

Either one of two consequences now menaced the ill-fated voyagers. They would either be completely buried in the distended silk, which was still spreading and descending upon them, and thus they would be suffocated; or else the force of distention must break the balloon. If it burst in the part immediately below the car, they would be smothered by an atmosphere of hydrogen. If the fracture occurred in the upper part, the balloon rapidly discharged of its contents, would be precipitated to the earth, and the death of the adventurers be inevitable.

Happily for them, they were enabled to retain their presence of mind at this awful moment, and calmly consider what it was possible to do to avert the catastrophe that threatened momentarily to overtake them. As the only thing to be done, M. Barral climbed up the side of the car and the network suspending it, and forced his way through the hoop, in an endeavour by this means to lay hold of the safety-valve. But the force he found it necessary to use, in order to accomplish this, was more than the silk, already stretched to its utmost point of endurance, could bear; and at the very moment he had succeeded in catching the sleeve, the balloon burst below the hoop, the gas issued with terrible force, and in an instant the two travellers found themselves in an atmosphere of hydrogen. They were unable to breathe, and for several moments suffered all the agonies of suffocation, whilst the barometer showed them too plainly that they were descending to the earth with the most frightful rapidity.

The velocity with which they fell, however, caused the noxious gas to be dispelled in the air, and on looking at the rent M. Barral's attempt had occasioned below the hoop, it was evident that the escape from that aperture was insufficient to account for the great rapidity of their descent.

A further examination into the condition of the balloon quickly revealed the extent of their disaster, and the discovery was a terrible one—nothing less than a rent five feet in length along the equator of the machine. Through this aperture the gas was issuing in immense quantities, and this was the cause of the frightful precipitation with which they fell.

The only thing left was rapidly to throw out their ballast, and so check the descent. They were still some thousand feet above the clouds, and the discharge of ballast required to be conducted with great coolness and skill. If it were dismissed too soon, the balloon would again acquire a terrible velocity before it reached the earth. If, on the other hand, its descent was not moderated in time, its fall might become so precipitate as to be ungovernable. Nine or ten sand-bags being reserved for the critical moment, all the rest of the ballast was discharged.

The fall was still frightfully rapid, and the voyagers cast out, as they descended through the cloud, every article of weight which they had—even their blankets, and woollen clothes, their shoes, several bottles of wine, and, in short, everything except their philosophical instruments. These they regarded as a soldier does his flag, only to be surrendered with life itself.

It had taken them fifteen minutes to ascend upwards

through the cloud. They descended it—within a few feet, as we have seen, of two miles thick—in two minutes. The earth was now in sight, and they were dropping on it like a stone. Everything available had been thrown over, except the nine sand-bags they had reserved to break the shock on arriving at the surface. They could see vineyards below them, and some labourers looking upward with astonishment at the strange object falling on them from the clouds. They were within a few hundred feet of the surface, when the precaution they had adopted of reserving nine bags of sand, in order to give a final check to their speed, saved them. The sand was thrown out. Relieved of so much weight, the descent became suddenly less precipitous. Reaching the ground, the car struck among the vines, and the machine was dragged with great violence along the ground.

Even arrived on terra firma, the danger of our travellers was not over. It was a matter of no small difficulty and peril to escape from the car. If either had singly escaped from it, the balloon, lightened of so much weight, would again have darted up in the air. Of course, neither of the two would consent to save his own life at the expense of the other. M. Barral, therefore, threw his body half down from the car, laying hold of the vine-stakes as he was dragged along, whilst M. Bixio held fast to his two feet. In this way the voyagers, by their united force, formed a sort of anchor, the arms of M. Barral playing the part of the fluke, and the body of M. Bixio that of the cable.

In this way M. Barral was rapidly dragged over a portion of the vineyard, receiving various contusions

and scratches on the face from the vine-stakes with which he came in contact. The labourers by this time perceiving what was the real state of things, collected to render assistance; and when they had succeeded in extricating the philosophers from their perils, they gravely thanked them for the bottles of excellent wine, which they had supposed had fallen from the clouds. Singular enough, the bottles had escaped injury, as well as the travellers, and were picked up unbroken, although they had been discharged above the clouds. This fact also shows how perpendicular the descent of the balloon must have been, since the bottles thrown out at such a height fell in the very same field where the balloon itself dropped a few minutes afterwards.

The entire descent from an altitude of 20,000 feet occupied seven minutes, being at an average rate of fifty feet per second.

Undismayed by the terrible catastrophe they thus barely escaped, MM. Barral and Bixio essayed another ascent before the close of the year. Two mistakes committed on the former occasion were anxiously pointed out to them by their friends—first, that of venturing in an old and inefficient vehicle, and, secondly, that of refusing to be accompanied by an experienced aéronaut.

With singular perversity, however, they deliberately repeated, in spite of all expostulations, the very same errors, and intrusted the inflation of the balloon to the same individual who had previously superintended its preparation. It is difficult to account for this *determination*, as there were in Paris at the time

several persons practised in aërial excursions; but it is supposed they would only render their assistance on condition that they were allowed to accompany the voyagers in person, a stipulation to which MM. Barral and Bixio would not agree. The old balloon, therefore, was patched and refitted, and in order to give it increased buoyancy, pure hydrogen, produced on the spot, was substituted for the carburetted hydrogen made by the the gas companies.

The morning of Saturday, the 27th of February, was fixed for the ascent; but although the sun had risen in unclouded splendour, before the process of inflation was complete, the sky had become overcast with dense clouds, rain fell in torrents, and everything indicated a tempestuous afternoon. Under these circumstances, grave doubts were entertained as to the propriety of persevering; but the intrepid adventurers disposed of these by saying that the condition of the atmosphere presented the strongest reasons for their carrying out their intentions. "Was not their object," they asked, "to penetrate the region of clouds, and obtain a close view of the stupendous apparatus in which the tempest and the tornado, the thunder, the lightning, and the rain are elaborated; to discover the pencil with which the rainbow is painted, and the torch with which the meteor is kindled? And should they not welcome circumstances which promised, not only to place them in the midst of the theatre of this vast machinery, but enable them to watch it in actual work?" In this spirit of self-devotion to the cause of science the ascent was determined on, and commenced at *three minutes after four o'clock in the afternoon.*

Their rise was at first slow; but by throwing out ballast they quickened their speed. At the commencement the balloon was imperfectly filled, a large space being allowed for the expansion the gas would undergo in rising to a great elevation. A cylindrical sleeve of silk, about thirty feet in length, was attached to the orifice, so as to allow the gas to escape freely, and so to prevent, as it was believed, the rupture of the balloon.

When the travellers had reached the height of 19,000 feet the balloon became stationary, and the gas had so expanded, as not only completely to distend it, but was seen issuing from the orifice of the sleeve like a stream of whitish smoke. The odour of hydrogen was distinctly perceptible, and indeed it quickly appeared that the sleeve was not the only opening from which it escaped. The unfortunate balloon had encountered another accident similar to that which happened on the former ascent, and the voyagers observed, with alarm, that a rent had taken place, of about four feet in length.

With daring perseverance they resolved, in spite of this serious accident, to reach the highest height they could attain before they were compelled to descend. By throwing out ballast they succeeded in attaining very nearly to the elevation gained by M. Gay Lussac, and (with that single exception) at a point higher than was ever before reached by a human observer—23,028 feet above the level of the sea in a balloon from which the gas was escaping rapidly from a rent four feet in length! At this time their remaining ballast amounted only to eight pounds, which

they deemed it prudent to reserve in order to break their fall on reaching the ground. The rush of gas from the aperture (though, of course, they closed the sleeve) was so considerable, that they began to descend rapidly. The rent was continually augmenting, and the gas escaping in increasing volumes.

The descent now became very dangerous, from its extreme velocity, and every disposable article, such as blankets, fur boots, provisions, wines, &c., were thrown out, in order to moderate it. When they emerged from the lower surface of the cloud, and saw the earth obscurely beneath them, through the mist which pervaded, they threw out an anchor, suspended from a very long cord, so that it might touch the ground whilst the balloon was still at a considerable elevation. They became sensible of the moment this took place, the descent receiving a check the same as if ballast had been thrown out equal to the weight of the anchor. At the proper moment they threw out the last bags of sand. The buoyancy of the balloon was still so great that the wind carried them parallel to the ground at a considerable speed, until they were brought to rest by the anchor, which swept along the ground, catching in the roof of a cottage. A labourer working at hand, imagining they did not want to descend, cut the cord, and they rose again to a height of two or three hundred feet. They quickly came down, however, and effected their disembarkment without further accident.

The scientific observations made during this last voyage were of great importance; but the want of prudent precautions against accidents precipitating

their descent, they were obliged to content themselves with doing less than they originally proposed. The stratum of cloud through which they passed was nearly three miles in thickness.

A Visit to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

IN the year 18— two travellers were journeying along the then miserable roads of Kentucky, bent on an inspection of this singular phenomenon. The ruts were deep, the stones large, trees lay thickly in their way blown down by the wind, and the rain fell in torrents; uttering many an exclamation of impatience, they continued to jolt along for several hours, eagerly demanding, each time the uneasy vehicle stopped to change horses, how many stages were yet before them. Presently the jaded steeds, pricking up their ears, started off at a brisk trot, and brought the carriage with a dash to the hotel at the Mammoth Cave. Its appearance gave promise of comfort and pleasure, which was afterwards amply realized, making amends for all the previous inconvenience of a long journey over the worst roads in the world. The evening was spent in festivity, and on the following morning the best guide in the place was engaged by the party, which was now joined by an Irish gentleman named McCarlin.

The explorers having paid their entrance-fee, were

furnished with lamps and conducted down a round hole, much like a large deep well. This was about forty feet deep, and into it fell, with a merry splash, a sparkling rivulet of water. Thence a level road, under a high archway of stone, led to the "vats," where twenty years before saltpetre had been manufactured, and to a road of shanties or huts, called the "Homes of the Invalids," which had been built for the benefit of consumptive patients, under an idea that the air was impregnated with peculiar salubrious properties. Many a story was told of the beauty of some of these poor sufferers, whose kindness and unvaried good temper had fairly won the heart of the guide. The attempt to bury people in order to preserve them had been unsuccessful. The smoke from their fires forced them to leave the cave in March, the most variable and dangerous month of the year for invalids, and the majority of them died in consequence.

The party thence proceeded through a low, narrow passage, called the "Valley of Humility," and sitting down in an amphitheatre beyond, refreshed themselves from a little runnel that meandered over the solid stone floor.

It would be impossible to describe everything in this cabinet of the world's wonders. The silence of eternal solitude reigned over all, whilst the deep waters of the "Echo River" flowed sluggishly beneath their feet, and far into the air shot the bold precipitous cliff of the shore. Above them hung the pall of darkness, unbroken by a star, made more visible by the faint glimmer of the lamps; beneath them lay the

water, equally dark, unless when casually a ripple reflected a gleam of light. On each side stood a perpendicular wall of stone, upon the high edge of which the eye readily imagined the dim outline of trees, and grass, and flowers. Black clouds seemed to have wrapped all in their embrace, and nature was hushed as when a storm is brewing. There was a feeling of undefined danger, and oppression, and heavy melancholy; until the mind readily converted the fantastic scarce-seen outlines of jagged rocks into the forms of lurking enemies, or crouching savage animals. No one spoke, until the guide, apparently influenced by the same feelings, poured forth, in his rich, deep voice, one of the wild songs of his Indian fathers. The tones ran clear and strong, and were echoed and re-echoed back, as if the shades of the mighty dead had taken up their chorus. High would the notes swell and ring far off into the hidden caverns, and then sink so low as to be scarce heard, whilst the rushing echo of the first would come rolling back like an answer from another and unseen world. The words spoke of the Indian when he had fallen and wasted before the white man, and struck a melancholy chord in the already excited heart.

The final verse was uttered with unusual power, and as the last tones died away, groans and lamentations were heard, wailings, as it were from the spirit land, sinking feebler and feebler until the last faint sounds had died away. A pause, and the midnight of silence had again settled down. The guide's paddles ceased; the boat rested motionless. A pistol was *discharged*, its several barrels being fired in rapid suc-

cession. Crash! crash! crash! they thundered out, waking a scream from every angle of those vast, awful vaults; every cave sent back the report scarcely diminished, and the waters fairly trembled beneath the stunning sound. A park of artillery in the open air could not have produced half the effect. Forward and back it tore, rolling, and thundering, and reverberating from every wall with a terrific crash. It appeared as though myriads of wild beasts were furiously fighting and yelling, and thousands of savages howling their war-songs. The party stood for a few moments awed, until the last rumble was smothered in the bosom of the earth, when the guide suddenly struck up a familiar negro melody, and the feelings of awe became as quickly converted into those of hysterical mirth. They joined in the chorus, and seldom did those subterranean labyrinths ring to a merrier peal poured forth by more powerful voices. The song was just finished as the boat touched the sand on the further shore, and they had crossed Echo River.

As they trudged along, the guide told them many amusing stories. He was a slave, but uncommonly smart, having learned to read and write by seeing gentlemen paint their names with the smoke of the torches on the walls, and then asking them how they spelt them. He was conversant with the scientific terms for many of the geological formations, and made many inquiries as to the formation of the Greek compounds. He said there had been few accidents in the cave, although the waters rose suddenly, and frequently shut in travellers. In such emergencies there is another way of exit; a narrow muddy passage, through

which one has to crawl in the mire. This passage is properly named Purgatory, as a means of escape from a worse fate.

The party were now amidst the beautiful formations which have been named Cleaveland's Cabinet. Above the river the rough stone is bare of ornament, and stands grim and stern ; but at this point begin those fanciful specimens of gypsum, which the fairies appearing to take under their special supervision, carve into the most enchanting forms. Exquisitely perfect rosettes covered the walls, while fantastic formations were scattered wildly about, some still pendent, but many broken off, and piled upon the ground.

As they advanced, their delight and surprise increased. They seemed to be in the castle of the fairies. Delicate flowers whiter than snow, harlequin shapes, miniature turrets, and domes, and trees, and spires, virgin rings of purest alabaster, all supported by a background of huge grim rock.

It was against the law to break off anything, though they might pick up as much as they liked. Several beautiful rosettes were selected ; but the Irishman chiefly admired those on the ceiling, and begged the guide to let him have "only that one." At length, Stephen losing his patience and his temper, pointed to a beautiful one on the ceiling ten feet above their heads, and said he might have *that*, if he liked. The visitor was delighted. It was a beauty, so perfectly symmetrical and delicate, with its long petal projecting from the centre.

"What shall I cut it off with?"

"*I don't know ; with your knife, perhaps.*"

"Yes, of course; here is my knife; but how am I to reach it?"

"That is your own affair. Had you not better roll that stone under it," pointing to a rock that weighed almost two tons.

The poor fellow now saw the joke, and was greatly chagrined; but they succeeded at length in restoring him to good humour, though it was not a very easy task.

Words fail to describe these gypsum formations. Go to your garden; cull the prettiest flowers; make them into a bouquet, and imagine them ten times handsomer and more delicate than they are; then conceive the whole transformed into the whitest marble, and you will have some idea of what lay around us. The many figures that Jack Frost paints upon our windows, in the cold December nights, are here converted into tangible permanent reality, while every beast, bird, bush, and production of nature, here finds a miniature copy of itself. There are elephants, tigers, and camels; doves and hawks; trees of all varieties, and bushes and plants, sprouting from the bare surface of the rock, and nourished by silence and darkness. It reminds one of the foam of the sea petrified.

On leaving Cleaveland's Cabinet, the air became damper, and the walls were covered with moisture. Invisible streams of water were heard trickling along their hidden course, and the light was reflected from numerous ponds and rivulets, the water of which was as pure as crystal.

On the shore of one of these, the party sat down to

lunch, and were busily engaged, partly with their viands and partly in conversation on various themes, when one of them leaped at one bound from his seat, crying out, "See those rats!" and pointed to an enormous specimen of the rat genus close beside him. Amused at the disturbance created by the intruder, another half sung, half said:—

"What eyes! what teeth! what ears! what hair!
Look at his whiskers—what a pair;
And oh! my gentle hearers, what
A long, thick, swinging tail he's got!"

At a stone sent at him, the visitor made an instantaneous exit. The guide said it was quite common to encounter these cheese-eaters, and told a story of a party, a year or two before, who intended to pass the night and the ensuing day in the cave, and had armed themselves with a corresponding supply of nature's necessaries. After eating their supper, and carefully packing away the surplus until the morrow, they lay down on the dry sand, and were soon embalmed in sleep. Next morning they found themselves not only minus all their provisions, but the handsome smoking-cap of one of the party had disappeared. The rats had appropriated the whole, and no doubt had a great feast. For what purpose they took the smoking-cap it is hard to discover, as rats are not accustomed either to wear such vanities, or to indulge in the noxious weed. Possibly their king's crown was just wearing out, and he thought it would do for a new one. These animals are of immense size, and very voracious, apparently living on the crickets and spiders that inhabit the cave. The crickets are very

corpulent, and of a light, almost white colour. They do not usually jump like those of the upper world, but have very long legs, and walk sedately about.

Dinner being finished, and the lamps re-trimmed, the explorers pursued their path. Ascending a crazy ladder through a narrow hole, scarcely large enough to admit one's body, they were told by the guide to look up. Above their heads hung great clusters of what appeared to be the most delicious grapes. The giant vine, from far beyond where the eye could reach, hung down in its enchanting festoons. It clung gracefully to the side of the stern rock, and falling off, swept to their very feet. There lay the fruit, in form perfect, half-modestly hidden between the leaves. It was actually necessary to touch them before one could believe that it was nothing but the cold stone which had thus fancifully formed itself after the model of one of earth's sweetest productions. The touch, however, was sufficient to dispel the illusion, and the eye was the only sense that could feast on these grapes.

The next place entered was the Snow-ball Cave, which the guide illuminated with a Bengal light. The gypsum had formed over the ceiling, in singular bunches, that wore a close imitation of old hoary winter's handiwork. It was, in short, a winter's scene by moonlight. There lay the hard frozen ground, stretched out uneven and rough, here and there spotted with snow that seemed too cold even to make the urchin's snowball, while the pale colouring from the Bengal light seemed as though shed by the round, full-orbed, silver moon. All looked like one of the coldest nights in January, when even the wind is

too tightly bound in the fetters of frost to more than now and then roll over a stray dry leaf. There was needed but the white scraggy limbs of the naked oak, dried and sapless, perhaps thinly covered with snow, to make the representation perfect. As it was, it brought back many a recollection of youth, until the light, slowly fading and fading, at length went out, and recalled the party from their dreams.

Travelling on amidst precipices and cavities, the terminus of the cave, nine miles under ground, was in due time reached. It is called Serena's Arbour, and is a small circular chamber of some twenty feet across, and thirty high. It is hung round with drapery of yellow stone, falling in graceful folds, and reminded one much of the description of one of the mermaid's submarine palaces. Perhaps it was the council-chamber of the fays of these under-ground rivers. A rivulet murmurs below, just heard, over its rocky bed; in one corner is a spring, diamond clear; and in all features is this apartment just fitted for the meeting of those little deities, convened to enjoy their sports, enact their laws, or inflict punishment against those who do despite to their authority.

However, dismissing these fancies, the visitors turned back, and branching off into another passage, entered a different portion of the cave. After walking some time, the guide told them to go alone, while he would wait behind, and blow out the lights, in order that they might see how intense the darkness was. They did as directed; and, having walked a hundred yards, seated themselves on the rocks, and extinguished their lamps. For the first time in their

lives they now realized the conception of absolute darkness. If we enclose ourselves in the darkest room; wander in the densest forest at midnight, when clouds enshroud the sky and shut out the stars of heaven, when the leaves and boughs overhead are interwoven in their closest folds; in spite of all, some few straggling beams, a sort of haziness of light, will exist. But here were they, with eyes wide open, and nervously strained to the utmost, and yet nothing was distinguishable; no indication of the nearest object: here at all events what philosophers assert was true, that white and black are all the same!

Such was the solemn effect of this perfect darkness, that the feelings became unpleasantly excited, and voices first dropped to a whisper, and then died away into complete silence. When the guide re-appeared with a light, he laughed at the three pallid faces. Partially shielding the lamp, he told them to look up, and they were astonished at seeing the stars shining brightly in the dark heavens. Each rubbed his eyes and looked again; but there they shone, sure enough, merrily winking and glimmering, as if in pleasant mockery at the explorers for not discovering them before. Old Argus-eyed Night was looking down as calmly and sleepily on them as ever. The party immediately began searching for the north star, to ascertain the points of the compass; but by some strange accident it was not to be found; neither could they recognize any of the familiar groups of glittering orbs.

"Very singular!" they muttered, rubbing their eyes again; "where can we be?"

They asked each other for an explanation, but were all equally perplexed, until the guide's laugh told them there was something wrong.

"Shall I act the giant, and throw a stone against the skies?" he said, having caught the allusion from some traveller; and picking up a stone, threw it against the roof of the cave. They all burst into a hearty laugh, and could hardly believe that they were imitation stars winking above them, and not the real eyes of old mother Night. The rays of the lamp shone back reflected from a thousand glittering points. The deception was made more perfect by the formation of the sides of the cave. These shot up near seventy feet perpendicularly, and then stretched suddenly back horizontally, leaving a ledge between them and the roof. The walls were bright yellow, and on their edge seemed to hang the planets of the upper world, whilst the ceiling was dark, undefined blue, the exact colour of the midnight sky. These stars were the perfection of imitation, and glimmered exactly like the originals. They were caused by a very simple arrangement; pieces of polished substance, generally mica, being imbedded in the stone of the ceiling. This phenomenon caused the apartment to be called the Star Chamber.

The last apartment of interest was Young's Dome, which appeared, when illuminated by a Bengal light, to extend hundreds of feet above as well as hundreds of feet below the visitors, who viewed it from a window or opening about half-way down the side. The sides, polished by water that was falling ceaselessly, as it had no doubt been for ages, reflected the light bril-

liantly. Above, the domed windled to its apex, scarcely visible at that height, whilst below, it spread out a broad even floor. This apartment was principally remarkable for its immense height.

From this point they retraced their steps outwards, discussing the probable origin of this singular and gigantic cave; one thinking it had been caused by some great uprising of nature, and another suggesting that it had been caverned out by a stream, which, wearing its way in turn through the rock, had formed these surprising labyrinths.

Re-embarking on Echo River, they made the caves reverberate to their voices, and to the report of their pistols. This last was answered by a loud scream, which they recognized as coming from ladies. The next instant, a boat shot round a corner some distance ahead. Rows of lamps were arranged on both its sides, and looked most fairy-like on thus suddenly emerging from these gloomy recesses. The light fell upon the glistening silks of the ladies, and was reflected from their bright eyes. Another boat, filled with gentlemen, followed, equally illuminated. The two parties saluted each other with a loud hurrah, and immediately joined in a negro song, twenty voices bearing the notes far into the deepest vaults. All had been so dark and silent before, and now all was so gay and brilliant. There were the long rows of lamps, seemingly doubled by reflection from the waters, the rich dresses glancing in the light; the long, low, flat boat, the black oarsman, seated at the stern, and dipping his paddle noiselessly into the wave; the bright eyes glowing in the dim light, and the merry

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voices rousing old Silence, and pealing forth the capol to the stern black rocks; it was like a scene conjured by magic from those dreary vaults, as though the fairies of the olden times were risen anew, and, floating down their hidden sacred stream, were trilling forth their jovial chorus. In a moment more, the lights, the dresses, the faces, the dingy oarsmen,—all were gone; the song faded away in the distance, and darkness and silence had again settled down upon them.

The Mammoth Cave was discovered in 1802, but was little explored until 1812, when it was resorted to for saltpetre. There are no sulphur or volcanic specimens. For many years the traveller could only advance three miles, being stopped by a chasm called the Bottomless Pit. Across this pit a ladder was finally thrown, and the guide, Stephen, fearlessly explored the remaining six miles. Large bones of men and animals were dug out by the miners in looking for saltpetre; but, after giving the cave its name, they were all reburied. No dog can ever be persuaded to enter the cave any distance; they always run howling back. Stephen's canine companions in many an expedition above ground, will never follow him beneath, whatever persuasions or caresses he may employ.

There are several subterranean rivers here. The three principal ones are named Styx, Lethe, and Echo. The fish and crawfish in them are white and perfectly eyeless. The crickets, however, have eyes, and appeared much pleased to see the lamps. The streams appear to be connected with the Green River, above ground, as several eyeless fish have been caught in it after a great rise of water in the cave. When this

happens, the rivers, which are usually placid and still, run with terrible swiftness. The water is cold, and has a greenish appearance. The average height of the ceiling is thirty feet in the avenue, but some of the rooms are fifty, sixty, and seventy feet high. The walking is rough, but not dangerous, and ladies may very well undertake the expedition.



Recent Ascents of Mont Blanc.

THIS celebrated feat has been accomplished by several parties during the years 1850 and 1851.

To reach the cloud-capped summit of this father of mountains, is an expedition of great danger, as well as extreme difficulty, and the descent to the habitable valleys at the base, after the upward journey has been safely achieved, is still more perilous. A quick eye, a strong nerve, a steady foot, and great powers of physical endurance, are indispensable qualifications in the adventurer whose ambition soars so high. The glaciers of slippery ice, the yawning chasms which perpetually cross the traveller's path, the ponderous avalanches continually falling, the treacherous snow putting a smooth and deceptive face upon a thousand dangers—these and a hundred things beside, equally appalling to a timid and nervous man, must be faced with unfaltering will and fearless heart by the traveller

who contemplates reaching the snowy top of Mont Blanc.

What motives can prevail on men who have cheerful firesides to sit by, and pleasant fields to walk in, to undertake an achievement so perilous? The first ascents of which we have any record, were prompted by a spirit of scientific investigation; naturalists and philosophers sought for specimens of the earth's productions amid Alpine heights, and to conduct experiments in various branches of physical science at so great an elevation above the level of the sea. But the curiosity of science has been long gratified, and no motive remains but that strange love of adventure for its own sake, which is so widely diffused amongst men, and the desire to gaze for a few brief moments in a lifetime, upon that vast landscape, embracing kingdoms and states, which this lofty watch-tower commands.

In the month of September, 1850, Mr. Erasmus Galton, and a party, consisting of six guides, seven porters, a volunteer who aspired to the dignity of a guide at some future period, and a German *ouvrier*, started at ten o'clock in the morning of a day of rather doubtful and unsettled weather. After riding on a mule for the first hour, during which there was something like a path to follow, Mr. Galton dismounted, and taking off his coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, and tucking up his shirt-sleeves, commenced the ascent in earnest, one of the guides, named Victor Tainay, going first, himself second, and the rest following. The pace was slow but constant, and about one o'clock in the day they reached the ice (which they never after-

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no means were left of registering the degree of cold experienced.

By half-past four o'clock, on reaching a tremendous crevice, the porters were sent back to Chamouni, and the adventurers and guides took charge of the provisions and other requisites they had carried thus far. They crossed the crevice without accident, and stepped on towards the Grands Mulets, where it is customary for parties to rest and recruit themselves for the fatigues of the second day.

Arrived here, their first care was to put on dry and extra clothing. They then took supper, and prepared themselves for sleep. The guides rigged up a tent, made of four Alpine poles, laid against the rocks, with some light canvass spread over it. The whole width of the ledge was five feet, "and as I slept the outside man," says Mr. Galton, "by lifting up my head without moving my body, I could look down 400 feet upon the glacier below. At 8 P.M. the guides awoke me to see the view at sunset. It was the most sublime scene possible to conceive, all the valleys being filled with clouds (we being far above them, had a perfectly clear sky), therefore on looking down, the whole world seemed gone, and in its place a sea of clouds below us, with just the tops of the mountains showing through like small islands, and the vapour being divided into masses, looked like an immense *mer de glace*, far, far below us, and joining on to the real one. It was a sight that no writing can explain. The thought that crossed my mind at the time was, 'Oh God, how wonderful are thy works!'"

After viewing this extraordinary scene for about an

hour, they composed themselves again to slumber, and slept till 11 P.M., only occasionally disturbed by the booming of falling avalanches. Mr. Galton had previously ascended Mount Etna, and having experienced there great annoyance from having on thick clothes, when climbing a mountain sufficiently high to affect the respiration, refrained now from using any. He put on, however, a second flannel, a second pair of drawers, thick worsted stockings, and a nightcap (which one of the guides lent him), placed under his hat to cover the back of the head and ears. As a further precaution against the inconveniences of the extremely raw atmosphere into which he was about to ascend, he stopped his ears with paper, and had his face greased all over with hot tallow, dropped from burning candles—plenty of it, and well rubbed in.

At midnight the adventurers again set out. There was no moon, but the reflection from the sun gave considerable light; the leading man had a lantern, and the whole party were tied together at a distance of about nine feet from each other, the rope being knotted round the waist. By this means, if a man fell into a crevice, the next men to him, before and behind, would help to hold him up until they could extricate him.

They continued walking all night, steadily but slowly, till about six o'clock in the morning, when on reaching what is called the Grand Plateau, respiration began to be sensibly affected. The young volunteer and the German gave in. They had plenty of spirit, but were utterly exhausted physically. On went the remainder of the party until seven—another hour—

when Mr. Galton himself fell down on his face, and there lay till his lungs became inflated. From this time he was continually becoming almost unconscious, and partially blind and stupified, and tumbled about like a drunken man; but in every case found that after lying down for about two minutes, he was able to get up and start again without difficulty. At about half-past nine they had reached the summit, where the whole party lay down for about four minutes, and then rose greatly refreshed to look about them.

"The sky," says Mr. Galton, "was quite clear, and the boundless view perfect, but on too great a scale for me to take it all in. I wanted so much to see everything, that I could not calmly look at each point separately, more particularly as one of my guides was suffering very much from cold and difficulty of breathing, and implored me to descend. I *think* I could have stayed upon the summit for an hour or two; but the party who last came up having had three persons frost-bitten, I did not feel justified in keeping the guides long on the summit."

In about fifteen minutes they began to descend, a task they found greatly more difficult than the ascent. The method of proceeding is necessarily a very cautious one. Double ropes were used to tie the men together—very long ones, as it is of great consequence, in case any one slips, for him not to give a sudden jerk to the man next him. In descending the steep slopes, one man goes first to cut each step in the snow. This is a service of great danger, as *he* is not allowed to have a rope tied to him, the object being to oblige him to cut each step deep and quite safe, as otherwise

the last man would be in danger of slipping down, in consequence of the steps wearing so fast from the friction of the feet. If this happened, he would push the others before him, and if a second slipped, all would probably be carried away. This danger, however, was happily escaped, and the Grands Mulets was reached by one o'clock.

Here the guides dined; some of the party slept; extra clothing was laid aside, and the Glacier des Boissons once more crossed. It is a striking illustration of the perils of these excursions, that, trying as much as possible to follow the track by which they had ascended, they found already, though a few hours only had elapsed, great alterations in the crevices; some were entirely closed, and a very large one was fresh formed. By five P. M., they reached the *châlet* at the foot of the mountain, and by half-past six had arrived safely at the inn at Chamouni.

A very interesting ascent was made by Mr. Albert Smith, the popular author, and a party of Oxford reading men, on the 23d of August, 1851, from his account of which we take the following:—

“We were now four thousand feet above Chamouni, and the wonders of the glacier world were breaking upon us. The edge of the ice was still half an hour's walk beyond this rock (Pierre à l'Echelle), but it appeared close at hand—literally within a stone's throw. So vast is everything that surrounds a traveller—there is such an absence of any comprehensible standard of comparison—his actual presence is so insignificant—a mere unheeded, all but invisible speck on this mountain world—that every idea of proportionate size or distance is

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lost. And this impossibility of calculation is still further aided by the bright clear air, seen through which the granite outlines miles away are as sharply defined as those of the rocks you have quitted but half an hour ago.

“Far below us, long after the torrents had lost themselves in little grey threads among the pine woods, we saw the valley of Chamouni, with its fields and pastures parcelled out into parti-coloured districts, like the map of an estate sale; and we found the peaks of other mountains beginning to show above and beyond the lofty Brevent. Above us mighty plains of snow stretched far and away in all directions; and through them the icebergs and pinnacles of the two glaciers Bossons and Tacconay were everywhere visible. On either side of us at the distance of perhaps a couple of miles from each other, were the two high buttresses of Mont Blanc, which form the channel of the glaciers before alluded to. High up the sides of these mountains were wonderous cornices of ice of incalculable weight, threatening to fall every instant. Pieces now and then tumbled down with a noise like distant thunder; but they were not large enough to be dangerous.

“... The traveller who has only seen the Mer de Glace can form no idea of the terrific beauty of the upper part of the Glacier des Bossons. He remembers the lower portions of the latter which appear to rise from the very cornfields and orchards of Chamouni, with its towers and ruins of the purest ice, like a long fragment of quartz inconceivably magnified; and a few steps from Montanvert will show him the icy chasms of the Mer. *But they have little in common with the wild and awful*

tract we were now preparing to traverse. The Glacier des Bossons, splitting away from that of Tacconay, is rent and torn, and tossed about by convulsions scarcely to be comprehended; and the alternate action of the nightly frost and the afternoon sun, on this scene of splendid desolation and horror, produces the most extraordinary effects. Huge bergs rise up of a lovely pale, sea-green colour, perforated by arches decorated every day with fresh icicles many feet in length; and through these arches one sees other fantastic masses, some thrown like bridges across yawning gulfs, and others planted like old castles on jutting rocks, commanding valleys and gorges all of ice. There is here no plain surface to walk upon; your only standing room is the top of the barrier that divides two crevices; and as this is broad or narrow, terminating in another frightful gulf, or continuous with another treacherous ice-wall, so can you be slow or rapid. The breadth of the crevice varies with each one you arrive at, and these individually vary constantly, so that the most experienced guide can have no fixed plan of route. The fissure you can leap across to-day, becomes by to-morrow a yawning gulf.

"... At a great many points the snow made bridges, which we crossed easily enough. Only one was permitted to go over at a time; so that if it gave way he might remain suspended by the rope attached to the main body. Sometimes we had to make long detours to get to the end of a crevice, too wide to cross any way; at others, we would find ourselves all wedged together, not daring to move, on a neck of ice, that at first I could scarcely have thought adequate to afford footing for a

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goat. When we were thus fixed, somebody cut notches in the ice, and climbed up or down as the case required; then the knapsacks were pulled up or lowered; then we followed, and finally the rest got up as they could. One scramble we had to make was rather frightful. The reader must imagine a valley of ice very narrow, but of unknown depth. Along the middle of this there ran a cliff also of ice, very narrow at the top, and ending suddenly, the surface of which might have been fifteen feet lower than the top of this valley on either side, and on it we could not stand two abreast. The feet of our ladder was set firm on the neck of the cliff, and then it was allowed to lean over the crevice until its other end touched the wall, so to speak, of the valley. Its top round was even then seven or eight feet below where we wanted to get. One of the young guides went first with his axe and contrived, by some extraordinary succession of gymnastic feats to get safely to the top, although we all trembled for him—and indeed, for ourselves; for tied as we all were, and on such a treacherous standing, had he tumbled he would have pulled the next after him, and so on, one following the other, until we should all have gone. Once safe, he soon helped his followers, and one after the other, we were drawn up, holding to the cord for our lives.

“ . . . The Grand Mulets rocks are evidently the highest spires, so to speak, of a ridge of the mountain dividing the origin of the two glaciers of Bossons and Tacconay. They are chosen for a halting place, not less for their convenience on the route than from their situation out of the way of the avalanches. From the western face of the peak on which we were situated we could not see

Chamouni, except by climbing up to the top of the rock—rather a hazardous thing to do—and peeping over it, when the whole extent of the valley could be very well made out; the villages looking like atoms of white grit upon the chequered ground. Below us, and rising against our position, was the mighty field of the glacier—a huge prairie, if I may term it so, of snow and ice, with vast irregular undulations, which gradually merged into an apparently smooth unbroken tract, as their distance increased. Towering in front of us, several thousand feet higher, and two or three miles away, yet still having the strange appearance of proximity that I have before alluded to, was the huge Dome du Gouté—the mighty cupola usually mistaken by the valley travellers for the summit of Mont Blanc. Up the glacier on my left was an enormous and ascending valley of ice, which might have been a couple of miles across; and in its course were two or three steep banks of snow, hundreds of feet in height, giant steps by which the level landing place of the grand Plateau was to be reached. On the first and lowest of these we could make out two dots slowly toiling up the slope. They were the pioneers we had started from the Mulets on arriving, and their progress thus far was considered a proof that the snow was in good order. Still further up above the level which marked the Grand Plateau, was the actual summit of Mont Blanc. As I looked at it, I thought that in two hours good walking along a route apparently as smooth as a race-course after a moderate fall of snow, it might be easily reached; but immediately my eye returned to the two specks who had already taken up that *time in painfully toiling to their present position.* The

next instant the attempt seemed hopeless even in a day. As it was now, with the last five hours' unceasing labour and continuous ascent, the lower parts of the glacier that we had traversed, appeared close at hand; but when I looked down to my right, across the valley, and saw the Brevent—to get to the summit of which from Chamouni, requires hours of toil: when I saw this lofty wall of the valley gradually assuming the appearance of a mere ploughed ridge, I was again struck with the bewildering impossibility of bringing down anything in this "world of wonders" to the ordinary rules or experiences of proportion and distance.

"The sun at length went down behind Aiguille du Gouté, and then for two hours, a scene of such wild and wondrous beauty—of such inconceivable and unearthly splendour—burst upon me, that, spell-bound and almost trembling with the emotion its magnificence called forth—with every sense, and feeling, and thought, absorbed by its brilliancy, I saw more than the realization of the most gorgeous visions that opium or hasheish could evoke, accomplished. At first, everything about us—above, around, below—the sky, the mountain, and the lower peaks—appeared one uniform creation of burnished gold, so brightly dazzling, that, now our veils were removed, the eye could scarcely bear the splendour. As the twilight gradually crept over the lower world, the glow became still more vivid, and presently, as the blue mists rose in the valleys, the tops of the higher mountains looked like islands rising from a filmy ocean—an archipelago of gold. By degrees this metallic lustre was softened into tints,—first orange, and then bright transparent crimson, along the horizon,

rising through the different hues with prismatic regularity, until, immediately above us, the sky was a deep pure blue, emerging towards the east into glowing violet. The snow took its colour from these changes; and every portion on which the light fell was soon tinged with pale carmine, of a shade similar to that which snow at times assumes, from some imperfectly explained cause, at high elevations—such, indeed, as I had seen in early summer, upon the Furka and Faulhorn. These beautiful hues grew brighter as the twilight below increased in depth; and it now came marching up the valley of the glaciers until it reached our resting-place. Higher and higher still, it drove the lovely glory of the sunlight before it, until at last the Dome du Gouté and the summit itself stood out, ice-like and grim, in the cold evening air, although the horizon still gleamed with a belt of rosy light.

“ . . . The stars had come out, and looking over the plateau, I saw the moonlight lying cold and silvery on the summit, stealing slowly down the very track by which the sunset glories had passed upward and away. But it came so tardily that I knew it would be hours before we derived any actual benefit from the light. One after another the guides fell asleep, until only three or four remained round the embers of the fire, thoughtfully smoking their pipes. And then silence, impressive beyond expression, reigned over our isolated world. Often and often from Chamouni, I had looked up at evening towards the darkening position of the Grands Mulets, and thought almost with shuddering, how awful it must be for men to pass the night in such a remote, eternal, and frozen wilderness. And now I

was lying there—in the very heart of its icebound and appalling solitude. In such close communion with nature in her grandest aspect, with no trace of the actual living world beyond the mere speck that our little party formed, the mind was carried far away from its ordinary trains of thought—a solemn emotion of mingled awe and delight, and yet self perception of abject nothingness alone rose above every other feeling. A vast untrodden region of cold, and silence and death stretched out, far and away from us on every side; but above, heaven, with its countless watchful eyes, was over all!

“We had nearly gained the edge of the Grand Plateau when our caravan was suddenly brought to a stop, by the announcement from our leading guide of a huge crevice ahead, to which he could not see any termination, and it was far too wide to cross by any means. Auguste Devouassoud went ahead and called for a lantern. We had now only one left alight; two had burnt out, and the other had been lost, shooting away like a meteor down the glacier until it disappeared in a gulf. The remaining light was handed forward, and we watched its course with extreme anxiety, hovering along the edge of the abyss—anon disappearing and then showing again farther off—until at last Auguste shouted out that he had found a pass, and that we could proceed again. We toiled up a very steep cliff of ice, and then edged the crevice which yawned upon our left in a frightful manner,—more terrible in its semi-obscurity than it is possible to convey an impression of—until the danger was over, and we all stood safely upon the Grand Plateau about half-past three in the morning.

"We had now two or three miles of level walking before us; indeed, our road from one end of the plateau to the other was on a slight descent. . . . Still in single file we set off again, and the effect of our silent march was now unearthly and solemn to a degree that was almost painfully impressive. Mere atoms in this wilderness of perpetual frost, we were slowly advancing over the vast plain—slowly following each other on the track which the leading glimmering dot of light aided the guide to select. The reflected moonlight, from the Dome du Gouté, which looked like a huge mountain of frosted silver, threw a cold gleam over the plateau, sufficient to show its immense and ghastly space. High up on our right, was the summit of Mont Blanc, apparently as close and as inaccessible as ever; and immediately on our left was the appalling gulf of unknown depth, into which the avalanche swept Dr. Hamel's guides.

" . . . In fact, although physically the easiest, this was the most treacherous part of the ascent. A flake of snow or a chip of ice, whirled by the wind from the summit, and increasing as it rolled down the top of the mountain, might at length thunder on to our path, and sweep everything before it into the crevice.

" . . . As we reached the almost perpendicular wall of ice below the Rochers Rouges we came into the full moonlight; and at the same time, far away on the horizon the red glow of daybreak, was gradually tinging the sky, and bringing the higher and more distant mountains into relief. The union of these two effects of light was very strange. At first, simply cold and bewildering, it had none of the sunset glories of the


Grands Mulets; but after a time, when peak after peak rose out from the gloomy world below, the spectacle was magnificent. In the dark boundless space a small speck of light would suddenly appear, growing larger and larger, until it took the palpable form of a mountain top. While this was going on other points would brighten, here and there, and increase in the same manner; then a silvery gleam would mark the position of a lake reflecting the sky—it was that of Geneva—until the grey hazy ocean lighted up into hills and valleys, and irregularities, and the entire world been warmed into the glow of sunrise.

... "From the foot of the Rochers Rouges there runs a huge and slanting buttress of ice, round which we had to climb from the N. E. to the E. Its surface was at an angle of about sixty degrees. Above us it terminated in a mighty cliff entirely covered with icicles of marvellous length and beauty; below, it was impossible to see where it went, for it finished suddenly in an edge, which was believed to be the border of a great crevice. Along this we now had to go; and the journey was as hazardous a one as a man might make along a steeply pitched roof with snow on it. Jean Carrier went first with his axe, and very cautiously cut every step in which we were to place our feet in the ice. It is difficult at times to walk along ice on a level; but when that ice is tilted up more than half way towards the perpendicular, with a fathomless termination below, and no more foot and hand hold afforded than can be chipped out, it becomes a nervous affair enough. It took us nearly half an hour to creep round this hazardous slope, and then we came once more upon a vast

undulating field of ice, looking straight down the Glacier du Tacul towards the upper part of the Mer de Glace.

My eyelids had felt very heavy for the last hour; and but for the absolute necessity of keeping them widely open, I believe would have closed before this: but now such a strange and irrepressible desire to go to sleep seized hold of me, that I almost fell fast off as I sat down for a few minutes on the snow to tie my shoes. But the foremost guides were on the march again, and I was compelled to go on with the caravan. From this point on to the summit, for a space of two hours, I was in such a strange state of mingled unconsciousness and acute observation—of combined sleeping and waking—that the old-fashioned word “bewitched,” is the only one I can apply to the confusion and upsetting of sense in which I found myself plunged. With the perfect knowledge of where I was and what I was about—even with such caution as was required to place my feet on particular places in the snow—I conjured up such a set of absurd and improbable phantoms about me, that the most spirit-ridden intruder upon a May-day festival on the Hartz mountains was never more beleaguered. I believe for the greater part of this bewildering period I was fast asleep; with my eyes open, and through them the wandering brain received external impressions; in the same manner as, upon awaking, the phantasms of our dreams are sometimes carried on, and connected with objects about the chamber. It is very difficult to explain the odd state in which I was, so to speak, entangled. A great many people I knew in London were accompanying me and

calling after me. Then there was some terribly elaborate affair that I could not settle, about two bedsteads, the whole blame of which transaction, whatever it was, lay on my shoulders; and then a literary friend came up, and told me he was sorry we could not pass over his ground on our way to the summit, but that the King of Prussia had forbidden it. Everything was as foolish and unconnected as this, but it worried me painfully; and my senses were under such little control, and I reeled and staggered about so, that when we had crossed the snow prairie, and arrived at the foot of an almost perpendicular wall of ice four or five hundred feet high—the terrible Mur de la Côte—up which we had to climb, I sat down again on the snow, and told Tairraz that I would not go any further, but that they might leave me there if they would.

“The Mont Blanc guides are used to these little varieties of temper above the Grand Plateau. In spite of my mad determination, Balmat and another set me up on my legs again, and told me that if I did not exercise every caution, we should all be lost together, for the most really dangerous part of the whole ascent had arrived. I had the greatest difficulty in getting my wandering wits into order; but the risk called for the strongest mental effort; and with just sense enough to see that our success in scaling this awful precipice was entirely dependent upon “pluck,” I got ready for the climb. I have said the Mur de la Côte is some hundred feet high, and is an  but perpendicular iceberg. At one point you can reach it from the snow, but immediately after you begin to ascend it, obliquely, there is nothing below but a chasm in the ice more

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and that nothing was known. Hence the fact
of the death of the man, who was known to be
well, gave the impression that the man was
not, and finally it seemed a more reasonable
kind of the man, in the morning, when he
died. When it is the only thing, which was
it, because he was not known, and the
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we had to stop every three or four minutes. Honest Tairraz had no sinecure to pull me after him, for I was stumbling about as though completely intoxicated. I could not keep my eyes open, and planted my feet anywhere but in the right place. Gradually our speed increased; until I was scrambling almost on my hands and knees; and then as I found myself on a level, it suddenly stopped. I looked around and saw there was nothing higher. The batons were stuck in the snow, and the guides were grouped about, some lying down and others standing in little parties. I was on the top of Mont Blanc!

"The ardent wish of years was gratified; but I was so completely exhausted that without looking around me, I fell down upon the snow and was asleep in an instant. Six or seven minutes of dead slumber were enough to restore the balance of my ideas; and when Tairraz awoke me, I was once more perfectly myself.

". . . . The morning was most lovely; there was not even a wreath of mist coming up from the valley. All the great points in the neighbourhood of Chamouni were standing forth clear enough; but the other second class mountains were mere ridges. It was some time before I could find out the Brevent at all, and many of the Aiguilles were sunk and merged into the landscape. There was a strange feeling in looking down upon the summits of these mountains, which I had been accustomed to know only as so many giants of the horizon. The entire length of the lake of Geneva, with the Jura beyond, was very clearly defined, and beyond these again were the faint blue hills of Burgundy. Turning round to the south-east, I looked down on the Jardin,

along the same glacier by which the visitor to the Couvercle lets his eye travel to the summit of Mont Blanc. Right away over the Col du Géant we saw the plains of Lombardy very clearly, and one of the guides insisted upon pointing out Milan.

"Of the entire coup d'œil no descriptive power can convey the slightest notion. It is next to impossible to describe the apparently boundless undulating expanse of jagged snow-topped peaks, that stretched away as far as the horizon on all sides beneath us. Where everything is so almost incomprehensible in its magnitude, no sufficiently graphic comparison can be instituted."

A Mr. Vansittart, who made the ascent at the same time, with a different and much smaller party of guides, had a very narrow escape of his life. In crossing the Glacier des Boissons, he was not tied with a rope, and in jumping over one of the crevices, he missed his footing. His Alpine pole fell down the fearful abyss, and whilst his left foot was sliding over the precipice, he contrived to catch the porter with both hands by the leg, who also unfortunately fell, and had it not been for the guide in advance, who grasped the porter in front, they would have inevitably perished. As it was, they sustained no further injury than a severe fright. This gentleman's ascent and descent were not accompanied by any other incidents of peculiar interest.

As an appendix to this narrative, we add a brief account of the ascent of Popocatepetl, a remarkable volcanic mountain of Mexico, a feat never before accomplished since the time of Cortez, with one singular

exception we shall notice presently. The mystery long attaching to this mountain, renders the researches of this party of travellers of peculiar interest. They consisted on starting of nine persons, who were afterwards joined by others, though all of them did not succeed in reaching the summit.

Having spent the night preceding the ascent at the little town of Ameca-Ameca, situated at the base of the mountain, they beheld a very discouraging sight on waking at daybreak. The snow on Popocatepetl reached more than a thousand feet lower than usual, and even the lesser hills in the neighbourhood were completely white. Being detained in the town under various pretexts till afternoon, they at length started, headed by their guide, and were soon out of the limits of human habitation. Their ascent was rapid, their way lying through magnificent pine forests, and the general features of the scenery being on a grand and imposing scale. Looking upwards from the plain of Ameca, it seemed as if they would only have to go up the face of the mountain until they came to the snow; but the case was far otherwise; they had continually to descend deep ravines and climb up the opposite sides, and this lasted for several hours. During the early part of the ascent, the foliage was thick, and consisted of the cedar and the spruce-fir, with an underwood of arbutus, a small plant called peola, somewhat resembling the English snowberry, and several other flowering shrubs. The cedars and firs gradually disappeared as the travellers mounted upwards, and they found themselves in the midst of the more hardy pines.

After a period of six hours' incessant climbing, they

reached a rude hut, constructed of pine-tree limbs stuffed with grass, in a sheltered spot at the bottom of a deep valley. It was probably erected by some cowherd, having charge of cattle sent up here during certain seasons for pasturage. The situation, although well protected from the winds, was of the wildest possible description. It was in the very midst of a dense pine forest, within a quarter of an hour's walk of where the snow lay. The mountain seemed to rise close by, a perpendicular and fearful-looking mass of snow, five thousand feet high. The sight, it must be confessed, rather damped the ardour of the party, but they determined, notwithstanding every discouragement, to persevere. The impression of gloom which no one cared to conceal, was considerably deepened by the appearance at no great distance of an eminence covered with large pine-trees, every one of which had been blasted by the lightning, the majority of them lying heaps of solid charcoal on the ground, whilst some were still standing supporting others which leant against them. In this hut the party took refuge for the night, making a frugal meal of bread and cheese, and preparing themselves by repose for the arduous fatigues of the following day.

At dawn an Indian was despatched to ascertain the depth of the snow at the foot of the mountain. On his reporting that it was up to the waist, the guide declared that the expedition could not be further proceeded with that day. His remonstrances were, however, unavailing, and the party set off on horseback a little before seven o'clock. The snow was reached in less than a quarter of an hour, and the

horses became terribly frightened, so much so that some of them were sent back, it being thought by their riders safer to proceed on foot. The road lay along a path of black ashes, which could be seen beneath the snow when it was displaced. These ashes were frozen, so that they presented a solid resting-place for the feet. The covering of snow was about a foot deep.

The climbing soon became in the highest degree fatiguing, as the depth of the snow increased. This quickly reached uniformly half-way up the thigh, and sometimes up to the breast. It was now found impossible to take more than eight or nine steps at a time, when the majority would throw themselves at full length on the snow to rest. The sensation of fatigue became intense, and it was accompanied by a sickening feeling of despair, as if the top would never be reached. They were almost giving way to this feeling, when they came unexpectedly to a little hut, built it appeared by a young man engaged in working a sulphur-mine at the top of the mountain. It was half-past twelve o'clock when they reached this welcome resting-place, having spent four hours and three-quarters in ascending thus far. Three-quarters of an hour of this time, however, had been consumed in waiting for some of the party, who had lagged behind.

With courage reanimated, the adventurers, who were, all but the guide, Englishmen, exercised their lungs, and, at the same time, gave vent to their loyalty, by lustily singing "God save the Queen," after which they attacked their sandwiches and brandy with no little relish. Although the difficulty of respiration was great

whilst climbing, so that a few steps only could be taken at a time, they found themselves able to breathe with perfect freedom, whilst at rest or walking and running on the level ground.

Sandwiches, brandy, and cigars being duly despatched, they made the best of their way to the crater at the summit of the mountain. This is a vast hollow in the form of an irregular parallelogram, about a league in circumference, and four or five hundred yards in width. Its bottom is strewn with large stones and masses of rock, which have detached themselves from the sides and top edge. Its depth may be a thousand feet, and the sides are as perpendicular as walls. It is a very impressive sight.

The volcano is still active, a pond of sulphur being visible at the bottom, boiling away at a rapid rate, and sending up constant masses of smoke, most of which deposits itself in the form of sulphur in the crater, whilst a great body rises still higher. As they were lost in wonder at this strange and unexpected sight, they were startled by a noise like loud thunder, and saw on the opposite side of the crater large rocks detach themselves from the edge, and fall to the bottom. They heard this noise repeated eight or ten times during the four hours and a half they spent at the top. This considerably abated the strong desire they had at first felt to descend the crater.

Returning to the hut, they proceeded to make some observations with the barometer, and by boiling water with a spirit-lamp. By both these processes, they ascertained that their elevation above the level of the sea was about seventeen thousand feet. They had at first intended passing the night in the hut, in order to

see the sun rise the next morning, but felt the cold so intense, that they completely abandoned the idea. Their feet became like pieces of marble, and yet strange to say, the thermometer indicated 38° Fahrenheit, or six degrees above freezing! The sun was out at the time, and was melting the snow that lay at the top of the hut. Large icicles were hanging about. The fine nature of the air rendered the cold more piercing than the same degree of the thermometer would indicate at the level of the sea.

Whilst they were looking out of the hut, wondering what had become of some of their companions whom they had outstripped and left behind, they saw a man coming along at a very steady pace, scarcely stopping to breathe, although encumbered with a heavy pair of boots dangling at his waist, and other articles. The silence of amazement reigned for some time, and they began suddenly to believe in the existence of spirits, and to fancy they saw one before them. He was soon at the door, by which time they had recovered from their first surprise, and greeted him with three hearty cheers. He turned out to be the owner of the hut, Don Pablo Perez, who had charge of the sulphur extraction. He said he was quite accustomed to the exercise of ascending the mountain, as he had been in the habit of coming up and down for years. He was an intelligent, good-natured fellow, well fitted for the post he filled, but without any qualifications to observe and report the phenomena of the mountain, so as to satisfy the curious inquiries of scientific men, and dispel the mystery which had so long hung over Popocatepetl. Such as he was, however, he did the

honours of his hut well, and afterwards conducted the party some distance along the edge of the crater to where it dipped downwards, at a considerable angle. Here the descent in search of sulphur is effected by means of a rope of raw hides, measuring some seven hundred English feet. Don Pablo did not conduct this operation alone. He had several Indians working below under his superintendence, who only ascend to the top of the crater once a week. They lead a singular life, with sufficient romance of the less pleasant sort about it, sleeping at night under some big rock, and feeding on tortillas, which they take down with them. They are of course in great danger from the masses of rock continually falling, and it was related that two had been killed from this cause some week or two previously.

The party had ascended the mountain by the east side, as offering the easiest road. They now looked to the north, and beheld a beautiful sight. As far as the eye could see, there was one immense field of snow, covered with the most beautiful formations of ice, resembling bushes white with hoar frost. These were some three feet high, and assumed the most curious and fantastic shapes possible. They crumbled away when they were touched. The valley of Mexico was shut out from view by the clouds that hung about the foot of the mountain. The valley of Puebla lay at their feet, in all its immensity, like a toy. Numerous villages appeared to be close under them, and the whole resembled a fairy scene. The clouds themselves looked like a sea of white wool.

At five o'clock they began the descent, which they

were enabled to effect in a tolerably straight line, and at a comparatively rapid rate. Bounding over the snow like so many panthers, running through the pine forests, and leaping over the fallen trees, they reached the base of the mountain in the course of an hour and a quarter, and refreshed themselves by a general change of clothes. Dinner was speedily announced, but the stomachs of the party were too weak to partake of food. A few bits of dry bread, some claret, and afterwards tea, formed their repast. Before going to bed, however, each took a glass of brandy punch, to celebrate his success. Sleep was courted in vain. Endless visions of craters, valleys, and snow-fields, passed like a perpetual panorama before the eye. The wolves, too, became outrageous, and had to be scared away by firearms.

Several of the adventurers suffered severely from the effect of the glare of light reflected upwards from the snow. The guide became blind in consequence, but recovered his sight in the course of a few days.

On the following morning the party started for Mexico, and occasioned no little astonishment when they related their exploit.

Wrecks in the Naval Service.

IN few circumstances have the best features of the British character been so conspicuously displayed as in those disasters at sea, in which devoted men have to witness the wreck of their floating home, and to find themselves abandoned—far from all available help—to the dangers of a treacherous and merciless sea. Great presence of mind, subordination to authority, and powers of self-denial and long endurance, have saved many a mariner from a watery grave, and brought him back to his home, to tell of adventures and perils which it would seem, did not experience prove otherwise, that no man could pass through and survive.

It is difficult to conceive of any position more remote from all help than that of a shipwrecked crew clinging to a floating mast in the midst of darkness and tempest, or left, almost without provisions or chart, to roam amid the waste of angry waters in a frail and overcrowded boat. Strong must be the love of life and the love of home, which God has wisely implanted in man, to sustain the exhausted energies, and preserve head and hands from the inactivity of despair. To endure hunger, fatigue, and nakedness; to partake of such provisions as exist, in daily quantities not sufficient to appease the appetite, and barely

serving to keep the vital spark alive; to do all this, for long weary days, in humble trust in the goodness of Providence for deliverance at last, implies a fortitude and character that demand the highest respect. To how great an extent these qualities are displayed under circumstances calling them forth, has been already seen in the Anecdotes of Maritime Adventures. A few more incidents, gleaned from the history of the English naval service, may help still further to exalt our estimate of the respect due to the fine qualities of those who are accustomed to go down to the sea in great ships.

The sloop *Nautilus*, under the command of Captain Palmer, charged with important despatches for England, was sailing under a fresh north-east wind through the Grecian Archipelago, on the 4th January, 1807, when the pilot that had charge of her, declared himself ignorant of the coast they were approaching, and resigned his care of the vessel. The captain determined to proceed with his despatches, as delay would be attended with very serious consequences, and accordingly shaped his course towards Cerigotto. The wind rapidly increased during the evening, and by midnight it had risen to a gale, whilst thunder, lightning, and torrents of hail added all the accessories of a tempest. Through the midst of all, the sloop held bravely on, until the island of Cerigotto was discovered to them right ahead, by a vivid flash of lightning, at about three o'clock in the morning.

The officers were congratulating themselves on their happy escape from all the perils of the night, and the

captain himself was just turning to examine a chart in his cabin, when suddenly the men were thrown out of their hammocks, and all was confusion and alarm. The vessel had struck, and the sea was every minute lifting her up and dashing her down again with great violence upon the rocks. As soon as the first emotion of consternation had subsided, everything was done that prudence could suggest in such an emergency, the crew attending to the orders of their officers with admirable coolness and alacrity; but it was too late to think of saving the vessel, or even holding her together for any length of time. An instant had scarcely elapsed before the maindeck was burst in, and in a few moments the lee bulwark was entirely overwhelmed, and a heavy sea breaking entirely over the devoted crew.

To abandon the sloop and take to the boats was the only course that presented a chance of safety. Unfortunately only one of these, a small whale-boat, was got clear, the others being either stove in or washed away, and dashed to pieces on the rock. The boat, that escaped with as many men as it could contain, pulled towards the island of Pauri, being unable to render any assistance to the poor fellows who were left behind.

The wreck continued to strike with great violence, and threatened in the course of a few minutes to go to pieces. At length a portion of the rock was perceived to be above water, and a desire was eagerly manifested to reach this, as affording a refuge at all events safer than the frail timbers to which they were clinging. They were happily enabled to effect a passage from the devoted ship to the rock by means of the main-

mast which fell over the side, and served as a gangway, along which they could crawl through the surf to the little uncovered spot of coral rock. They accomplished the task in safety, though with great difficulty, and found themselves, almost a hundred in number, in the midst of the angry sea, standing without food and almost without clothing, on a bit of rock, measuring some three or four hundred yards long, and some two hundred wide. Had they delayed leaving the wreck a few minutes longer, their destruction would have been certain, as she almost instantly dashed to pieces, and her timbers were swallowed up in the waves. They were at least twelve miles from the nearest island, and their only chance of escape was in the possibility of a ship passing near, and coming to their relief.

Day dawned. The weather was bitterly cold. Contriving to kindle a fire from a knife and flint one of the sailors chanced to have in his pocket, and a small barrel of damp powder that had been washed ashore, they spent the day in vain efforts to distinguish a sail in the offing, and in the construction out of such pieces of the wreck as they could collect, of a kind of tent for shelter, whilst they tried to dry their wet clothes, and during the cold dreary night.

In the mean time, the coxswain and crew of the whale-boat had reached the island of Pauri, and observing the watch-fire in the middle of the night, a party of six of them pulled to the rocks, in order to ascertain how many of their comrades had escaped the sad fate, they feared, until now, had befallen them all. They were greatly surprised to find that so large a

number still survived, and told them what sort of a refuge they had found themselves. The island of Pauri was only a mile in circumference, and without inhabitants or provisions of any kind, with the exception of a few sheep and goats, kept there by the people of Cerigo, and a little rain-water, preserved by chance in a hole of the rock. The arrival of the boat was an event of considerable importance to the poor fugitives, but it brought nothing to appease their hunger.

Captain Palmer—who resisted all the entreaties of the coxswain to enter the boat, saying, “Never mind me; save your unfortunate comrades,”—ordered him, after some consultation, to take ten of the men from the rock, and make the best of his way to Cerigotto, whence he might return with assistance to rescue the rest. The boat accordingly departed on this errand; but quickly afterwards the wind increased to a gale, and the unfortunate men who were left were deluged by heavy seas, which extinguished their light, and rendered it extremely difficult for them to maintain their footing, or prevent themselves from being washed away. So terrible were the sufferings of the second night, that several of the people died before morning, and many became delirious.

The next day they were subjected to a bitter disappointment. As they lay down, the dead and dying huddled together on the wet rock, a ship, with all sail set, hove in sight. With hope beating high, they hastily hoisted signals of distress, and the vessel perceiving them was brought to, and sent out her boat. Deliverance now seemed certain, and the utmost excitement prevailed amongst the survivors of the

party, who hurriedly exchanged congratulations. As many as were able began to make preparations for getting on board the ship, when, as they were thus busily engaged, the boat stopped, its crew rested for a few moments on their oars, contemplating the unhappy sufferers, and then, from some unexplained and mysterious cause, pulled back again to the ship, and left the crew of the *Nautilus* to their miserable fate.

Inhumanity towards a comrade is so rare a feature in a sailor, and a refusal to succour a shipwrecked crew by those who know not how soon they may themselves be reduced to the same condition, so extremely uncommon an occurrence, that we would fain hope some sad misapprehension or accident must have occasioned this seemingly cruel desertion. However this may be, the poor fellows on the rock had to experience the terrible transition from hope to despair at seeing this prospect of deliverance rudely snatched away. They could do nothing now but watch in miserable suspense for the return of the whale-boat; though as hour after hour passed by without any result, the expectation of relief from that source became of course more and more feeble. During this period of terrible suspense, they suffered the pangs of extreme hunger and thirst. Some of the men, unable to endure the want of moisture, yielded to the temptation of drinking the salt water of the ocean, the consequences of which were, that they were shortly afterwards seized with hysteria and madness, under the combined influence of which several of them died.

They prepared for another night, now rapidly approaching, by huddling as closely as they could to-

gether, and making the most of their scanty clothing to keep some warmth in their poor benumbed limbs. They were utterly unable, worn out as they were, to find any refuge in sleep. The ravings of the mad were fearful to hear; and although the weather had somewhat moderated, it seemed scarcely possible that they should get through the night.

Suddenly, at midnight, they heard a hail from the crew of the whale-boat, who had returned to tell them that a vessel was coming the next morning to their relief. Encouraged by this hope, they prepared themselves to sustain their sufferings with renewed fortitude. Unfortunately, the boat's crew had been unable to obtain anything but earthen vessels to bring a supply of water in, and these were destroyed in being carried through the surf.

The morning at length broke—the morning to which they had looked with anxious expectation through so many hours of endurance; but no boat was visible, and no vessel appeared to rescue them. It was the fourth day they had been without food, and the expedients they resorted to to satisfy the cravings of hunger were too horrible to be described. Many died before evening, and amongst the number Captain Palmer and the first lieutenant.

The next day, the little body of survivors determined to construct a raft out of the bits of wreck they had heaped together, and trust themselves on this frail craft to the mercy of the boisterous sea, rather than perish with famine. Alas! a singular fatality seemed to attend all the proceedings of these devoted men, for no sooner was their labour finished, and the

moment arrived for launching the raft, than it was dashed to pieces in a few seconds, and its fragments scattered on the sea. Seeing the last chance of escape thus snatched away from them, some of the men, rendered frantic by disappointment, dashed into the sea to catch at the floating pieces of wood, and were carried away by the waves.

The fifth day passed, and during the night death still further reduced their numbers, and the survivors sank almost into a state of complete insensibility. But deliverance came at last to the remnant who still lived to welcome it, of the once numerous and gallant crew of the *Nautilus*. The sixth morning brought the cheering sight of four fishing-boats and the whale-boat approaching the rock. The half-dying mariners were refreshed by a small supply of food; they were then removed and carried to Cerigotto, where the inhabitants received and treated them kindly. Fifty-eight men who parted with light hearts from the British fleet in the Hellespont but a week before, had perished.

Many of them might doubtless have been saved if the Greek fishermen and sailors of the Archipelago had possessed the sterling qualities of the English seaman. If the news was brought to our boatmen at Deal, or any other British port, that a few miles off, on a bit of rock washed by the raging waves, were a hundred shipwrecked men, naked, ahungered, and athirst, not many hours would elapse ere a band of gallant fellows, braving all dangers in a generous self-devoted humanity, would be buffeting the waves on their mission of relief.

An incident as honourable to the fishing population

Of our coast, as it is deeply affecting, occurred at Worthing, on the 26th November, 1850, and may be cited as an illustration of the readiness of the English seaman to encounter any peril for the chance of saving a shipwrecked crew. The wind had blown a perfect hurricane during the night from south and south-west, and at daylight in the morning, a large dismantled bark, the *Lalla Rookh* East-Indiaman, homeward bound with a valuable cargo, was descried at anchor about two miles from the shore, riding heavily with two anchors ahead, and signals of distress flying. A gallant crew of eleven men, the most experienced fishermen in the town, nobly volunteered to put off to her assistance, and although the sea was running mountains high at the time, by eight o'clock A.M. they were fairly afloat, dashing through the breakers of this most dangerous coast.

Their progress towards the bark was watched with the most intense interest from the shore, and their noble object seemed on the point of being accomplished, when a heavy sea struck their boat, and in an instant she disappeared, engulfing all hands in a watery grave. About noon, a second effort was made, with a larger and decked boat, manned by upwards of twenty stout hands, to reach the distressed ship, and ascertain with certainty the fate of the first boat's crew. With much difficulty, the bark was reached, and fifteen of their hands put on board her, while the remaining five returned to the shore with the heart-rending intelligence, that the former boat's crew had all perished. When a little to windward of the bark, she was distinctly seen to be struck, and the unfortunate men,

struggling with the waves and vainly clinging to their frail water-logged boat, floated by, without the bark's crew being able to render them the slightest assistance.

The bark rode out the storm in safety, and was brought round into the river. So much interest was excited by the gallantry of the unfortunate men and their disastrous fate, that a handsome subscription was raised for the assistance of their widows and orphans, nearly sixty in number.

The Greek fishermen of the islands were men of a different stamp. All the entreaties of the coxswain, and all his representations of the dreadful situation of the crew of the *Nautilus*, could not induce them to put to sea whilst the gale continued. Their subsequent conduct proved that they were not without humanity, but they feared to encounter the element in its rougher moods; and this fear was stronger than their humanity.

In the year 1826, the *Maggie*, a small schooner, under the command of Lieutenant Smith, was cruising off the Colorados Road, at the western extremity of the island of Cuba, in search of a pirate vessel, which had been committing very extensive depredations in those seas. The day to which our narrative refers was the 27th of August. It had been very sultry, and the vessel lay becalmed towards evening, waiting for the land-breeze to spring up.

The wind sprang up from the westward about eight o'clock, and shortly afterwards shifted to the south, whilst a small dark cloud, hovering overhead, warned

the practised eye of the look-out of the probability of an approaching squall. Whilst all hands were being turned up, and making the customary preparations for this threatened danger, the cloud rapidly increased in size and density, the breeze died away, and an ominous calm reigned around. This, however, did not continue. The water, whose surface was one moment almost without a ripple, became in the next a wide sheet of foam. A rushing, roaring sound fell suddenly on the ear, and although the command was instantly given to cut away the masts, there was no time to obey it before the full force of the hurricane fell on the devoted vessel, and in less than three minutes from the first burst of the squall the schooner sunk. A bright flash of lightning for a moment illumined the scene, and sea and wind again resumed their silence and repose.

The darkness was profound. One of the crew, named Meldrum, when the vessel went down, had succeeded in seizing a pair of oars, which were floating near him, and he now gazed long and anxiously around in the endeavour to ascertain if any but himself had survived the sudden catastrophe. He could not penetrate the thick gloom, nor for a time distinguish any sound to relieve his dreadful fear that, of four-and-twenty brave and able men, who a few minutes before had trod the deck of the *Maggie* without a thought of death, he alone was left alive. His terrible suspense seemed already to have lasted hours, when he heard a voice, not far off, calling out to inquire if there were any one near. It was a most welcome and cheering sound to the poor fellow, who immediately pushed

out in the direction from which it came, until he reached a boat, to which Mr. Smith, the commander of the wrecked vessel, and six of the crew were clinging.

This boat was large enough to have saved the whole party, if the suddenness of their misfortune had not deprived them of all presence of mind. But in consequence of the frantic efforts of the men to scramble in, it became half-filled with water and then turned keel uppermost. The appeal of the commander to endeavour to right the boat was soon responded to, with the same deference as would have been shown on board the schooner before the wreck; and order being thus restored, the boat was righted, and two of the men commenced baling her out, whilst the remainder remained in the water supporting themselves by the gunwale.

The hopes of safety they now began to cherish soon met with a fearful check. The cry of "a shark" was raised, and such was the effect upon the mind of the men, that they again capsized the boat in their endeavour to enter it. Once more the influence of the captain restored tranquillity and discipline, and the night was spent in baling out the boat. This arduous task was just completed, and the crew were on the point of getting into it, when the alarm of "sharks" was again raised; the boat was in the confusion a third time capsized, and the poor castaway sailors found themselves literally in the midst of a shoal of these voracious monsters. For a few minutes the crew remained uninjured, the sharks actually rubbing against them, and frequently passing over the boat

and between them as they hung by the gunwale. This, however, was soon over. A terrible shriek soon proclaimed that one victim was seized; then another, and a second man disappeared beneath the waves; the sea became dyed with blood.

The great self-possession and courage evinced by Mr. Smith, the commander of the wrecked schooner, under these appalling circumstances, deserve the highest admiration. By his calm and cheerful bearing he sustained the spirits of his surviving men, now reduced to six, and they again applied themselves to the task of clearing the boat. They had scarcely commenced it, when a shark seized one of his legs, and tore it from his body. But in the midst of the torture he felt, he wonderfully commanded his countenance, so that no feature betrayed his sufferings, so anxious was he not to interrupt the proceedings of the crew by a new alarm. But the unfortunate gentleman had further agonies to endure, for his second leg was speedily carried away, and as—uttering a deep groan he could no longer suppress—he was falling back into the sea, two of his men seized him, and laid him in the stern-sheets.

He was still self-possessed; his mind retaining its full vigour, notwithstanding his bodily sufferings. He spoke a few words to the men, charged one of them, if he survived, to inform the admiral of the circumstances under which the ship had been lost, and to tell him that all the men had done their duty. Having shaken each by the hand, and bade them farewell, he was rapidly sinking, when the boat gave a lurch, and the gallant officer found an end to his sufferings in a watery grave.

We shall not pursue the dreadful details of the events which followed his death. Gradually the number of the men decreased, one after another falling victims to the sharks, who continued to hover about them, until two only were left, and the boat being by this time baled, these found themselves, after a night of deep slumber, afloat on the open sea, without sails or oars, or provisions of any kind, whilst no sight of land or of ship could be distinguished on the boundless expanse of waters. Hope did not, however, desert them. For hours they remained motionless, vainly looking for a sail. After a long and weary watching, a small white speck was dimly seen in the distant horizon. Presently it advanced nearer. It was a sail. So she continued to lessen the distance between her and the unfortunate castaways, who had no means of attracting the attention of those on board, until she approached within half a mile of the boat. But who shall depict the bitter disappointment of the poor fellows when they saw the brig, for such she turned out to be, suddenly alter her course, and bear away!

Their ultimate deliverance was effected in a manner sufficiently romantic. Many might have sunk in despair and courted death in the sudden revulsion of feeling occasioned by this cruel disappointment of their hopes. Safety had been almost within reach; a few minutes more and they would have had solid planks beneath their feet, sails above them, and society and food; and now all this was sailing slowly away, and leaving them to solitude and death. But their courage and fortitude had not been broken by their

intense sufferings, and one of them, the man named Meldrum, weak as he was in body, conceived the spirited project of swimming after the brig, in the forlorn hope of overtaking her, and thus saving the life of his companion and himself. Taking a hasty and affecting leave, he cast himself into the sea, whilst the other, resisting a first impulse to follow his example, remained in fearful solitude and suspense. Away Meldrum swam, but he had overrated his own strength or miscalculated the distance to be traversed, and when he had succeeded in accomplishing two-thirds of the task, his strength began to fail him; the poor fellow turned his dying eyes towards the brig, and summoning all his remaining strength, he gave a loud shout. That cry saved him. It was heard on board the brig, and a boat was lowered in sufficient time to rescue him from drowning. His companion was afterwards picked up. Thus two of the crew of the *Maggie*, after passing through almost incredible sufferings, were finally saved.

A Trip to the Ophir Mines.

THE plains of Bathurst, in South Australia, present to rival California itself for auriferous wealth, and are attracting crowds of gold-seekers to the diggings. For some months back public attention in the young and rising colonies of the Pacific has been almost exclusively directed to the news from the gold districts. The precious metal itself, being brought to Sidney and Melbourne, served to confirm the accounts brought in from time to time, and the general rush of adventurers to the new El Dorado has almost completely paralyzed every description of ordinary trade.

The Australian diggings resemble in few respects those of California. They are by no means difficult of access, lying within thirty miles of a post-town, founded nearly forty years ago, on a fine and fertile table-land. The difference is still more striking in the character of the adventurers who are attracted to the spot. They are by no means the felons and semi-savages many fancy them, and they have been found as yet singularly addicted to order and obedience to the law, as compared with the reckless and lawless men whose depredations at San Francisco render the execution of Lynch law necessary for the preservation of property and life.

The following gleanings of adventure are not without interest, as relating to a district to which attention will probably continue to be directed for many years to come. A gentleman relates his journey from Sydney to Bathurst thus :—

Our first stage was to Paramatta, fifteen miles, with villas or cottages almost all the way on either side, Paramatta being a sort of suburban dependency of Sydney. After baiting at the "Brown Cow," we pushed on over a macadamized road to Penrith, twenty-two miles, where we put up for the night, after a light supper of a mutton chop nicely broiled, fried eggs, ham, a potato, and a cup of tea. They call Penrith a town. I should call it a village; it stands on the river Nepean, which stream we crossed the next morning on a floating bridge or punt, worked by men. On reaching the opposite side, we crossed the Emu Plains, which are the grazing-ground or "leys" for graziers. They leave their cattle on the Emu Plains after they have brought them up from the interior, whilst they go on to Sydney to fetch up butchers to buy them.

The Nepean, which bounds the plains, is one of the finest rivers in this part of the colony; it is about the size of the Birmingham Canal, and always flowing. Soon after crossing the plains, we had to cross a bridge, thrown over a fearful abyss, and began to ascend the celebrated Blue Mountains, which formed an impenetrable barrier to the first colony, until after many attempts a pass was discovered across them in 1813. Since that period, a capital road has been constructed, planned, and executed by Sir Thomas Mitchell, over a

country which in physical difficulties may be compared to the route executed by order of Napoleon over the Alps. As we ascended Lapstone Crag, the road wound along the sides of the mountains; crag towering over crag, and rocks overhanging, seemed every moment about to fall and crush us. For miles the road zigzags, to find a gradient over which drays can travel—in some places cut through solid rock. We did not halt until we reached the Weatherboard Inn, so called from the materials of which it was first built, distant twenty-two miles from Penrith. Travelling in these regions is good, but dear,—no less than £2 a day for myself and horse. We had roast fowl, ham, beefsteak, and potatoes, served up as well as at any roadside inn in England.

After dinner we rode over a very fair macademized road, up and down like the dales and hills of Derbyshire, occasionally passing over a wooden bridge, uniting two mountains meeting on the skew. At the next inn, Pulpit Hollow, we only took a glass of brandy and water, without dismounting, and went on to Blackheath, which is seventy miles from Sydney, where we slept.

The inn at Blackheath is on the top of a high mountain, one of the coldest dwellings in the colony, exposed to continual rain, with snow and rain for a change. Potatoes grow here, which they won't do to perfection on the Sydney side. Here we had a capital dinner and supper combined—good vegetables, with roast fowls, a bottle of colonial wine, and pancakes. I mention these things to show how comfortably we got along, so different to the accounts from California.

For the horses there was a good warm stable, well bedded down, and plenty of corn. The next day we arose at daylight and rode to the foot of Mount Victoria, so named in 1832, after our Queen, then princess, by the governor, Sir Richard Bourke, when Sir Thomas Mitchell, the surveyor-general, by means of *convict labour*, cut a road through the mountain, which any dray can now descend loaded, and can ascend with a full load and ten bullocks; thus superseding a dangerous pass by Mount York. Our railway cuttings have nothing more formidable than this Victoria Pass.

We were now within fifty miles of Bathurst, but instead of keeping the mail road, we turned off over one of the old tracks used before the road was cut, to visit a friend of my companion's.

On this day we had our first feed on bush fare, viz. : damper (unleavened bread baked in ashes) and salt beef, at a bush inn.

On the second day we reached Bathurst, although we might have saved twelve hours had we been so inclined.

Bathurst is situated on the borders of immense plains of the same name, and was founded by Governor Macquarie: the Macquarie river runs through the centre of the town. It contains some capital inns (Mrs. Black's the best), and a famous store, where everything may be had, from a needle to a dray complete; but although the inhabitants, with a magniloquence which is truly colonial, call it the "City of the Plains," it struck me as rather a mean-looking place. The population is about 6,000. In the immediate neighbourhood reside some of the wealthiest men in the colony.

On the Bathurst Plains, comprising 250 square miles of open downs, without a tree, great fortunes were made by the first grantees and squatters, in pastoral pursuits and corn-growing; but the great drought in 1839 destroyed their agricultural reputation. It is chiefly held in large grants of 2000 acres. The whole district is more than 2000 feet above the level of the sea, which renders it possible to grow potatoes and other vegetables which cannot be raised in the lower latitude of the Sidney district. A mail runs regularly three times a week between Sydney and Bathurst.

The Ophir gold-diggings are distant from Bathurst about thirty-four miles, in a country to which as yet no roads beyond dray-tracks extend. Although the gold is found within most sterile and inaccessible hills (or colonial ranges), within a circle of a few miles of the diggings are large tracts of land admirably suited for dairy purposes, and growing all the ordinary produce of English farms. At the Cornish settlement, about seven miles from Ophir, Mr. Thom (commonly known as Parson Thom), a Cornish farmer, who came out to the colony about thirty years ago, and obtained a grant of land, made £20,000 by growing wheat in the time of the great drought, when crops failed at Bathurst, as well as throughout the greater part of New South Wales. His neighbours are chiefly Cornishmen. The climate there and all round the Canobeli Mountain, from which the streams descend that wash the gold country, resembles that of the south of England, rather hotter in summer, not so cold in winter; so that, beside the Cornish settlement, an

Emu Swamp, Blackman's Swamp, King's Plains, Pretty Plains, Frederick's Valley, there are lots of small settlers, either freeholders or leaseholders, who have capital gardens, and raise wheat, potatoes, melons, pumpkins, oaten hay; make butter and cheese, and do all that can be done with the help of their own families, without much hired labour. There is plenty of land fit for plough, on which it would not be necessary to cut down a single tree, beside other land, that a very little clearing would render cultivable; and now that gold has been found in quantity, there is no place in the world which offers a better opening for a hardworking farmer than the Bathurst and Wellington districts.

On the Summerhill Farm, close to the Summerhill Creek, where Mr. Hargreaves's first discovery took place, there were 120 acres of fine dark loam, with scarcely a tree, out of a grant of 10,020 acres, and the whole, if cleared, is fit for growing wheat. It is also a capital dairy district, and the traditionary prices of 2s. 6d. per lb. for butter are now likely to be obtained again. Peas and broad beans may be seen growing alongside of melons, pumpkins, and cucumbers.

Thus it will be seen that the gold diggings of Australia lie within forty miles of a town where every luxury is to be obtained, with a post-road all the way to Sydney, and that they are surrounded by tracts of fertile land, partly occupied, where food for millions may be grown if required.

Another traveller, whose purpose was rather to explore, and relate what he observed at the diggings, says :—

At last my partner and self concluded our preparations, and got everything as complete as possible, considering that no two people are of the same opinion upon any single point connected with the diggings, from the choice of a location to the size of a dipper. Intending to travel with the dray which we hired to take our outfit to the diggings, we left our horses at Mr. S.'s—the chance of finding one's own there being about one to a thousand; and it is said that people who are not particular about trifles equalize the chance by making an exchange, and taking the first that comes to hand. Crowds of men poured into Bathurst utterly destitute, and one came to me, evidently at the last extremity, and offered to wash for rations for a fortnight, and I took him as much for charity and the curiosity of the thing, as for any use we were likely to make of him. In half an hour he brought another, whom we also engaged; and before night we could have had a dozen on the same terms. As it rained all day, cold and miserable, we sent the men on with the dray, and remained ourselves to enjoy another night's comfort at Mrs. B.'s, knowing that we could overtake them before we reached the diggings.

On Saturday, May 31, we made a fair start, and about five miles out met a Sydney gentleman, on foot, having lost his horse the day before, and camped out all night in the snow. We had counted 108 men and twelve drays going out, and we (besides several parties of horsemen, evidently, from their gravity, and the way they were armed, carrying gold into Bathurst) met twenty-eight footmen, most of them pale, miser-

able, and dejected. We stayed all night with Mr. Green, assistant commissioner, who was at his station fifteen miles from Bathurst, with a party of police for the diggings.

The next day, as we were bound to take delivery of our stores the morning after the arrival of the dray at the mines, we were compelled to march, and met about seventy men leaving the diggings. We questioned numbers, and received nearly the same answer from all—that there was plenty of gold for all who went properly provided, and willing to work, but they had neither tools nor provisions, and could do no good—could not make their grub. We dined at the farm of Mr. Keer, more generally known as “Scotch Harry,” a steady, sagacious Scotchman, who rents a farm, and is driving a rattling trade in the supply of gold-seekers with damper and mutton at 2s. a meal. When about a mile on our way, we met a gentleman in white, who put the rather superfluous question of “were we bound for the digging?” and, on being answered “yes,” pointed out a cattle-track to the right, which he said came into the road again, and saved a mile. As a general rule, never take a short cut in the bush unless you know the country; particularly near sundown; but we were very footsore, and followed it against our better judgment. Two miles were passed, but no road appeared, so we knew that we were astray. The sun went down, the frost was biting, and we went on and on till we thought lights appeared to benighted travellers nowhere but in the stony banks; and we most heartily consigned the gentleman in white to the gentleman in black.

However, just when discussing the relative discomforts of keeping on foot, and camping without fire or supper, we heard the bark of a dog, and were soon at a sheep-station, into which we walked forthwith. Though we asked only house-room for the night, we were rather coolly received at first (visitors lately having been rather too numerous even for bush hospitality); but after a little conversation, and giving them the latest papers, the quart pots were put down, and we were most hospitably treated. We had a long conversation after supper, and were much struck by the difference between their ideas of the mines and those of men at a greater distance. To the latter the gold country is a place with pieces of gold ready to be picked up without trouble, and they start off, trusting to find food somehow, and quarters somewhere, as they have done hitherto in the bush; but to the men there, it is an open box forest, with severe frosts every night, sleet and snow for weeks at a time, without any accommodations whatever, or rations, unless paid for in hard money, at three times the usual price; if they turn out, they exchange their comfortable and warm hut and regular meals for cold and hunger at once, so that there is no room for the imagination to work. And though they all intended to give it a trial when they got their discharge, and their wages to fit them out, they expressed the greatest astonishment at the folly of the men they saw passing every day totally unprovided; they looked upon them as literally mad.

The two shepherds slept on the bunk of one them, and gave us that of the other, which was a sheet of bark, just wide enough to hold us lying on our sides;

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together, face to face; these teeth again being cut into smaller pieces by narrow precipitous gullies, many of them nearly as deep as the main creek itself. Small creeks twist and twine down the narrow gullies, which have a sudden bend every half-dozen yards, into the Summerhill or main creek, which twists and twines like the others, but on a larger scale. The banks of the gullies are precipitous on both sides, but in the main creek there are alternate bluffs and low points, the teeth of the saw sloping gently down, diminishing in height as they do in width, till they come to a point overhung on the opposite side by a high bluff or precipice, which forms the inside of the nick of the opposite saw. The spot upon which our friends had located themselves, and where we resolved to pitch our tent, was upon the top of the high bluff in the inside of the first great bend below the township; and as we stood upon the edge of the cliff we looked down nearly 200 feet over and along each side of the opposite point, dotted with tents and gunyas of bark or branches, each with its fire in front, sending the blue smoke up into the clear frosty morning air, some under the noble swamp-oaks at the water's edge, others behind and under the box and gum-trees which towered one above another, till the rising branch was merged in the main ridge behind. The point was occupied by about fifteen parties cutting straight into the hill; and as we looked down upon their busy movements, digging, carrying earth, and working the cradles at the edge of the water, with the noise of the pick, the sound of voices, and the washing of the shingle in the iron boxes of the cradles, I could scarcely believe that barely two

months ago this was a quiet secluded gully in a far-out cattle-run, where a solitary stock-keeper or black fellow on the hunt was all that ever broke the solitude of nature. On saying so to Scotch Harry, he said he had kept stock there for nearly twenty years, and when he came, there were flocks of kangaroos; these were driven off by the cattle, and now they were as completely driven off by the gold-diggers.

"Little enough the first occupiers thought of gold," the company remarked. "Yes," answered Scotch Harry, "and it would be well for some of these fellows if they thought as little;" and he told us of two who had gone mad already—one, a shepherd in the neighbourhood, found a piece while poking about his run, and came to him, making a great mystery about the place, till he could find no more, when he took him to it; but it was a chance piece, and not accompanied by five or six more, as is usually the case. The fellow, however, was not satisfied, and continued searching about till, from excitement and anxiety, he went mad. The other was a man who, after starving two days, found 5lbs. weight, fainted repeatedly, and had to be put in confinement. Kerr said, that, two months before, a man hardly passed his house in a week; then they were in crowds every hour; his children never thought there were so many people in the world before, and wondered what it all meant; he could hardly believe it himself. We descended to the creek, and meeting Mr. Barrington, who had seen us from below, and came to see who we were—the place being left to take care of itself—we went with him to their "claim" on the upper side of the point, where we found Mr.

Roach hard at work among the rocks. We then proceeded up the bed of the creek, passing men of all ages and descriptions, working in all sorts of ways, till we came to a point about a mile further up, where the road from Bathurst intersects the creek, and where, from the difficulty of proceeding further, so many drays and people are encamped, that it is called the Township. We did not find our dray, but heard of it close at hand, and sat down to look about us. Drays and parties were arriving every few minutes, many of whom gave a cheer, as if they saw fortune in their hand when they looked down upon the workers in the bed of the creek below; some were putting up tents and gunyas, and some working, but all busy, and all in good humour, barring the men who were constantly leaving, and looked sufficiently disgusted. In about an hour the dray appeared, and as it was too late to move further and get comfortable for the night, we forthwith erected our tent on a level space half-way down the ridge. We were a good deal puzzled how to get our baggage carried to Messrs. Roach and Barrington's as it would take us at least two days to carry seven hundred weight over two miles of such ridges, or down the bed of the creek, cut up as it is in every direction; but just as the last rays of the sun were leaving the top of the ridge, a party of nine native warriors, in their new government blankets, painted, and armed to the teeth with spears and boomerangs, came winding down the bank. As they passed through our camp, I asked the foremost if they would carry our baggage, to which they at once agreed, and camped with us. They afterwards squatted round our fire, on the

broad grin at the vain efforts of one of the number to repeat the words "split a sixpence," after the company, whom he had posed in return with a string of native words unpronounceable by any but a savage of the purest water.

Next day we were all astir at daylight, and found the water frozen in the bucket, and the top of our blankets quite wet within the tents. The loads were adjusted, and the blacks, with the two men, started under the guidance of the "company," and returned about noon by a short cut—we remaining to erect the tent. On loading them again, one fellow complained that a pot of beef hurt his head, so I gave him a roll of brown paper, but soon found my mistake, as not a man would move more without the same, so that when I came to the last there was not a scrap left; he had only bedding to carry, and I explained to him that no pad was necessary, but he drew himself up with dignity enough for a dozen, and asked if I thought him a fool: "Another one black fellow hab it;" he was evidently in earnest, and would have left his load there and then, had I not clapped a calling-card on his shaggy bullet head, and he went off as proud as a dog with two tails; we gave them one shilling each and their ration, which is high pay for a black. As Mr. Hardy had arrived the afternoon before, and it was understood the licenses would be demanded forthwith, great numbers were leaving, and I spent my time, while waiting for the return of the blacks, watching their motions, and conversing with many of them. They were principally either tradesmen who have been accustomed to light work, a dry bed, and a

comfortable meal, or men without proper means of going to work. One very decent-looking man came and asked me to employ him, and I was sorry to refuse. He said that he had several contracts on the roads about Goulburn, but had latterly worked in Sidney, and came up with a party imperfectly provided with tools, and with provisions for only a very short time. Some of the party he had never seen before leaving, and on commencing operations, found that four of them were tradesmen, who could not stand the hard dirty work and irregular living; he would not have given them a shilling a day working on the roads. The work of two had to provide for six, and the consequence was they had done nothing, and were now returning with only enough of damper to carry them half-way to Sidney. This is the history of four-fifths of the people who return. He said he was perfectly satisfied that a party fitted for it, and properly provided, would make their fortunes, and he was resolved to return. Many return at once without giving it one minute's trial. I saw one party arrive—six respectable hardworking men, all well provided with tools, clothes, and provisions. As I stood conversing with one of them, who was putting the things together to move to their tent, a parcel unrolled, and a Bible and Prayer-book fell out. He looked up and said, they should not forget these even for gold, to which I assented, with the remark that men would get none the less gold for minding them; but there is little religious observance here, and there is no place to which the different churches could send their preachers with greater advantage.

Mr. Hardy passed, collecting licenses, so I went down to pay for ours, and did not know whether to be most struck by the bearing of the miners or of the commissioner. Everything was done as quietly as if they were in the quietest parish in England. It is most creditable to the British people and to the colony, that such a crowd should have been collected for so novel a purpose as to scramble for gold, having neither legal rule nor established custom to guide them, yet that not a single outrage or robbery should have occurred, or one single incident to cause either shame or regret. Within a very few weeks after the first discovery men poured into the diggings from all directions, forming such a crowd as could be collected only in New South Wales—majors, magistrates, emigrants, and Norfolk Island expirees, all washing side by side. Yet, extraordinary as the circumstances were, the men were equal to them, and the strong common sense and feelings of justice habitual to the British, at once established a public opinion which perfectly sufficed for the protection both of life and property. Lynch law was never required, and only in one case did they take the law into their own hands, to destroy a cask of rum brought there by a sly grog-seller. Property is perfectly safe, many of the tents being left all day without any protection whatever. I have heard of only one case of theft, where a pick was stolen, and a bill offering £10 reward for the discovery of the offenders is now stuck on a tree at the township. A man may walk from one end of the mines to the other with a nugget 5 lbs. weight in his hand, and

the miners will only congratulate him, and wish him further success. They will not commit an outrage, even to give punishment where deserved, and in a case where a fellow was discovered cheating his party when selling the gold, he was only turned off with ignominy. In California they would have hanged him; and I was told by the hut-keeper with whom we stopped one night, that he had been so tormented making fires for the everlasting flow of callers, that he had gone out of the way lately and left them to boil their tea themselves; yet never in one case had an article in the hut been touched, either rations or clothes, though many of them must have been at the last stage of destitution. Before the arrival of the commissioners there was a good deal of bounce among the ex-Californian gentry about not paying their licenses, and many a joke was passed upon Mr. Hardy bringing ten miles of chain, with ten constables to handcuff them to it; and there is no doubt that, if imprudently handled, 1500 men, armed to the teeth, might have come to say nay to two quiet gentlemen, followed by ten constables. But the regulations of government, as far as can yet be judged, are so judicious, and have been carried out by Mr. Hardy and Mr. Green with so much tact and judgment, taking everything with such firmness and good-humour, that all thoughts of resistance disappeared before them, and the licenses were paid for as quietly as if they were in England. Everything depended upon the first start, and Mr. Hardy at once put the authorities and the miners upon their proper footing. He

showed from the first that no unnecessary harshness was intended, but also that no disobedience of the law would for a moment be submitted to; and now any constable may go into the crowd with his staff, pick out his man, and walk him off as quietly as in Sidney. Great satisfaction was felt at Mr. Hardy allowing all hands who had not cash, a week to work for the license fees, and after all that had elapsed, a few days grace to new arrivals; all hands acknowledged that it was very fair. He has made it a rule, that when a man opens a claim for diggings, he shall have a frontage of ten or twenty feet, as the case may be. Previous to his arrival, a man was safe enough in possession of his claim; but there is fashion in digging as in everything else, and if a large piece was found, all the fools and tin-dish gentry rushed to the place and tore it up in all directions; closing a man in so completely, that, unless another piece was found, he was compelled to move, perhaps just when he had got the ground fairly opened. The license fee is received in gold dust at £3 4s., which is not only a great convenience, but a great saving, many having been compelled to sell their gold at £2 8s. per ounce. Mr. Hardy also takes gold in deposit, and keeps it until it is convenient to send it to Sidney, a precaution which will no doubt prevent many robberies. As a body, the miners are civil and obliging, and their whole demeanour such as to make a man feel proud of belonging to the same nation. Almost every one came armed to the teeth, and made a most ludicrous exhibition of themselves to no purpose; revolvers and bowie-knives are purely Yankee; here they are at a discount, and the only use

made of the guns and ammunition is to fire salutes, partial every night, but almost universal on two occasions; first, the birthday of the Queen, and second, the night of Mr. Hardy's arrival, in honour of the establishment of legal authority.

A Gold-Seeker in California.

LIFE at the Australian diggings can scarcely be said to be invested with so much romance as in the gold districts of California. They are too near the seats of old-established civilized communities, and are destitute of many of the scenes and incidents of Indian life, which constitute so marked a feature of the American diggings. If society at the mines in our own colonies is more prosaic in its character, it is, at the same time, more safe and orderly. It presents less opportunity indeed for the love of daring and exciting adventure to display itself; but its deficiencies in this point of view are amply atoned for by a very much greater share of public tranquillity, and a much greater respect for law.

An illustration of the condition of society on the American shores of the Pacific has already been given in "A Californian Execution." The difference in the general incidents of ordinary life in the two regions, which are destined to rival each other in supplying the world with metallic wealth, may be seen by com-

paring the following episode from the adventures of a Californian gold-seeker with the narrative just closed.

On the 7th of November our party arrived,—their horses, of which they brought five, jaded with the travel in the mountains; and it was not until the 16th that we were able to make a start. Being, of course, entirely ignorant of the best locality to which to proceed, and being all young, strong, and enthusiastic, we determined to strike out a new path, and to go on an exploring expedition in the mountains, in the hope that fortune would throw in our way the biggest of all lumps, and that we might possibly find the fountain-head of El Dorado, where, gushing in a rich and golden lava from the heart of the great Sierra, a stream of molten gold should appear before our enraptured eyes.

Fortune, or rather misfortune, favoured us in this project. We were visited one evening in camp by a man, who informed us that he had recently been on a "prospecting" expedition with a party of three others, and that after nearly reaching, as he thought, the fountain-head of gold, the party was attacked by Indians, and all, with the exception of himself, killed. The "prospect," he told us, was most favourable; and learning from him the direction of the mountains in which he had been, with two pack-horses, slightly laden with hard bread and dried beef, six of us started, on the evening of November 16th, on our Quixotic expedition, leaving one with the remainder of our provisions and the tent, at the embarcadero.

We crossed the Rio de los Americanos about a mile

above Sutter's Fort, and encamping upon its opposite bank, started on the morning of the 17th. The sky promised a heavy rain-storm; nothing daunted, however, we pushed on in the direction of the Bear River settlements, and about noon the sky's predictions were most fully realized. The rain fell in big drops, and soon broke upon us in torrents. The wind blew a hurricane, and we were in the apparent centre of an open prairie, with a row of sheltering trees, about four miles distant, mockingly beckoning us to seek protection beneath their thick and wide-spreading branches.

We pushed on, and succeeded in reaching the trees, which proved to be evergreen oaks, in a little more than an hour, wet to the skin. The little clothing we had brought with us, and packed upon the horses' backs, was also wet, and our bread reduced to the consistency of paste. We were dispirited, but managed to build a fire beneath the trees, and remained there throughout the day. The rain ceased at nightfall, and making a sorry supper from our wet bread and slimy meat, we stretched ourselves on the ground, wrapped in our blankets, heartily blaming our folly in travelling out of the beaten track with the hopes of rendering ourselves rich, and our names immortal. But tired men will sleep, even in wet blankets and on muddy ground, and we were half-compensated, in the morning, for our previous day's adventures and misfortunes, by as bright a sunshine and clear sky as ever broke upon a prairie. Gathering up our provisions, we made a start for the purpose of reaching, before night set in, a ravine,

where we were, according to our directions, to leave the main road, and strike for the mountains.

About dusk we reached a dry "arroyo," which we supposed to be the one indicated on the rough draft of the road we were to travel, given us by the mountaineer who had first impressed our minds with the idea of this expedition. We unpacked, built a roaring fire in the centre of the "arroyo," and placing our wet bread and beef in its immediate vicinity, had them soon in a fair way of drying. We lay down again at night, with a bright starlight sky resting peacefully over us, and hoped for an invigorating rest; but Californian skies in November are not to be trusted, and so we found to our sorrow, for about twelve o'clock we were all turned out by a tremendous shower of rain. We gathered round the expiring fire, and our sorrows for our bodily suffering were all soon absorbed in the thought that there lay our poor bread and meat, our sole dependence for support, once half-dried, and now suffering a second soaking. There being no indications of a cessation of the rain, we stretched over our provisions a small tent we had brought with us, and for not having previously pitched which we blamed ourselves heartily, and spent the remainder of the night in sleeplessness and wet.

The tantalizing morning again broke fair, and it was decided to remain where we were throughout the day, and make another attempt at drying our provisions, and at the same time fully decide what to do. Two of the party (myself included) wished either to turn back, and try some other part of the "diggings," or proceed on the main road, which we had been

travelling, and near which we were then encamped, directly to the Yuba River, at a distance, as we supposed, of about thirty miles. But the go-a-head party was too powerful for us, and headed by Higgins, a man of the most indomitable perseverance, pictured to us the glorious results we were to achieve. We were to go where the track of the white man was yet unseen, and find in the mountain's stony heart a home for the winter, with untold riches lying beneath our feet. We yielded, and the next morning, at daylight, started again, making a straight course for the mountains, lying in a north-easterly direction, and apparently about twenty-five miles distant. And here we were, started on an unknown track, to go among hostile savages, who we knew had already killed our countrymen, our provisions for six consisting of about twenty-five pounds of wet, and already mouldy, hard bread, and some miserable jerked beef.

We travelled up the "arroyo" till nearly sunset, when we struck the foot-hills of the mountains. We had seen no foot-tracks, except an occasional naked one of an Indian, and I became fully satisfied that we had taken the wrong "arroyo" as our diverging-point. The ground over which we had travelled that day was a miserable stony soil, with here and there a scrubby oak-tree growing. As we struck the foot of the mountains the scene was changed. Rich, verdant, and fertile-looking valleys opened out before us, and tall oaks threw a luxuriant, lengthened evening shadow upon the gentle slope of their ascent. We entered the midst of these valleys, and after proceeding nearly a mile, came to the prettiest camping-spot I ever saw.

An expansion of the valley formed a circular plain of about a mile in diameter, surrounded on all sides, excepting at its one narrow entrance, with green, tree-covered, and lofty hills. A tall growth of grass and wild oats, interspersed with beautiful blue and yellow autumnal flowers, covered the plain, and meandering through it, with a thousand windings, was a silvery stream, clear as crystal, from which we and our thirsty horses drank our fill, and relished the draught, I believe, better than the gods ever did their nectar. It was a beautiful scene. The sun was just sinking behind the hills on the western side, and threw a golden stream of light on the opposite slope. Birds of gaudy plumage were carolling their thousand varied notes on the tree branches, and I thought, if gold and its allurements could be banished from my thoughts, I could come here and live in this little earthly paradise happily for ever.

We selected a gentle slope, beneath a huge rock, near the western hill side, for our camping-ground, and again building a fire, were about to content ourselves with a supper of mouldy bread, when a jolly son of the Emerald Isle, who was one of our party, in diving among the little bags of which our packs consisted, found one of burnt and ground coffee, which we did not know we possessed, and another of sugar, —both, to be sure, a little wet, but nevertheless welcome. Talk of the delights of sipping the decoction of the “brown berry,” after a hearty dinner at “Delmonico’s!” That dish of hot coffee, drunk out of my quart tin pot, in which also I had boiled it, was a more luxurious beverage to me than the dew-drops in

a new-blown rose could be to a fairy. I slept delightfully under its influence till midnight, when I was called to stand my turn of guard duty, which, as we were in an Indian region, all knew to be necessary; and I who so often, with my sword belted around me, had commanded guard as their officer, watched post with my old rifle for nearly two hours.

The day broke as clear and beautiful upon our enchanting valley as the previous one had closed. After partaking of another pot of hot coffee and some mouldy bread, I took a stroll across the little stream, with my rifle for my companion, while the others, more enthusiastic, started in search of gold. I crossed the plain, and found, at the foot of the hill on the other side, a deserted Indian hut, built of bushes and mud. The fire was still burning on the mud hearth; a few gourds filled with water were lying at the entrance, and an ugly dog was growling near it. Within a few feet of the hut was a little circular mound, enclosed with a brush paling. It was an Indian's grave, and placed in its centre, as a tombstone, was a long stick, stained with a red colouring, which also covered the surface of the mound. Some proud chieftain probably rested here; and as the hut bore evident marks of having been very recently deserted, his descendants had without doubt left his bones to moulder there alone, and fled at the sight of the white man.

Leaving this spot, I returned to the camp; and as the gold-hunters had not yet come back, still continued to stroll around it. The top of the rock beneath which we had slept was covered with deep and regularly-made holes, like those found in the rocks where

rapids of rivers have fallen for centuries, and worn them out. It was long before I could account for the existence of these, but finally imagined, what I afterwards found to be the fact, that they were made by the continual pounding of the Indians in mashing their acorns. In the vicinity, I observed several groves of a species of white oak (*Quercus longiglanda*), some of them eight feet in diameter, and at least eighty feet high. This tree is remarkable for the length of its acorns, several that I picked up measuring two inches.

The gold-hunters finally returned, and with elongated countenances reported that, though they had diligently searched every ravine round our camp, the nearest they could come to gold-finding were some beautiful specimens of mica, which John the Irishman brought in with him, insisting that it was "pure goold." We camped again in the valley that night, and the next morning held another council as to what we should do, and whither we should go. Higgins, as usual, was for going ahead; I was for backing out; and the little party formed itself into two factions,—Higgins at the head of one, and I of the other. Mounting the rock, I made not exactly a "stump," but a "rock" speech, in which, to my own satisfaction, and, as it proved, to that of the majority of the party, I explained the madness of the idea of starting into the mountains on foot, without a guide, and with but about two or three days' provisions remaining. We had seen but few deer so far, and knew not whether there were any in the mountains. I recommended that we should immediately pack up, and strike what we thought to be the best course for Johnson's

rancho, on Bear River, about fifteen miles from Yuba. I succeeded, and we packed up and retraced our steps, with somewhat heavy hearts, down the little valley. We left our blessing on the lovely spot, named our camping-ground "Camp Beautiful," and proceeded on our way, following the base of the mountains. There was no road, and we knew not whither we were going, only that we were in the right direction. The country outside of the mountain was miserably poor and barren, the soil being covered with a rocky flint. It is entirely destitute of timber, excepting on the banks of the "arroyos," which were then dry, and are all skirted with magnificent evergreen oaks. We were travelling in a north-westerly direction, and hoped to reach Bear river at night. Coming, however, to a little stream, we camped upon its margin, and the next day started again, refreshed by a good night's rest, but dispirited from our ignorance of where we were, or whither we were going, besides being footsore from our travel over the flinty pebbles. About noon we saw, at a distance of some three or four miles, an immense flock of what we took to be sheep. Elated at the prospect of being near a rancho, we speedily unpacked a horse; and, using the pack-lashing for a bridle, I mounted him, and galloped at full speed in the direction of the flock, hoping to find the rancho to which they belonged near them. I approached to within three hundred yards of them before I discovered the mistake under which I had laboured, when the whole herd went bounding away affrighted. What I had taken for a flock of sheep was a herd of antelopes, containing, I should suppose, nearly a thousand, and for a supper of

one of which I would have freely given a month's anticipated labour in the gold-mines. I returned to the party, and dampened their already disheartened spirits by my report.

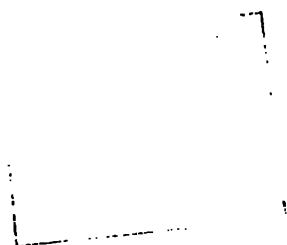
We travelled on slowly, for we were wearied and heartsick, and at about four o'clock in the afternoon, having traversed a very circuitous route, the horses were unpacked, and the small quantity of remaining provisions put in our pockets. Higgins, the owner of one of the horses, mounted his, and John the Irishman, who was suffering from a rheumatic complaint, the other. I was so weary and weak that I could scarcely support myself, and my feet were so covered with blisters, and so swollen, that every step I took seemed like treading on sharpened spikes. How I wished myself back in "Camp Beautiful,"—in Texas,—anywhere but where I was. I was lagging behind the party, when John, turning round, saw me, and stopped his horse; as I came up to him, he dismounted, and forced me to take his place. God bless thee! generous Irishman. Beneath a rough exterior, he had a heart which beat with feelings and emotions to which many a proud bosom is a stranger. How I loaded him with thanks, and only received his unsophisticated reply, that I "was tireder than he was." About dark we struck a stream of water, and all but Higgins were ready and glad to camp and eat the last remains of the mouldy bread and beef. The persevering energy of Higgins had not in the least degree failed him; and, without getting off his horse, he bade us "good-bye," and assured us that he would never return until he had found Johnson's rancho. He left us; we built

up a good fire, and about three hours afterwards, while speculating on his return, he came dashing into camp with about a dozen pounds of fresh beef, some bread, and a bottle of fine old brandy. We welcomed him as we would an angel visitant. My distaste for his desperation changed into admiration for his energy. It seems he had found a road about forty yards from our camp, and a ride of five miles had brought him to Johnson's rancho. We made a good supper of beef and bread, and revived our fainting spirits with the brandy; and, in the fulness of our hearts unanimously voted Higgins excused from guard duty for that night. Next morning, light-hearted and happy, we started for the rancho, and crossing Bear river, on which it is situated, reached there about ten o'clock. Johnson is an American, who many years since obtained a large grant of fertile land on Bear River, and has been living here for years within fifteen miles of a stream whose banks and bed were filled with incalculable riches.

We procured some provisions here, and started for the Yuba, and without any mishaps reached the camping-ground, about three miles from the river, early in the afternoon.

We camped, and Higgins and myself started on a hunting expedition, for the purpose of getting some game for supper. We made our way into the hills, and were travelling closely, trailing our rifles, when we stopped suddenly, dumb-founded, before two of the most curious and uncouth-looking objects that ever crossed my sight. They were two Indian women engaged in gathering acorns. They were entirely naked, with the exception of a skin extending from





the waists to the knees; their heads unshaved, and the tops of them covered with a black tarry paint, and a huge pair of military whiskers were daubed on their cheeks with the same article. They had with them two conical-shaped wicker baskets, in which they were placing the acorns that lay ankle-deep around them. Higgins, with more gallantry than myself, essayed a conversation with them, but made a signal failure, as after listening to a few sentences in Spanish and English, they seized their acorn-baskets and ran. The glimpse we had taken of these mountain beauties, and our failure to enter into any conversation with them, determined us to pay a visit to their head-quarters, which we knew were near by. Watching their footsteps in their rapid flight, we saw them, after descending a hill, turn up a ravine and disappear. We followed in the direction which they had taken, and soon reached the Indian *rancheria*. It was located on both sides of a deep ravine, across which was thrown a large log as a bridge, and consisted of about twenty circular wigwams, built of brush plastered with mud, and capable of containing three or four persons. As we entered, we observed our flying beauties seated on the ground pounding acorns on a large rock indented with holes. We were suddenly surrounded on our entrance by thirty or forty male Indians, almost literally naked, who had their bows and arrows slung over their shoulders, and who stared most suspiciously at us and our rifles. Finding one of them who spoke Spanish, I entered into conversation with him; told him we had only come to pay a visit to the *rancheria*; and as a token of peace-offering

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gave him about two pounds of musty bread, and some tobacco, which I happened to have in my game-bag. This pleased him highly, and from that moment till we left, Pule-u-le, as he informed me his name was, appeared my most intimate and sworn friend. I apologized to him for the unfortunate fright which we had caused a portion of his household, and assured him that no harm was intended, as I entertained the greatest respect for the ladies of his tribe, whom I considered far superior, in point of ornament, taste, and natural beauty, to those of any other race of Indians in the country. Pule-u-le exhibited to me the interior of several of the wigwams, which were nicely thatched with sprigs of pine and cypress, while a matting of the same material covered the bottom. During our presence, our two female attractions had retired into one of the wigwams, into which Pule-u-le piloted us, where I found some four or five squaws similarly bepitched and clothed, and who appeared exceedingly frightened at our entrance. But Pule-u-le explained that we were friends, and mentioned the high estimation in which I held them, which so pleased them that one of the runaways left the wigwam and soon brought me a large piece of bread made of acorns, which to my taste was of a much more excellent flavour than musty hard bread.

Pule-u-le showed us the bows and arrows, and never have I seen more beautiful specimens of workmanship. The bows were some three feet long, but very elastic, and some of them beautifully carved, and strung with the intestines of birds. The arrows were about eighteen inches in length, accurately feathered, and

headed with a perfectly clear and transparent green crystal, of a kind which I had never before seen, notched on the sides, and sharp as a needle at the point. The arrows, of which each Indian had at least twenty, were carried in a quiver made of *coyote skin*.

I asked Pule-u-le, if he had ever known of the existence of gold before the entrance of white men into the mines. His reply was that where he was born, about forty miles higher up the river, he had, when a boy, picked it from the rocks in large pieces, and amused himself by throwing them into the river, as he would pebbles. A portion of the tribe go daily to the Yuba river, and wash out a sufficient amount of gold to purchase a few pounds of flour or some sweetmeats, and return to the *rancheria* at night, to share it with their neighbours, who in their turn go the next day, while the others are chasing hare and deer over the hills. There were no signs around them of the slightest attempt to cultivate the soil. Their only furniture consisted of woven baskets and earthen jars, and Pule-u-le told me, that in the spring he thought they should all leave and go over the "big mountain," to get from the sight of the white man.

Highly pleased with our visit, and receiving a very earnest invitation to "call again," we left the *rancheria*, and proceeded towards the camp. About half-way from the *rancheria*, a loud braying, followed by a fierce growl, attracted our attention, and in a few moments a frightened mule, closely pursued by an enormous grizzly bear, descended the hill-side, within forty yards of where we stood, leaning on our rifles. As the bear reached the road, Higgins, with

his usual intrepidity, fired, and an unearthly yell from the now infuriated animal told with what effect. The mule in the interval had crossed the road, and was now scampering over the plains, and Bruin, finding himself robbed of his prey, turned upon us. I levelled my rifle, and gave him the contents with hearty good-will; but the wounds he had received only served to exasperate the monster, who now made towards us with rapid strides. Deeming prudence the better part of valour, we ran with all convenient speed in the direction of the camp, within a hundred yards of which my foot became entangled in the brushwood, and I fell headlong upon the earth. In another instant I should have fallen a victim to old Bruin's rage, but a well-directed ball from my companion's rifle entered his brain, and arrested his career. The whole party now came to our assistance, and soon despatched Mr. Grizzly. Dragging him to camp, we made a hearty meal from his fat ribs, and as I had probably been the more frightened of the two, I claimed, as an indemnity, his skin, which protected me afterwards from the damp ground many a cold night. He was a monstrous fellow, measuring nearly four feet in height, and six in length, and a stroke of his huge paw would, had he caught us, have entirely dissipated the golden dreams of Higgins and myself.

A Passage of Life in Texas.

It was in the spring of 1840, that Lucenzo Canales, leader of the Federal forces of the northern frontier of Mexico, after a severe engagement with the Centralists under Arista, was obliged to retreat and take refuge on the western bank of the river Nueces. Here he besought the aid of the Texan government, to assist himself and comrades in their struggle for freedom and present release from military oppression. The authorities, however, did not afford them the relief they sought; but the leaders of the revolt were permitted to travel through the country, to solicit and receive contributions from her citizens, and to engage a large number of her subjects to serve under the Federal banner as auxiliaries against the Centralists. The month of May saw encamped about the town of San Patricio, some twelve hundred men, of whom as many as five hundred were Texans, who had been tempted to join the insurrectionary standard by promises of liberal pay, and by the hopes of plunder. These men were of course gleaned from the refuse of the country; of a reckless and daring character, used to exposure to danger; destitute of other means of maintenance; and unscrupulous, from long contact with crime and long escape from punishment.

Whilst such were the men who joined Canales
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under the inducements of pay and plunder, there were others attracted to his camp under other and somewhat peculiar circumstances. Many merchants of Texas who had supplied his army with provisions and equipments, found themselves disappointed in their hopes of receiving an equivalent in payment in the shape of horses, mules, cattle, &c., which were more easily obtainable by Canales than money. In fact, the enemy had too effectually cut off all supplies of this description; and it was in this emergency that Canales proposed to the merchants who were waiting for their pay to advance with him to the Rio Grande, when, he said, he would deliver them their cattle, and provide them with an adequate escort across the Rio Nueces. This was acceded to by fourteen of the creditors, who were young men.

Attached to the immediate staff of Canales, was a young American, of northern birth and education, who occupied a position as aid-de-camp and interpreter, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Mexican army. This entitled him to some luxuries not enjoyed by the mass of the Texans, with whom he was more or less associated; such as two Mexican servants, three horses, and the necessary rations and provender for all. This fact excited a considerable degree of envy in the minds of some few of his own colour, and although he never injured, but often benefited his countrymen, it was plain that he was by no means popular amongst them. He was himself conscious of the fact, which was made more apparent every day as he promulgated the orders from head-quarters. In his situation as interpreter he laboured assiduously in their behalf, and

this convinced some among their number that he was not deserving of their opprobrium. Notwithstanding this, however, there were others who deemed themselves so much aggrieved at their want of success in some of their applications to the general, when he acted as their interpreter, that they attributed their failure to him, and vented upon him all their vindictiveness. So far was this carried, that his life was several times attempted, and more than once he heard the bullets whistle close by him. His horses were stolen, maimed, and killed, and in various ways he was molested; until, with patience utterly exhausted, he one morning appeared unattended in the midst of the American camp, and openly accused some three or four, who he well knew were guilty, of their meanness and cowardice, and dared them to injure in his presence the horse which had carried him thither, and which then stood at a little distance off. His unexpected appearance, his manly accusation, and his brave daring, instantly won him a host of friends, among those who had been too ready to be his foes; and Lester, for that was our young hero's name, left the camp unharmed, accompanied by a dozen or more, who praised him for his boldness, and gave him cautions against the hatred and malice of those whom he had lately incensed.

A few days after these events, the rest of the army took up their line of march for the Rio Grande, and travelled by journeys of twenty or thirty miles a day, to effect a junction with General Molano and his division, and give battle to the enemy as soon as possible. It was Lester's duty each evening, preparatory to

encampment, to point out the various locations for the several departments; to plant the posts, station the sentinels, visit each part of the entire encampment, and then report to the general, previous to retiring to his own camp-fire. It was his custom also to attend in person to a favourite horse, which carried him in these nightly excursions, to water him, and tie him where he could graze to the best advantage; and often in the middle of the night he would rise and take his steed to a fresh pasture-spot; for, as no corn or grain was furnished by the army, this was necessary in order to keep the animals in good condition. More effectually to give his own free opportunity to graze, it was sometimes requisite to remove him quite outside the camp. This custom of Lester's was well known; and when absent from his place for any length of time, it was remarked, "*Don Lester y son cavallo son junctos*,"—"Lester and his horse are inseparable." And this was almost literally true. His attachment to his favourite steed often robbed him of the time allowed for food and refreshment.

On the night of the sixth day after leaving the Nueces, the army arrived at Aqua Dulce; three beautiful lakes, in the midst of a desert prairie, surrounded by musquit and live oak timber. This was the spot selected for the night's encampment, and at an early hour the next morning they were to start for a royeau twenty miles distant. Lester completed the usual duties of his station, and retired, having placed his horse some four hundred yards from his place of repose. He awoke a little after midnight, and with his steed passed the line of sentinels, watered

him at the nearest lake, and then tied him to the timber within a short distance.

This task was scarce accomplished, when he felt himself violently seized from behind, his arms pinioned, and his mouth filled with the end of a hair cabresta, or coarse rope, so that the jaws, bleeding and lacerated, were painfully distended. In this manner he was dragged for some distance, into the midst of a thick grove of musquit, by three men, whom he recognized in the obscure light as his most inveterate foes among the Texans. Their names were Brown, Ormsby, and McDaniels. Here he was tied, with his hands behind him, to a thorny musquit-tree, and so fastened that he could neither sit nor stand without danger of dislocation of his arms at the shoulders.

As his merciless enemies left him, they assured him they would revisit him on their return from Mexico, and share their plunder with him. This refinement of cruelty convinced him he had no hope of mercy or life at their hands. He was abandoned to hunger, torture, and death! He well knew that in a few hours the army would have left the spot. His absence would be unheeded for a time, and then his friends would suppose him searching for his horse, the animal having strayed further than usual; and confident in his perfect knowledge of prairie life, they would expect to see him follow their trail, and overtake them before another halt. This was not an unfrequent occurrence, and there would therefore be the less reason for alarm at his protracted absence.

These thoughts passed through Lester's mind with the rapidity of light, and in a moment he was fully

alive to the awful fate that awaited him. An hour of agony passed on, with nothing to interrupt the horrid silence, save the wind, as it sighed through the dense foliage around him, and the occasional neigh of some horse in the distance. He could perceive a slight change in the scene, as the first glimmerings of the approaching sunlight shed their faint rays in the heavens; and the three shrill notes of the trumpet as it blew the matin call, startled his more sensitive ear, and reminded him of the short time he should continue to be near those who might succour him. Moments were to him hours. A struggle to sunder the bonds which confined him only sent the hot blood in rapid leaps through his stiffening frame. His efforts were useless; the cords were well selected for their purpose, and fastened by men well versed in tying knots. Many a wild mustang and mule had striven in vain to free himself from them. Lester knew that it was worse than folly to attempt to extricate himself, and made no further effort; but with brain seared and reeling, and eyes dimmed by his overpowering exertions, his sense of hearing was stretched to its utmost tension; and on *this*, hope lingered. As long as he could recognize the accustomed sounds of his comrades, though never so faintly, he felt that he was not all alone, and that some fortunate chance might lead a stray footstep to his vicinity; or perhaps his presence might be required in the camp, and he might be sent for, in which case his deliverance was almost certain.

Failing this, hope had nothing on which to rest; and the future was a blank of awful despairing thought,—it was to dwell upon protracted torture, which was to end

in sure yet lingering death. So long, however, as his acute ear could detect the sounds of preparation in the camp, his mind reverted less keenly to the future; each instant of the present was a life of all-absorbing interest to him. The next few minutes would decide his earthly destiny.

Again the trumpet's call brought to ear the signal, "To horse! to horse!" His heart sank within him as he heard the occasional voice of a soldier leading his steed near his position, as they passed toward the camp. At length even these sounds became less and less frequent, and finally ceased altogether. Then the bugles sounded the "march;" he heard the last commands swelling in the breeze,—then faint and more faint, until silence had possession of that awful solitude.

The overburthened mind, too long held in dread suspense, now awoke to stern reality. Bitter and un-availing tears coursed down his cheeks as he more fully realized his situation; but even those drops of the heart were a relief to the intensity of his feelings. Visions of home and happiness, of life and love, flitted through his mind, forming a strange contrast with his present prospects.

Hark—a rushing sound! Something is rapidly approaching. Ah! he has been missed, and is searched for. No! 'tis but a startled fawn, roused by his late companions, who are now far on their march, and dashing through the neighbouring thickets, fearful of pursuit. So directly toward him came the affrighted deer, that Lester could not but assure himself that he was saved. But his self-congratulations were

doomed to a sudden reverse. A long interval of uninterrupted silence gave him an ample opportunity of pondering on his sad fate. At this moment a huge vulture-buzzard, with wide-extended wings, sailed slowly by, and sank more near the earth; then slowly wheeling in a large circle, he returned, and hovered over the head of the wretched captive. Soon numbers more arrived to keep the first in countenance, until at length hundreds filled the air; now high, now low; their gyrations decreasing in circumference. Lester knew but too well the attractions that brought them to the spot, and that before life had left him they would be feeding at his vitals. Instinct taught them that he was doomed for their sustenance, and they only waited his perfect supineness to commence their promised repast.

Again a slight noise is heard in the distance. Is it another deer? No; it is more like the slow and cautious movement of a wolf. It nears him; still nearer! Can it be voices? No; such hope is futile. It is! It is! He hears words distinctly spoken, and in the Mexican language! Oh! for a chance to call for succour! but the wish is unavailing; for the cabresta, in thick coils, is so inserted in his mouth, that all utterance is prevented.

Mexicans indeed they were, six in number, belonging to the army, and in search of mules, which had strayed away during the night. Seeing no tracks in the neighbourhood, they passed on, and once more Lester was doomed to bitter disappointment. Still he heard their voices occasionally; and once, when far distant, the neigh of their horses reached him, and, to his

surprise, it was answered by another animal apparently very near him. He heard a shout given by the men, and listened to their rapid return. From the sounds close at hand he knew they had secured their mules, and he could now distinctly hear them converse in their own language.

"Comrades," said one, "these buzzards are certainly expecting a meal; they do not fly in company in this manner, so near the ground, unless something is dying, or about to be abandoned. If it was already a carcass, they would be down upon it, and gorging themselves. No! it is either a wounded deer, or some poor jaded horse, deserted by those Texanos. Let us search for the body; if it is the first, we will have it for our meal to-night; if the latter, the mane and tail will serve us for cabrestas. We can find it easily; it must be near at hand; and we can soon overtake our division."

Thus speaking, they parted, and wandered in different directions, often hailing each other, so as not to separate too widely. During this "scena," which was distinctly heard by Lester, his suspense was rendered still more intolerable; but he now felt sanguine they would not leave the neighbourhood until they had satisfied their contending doubts. He did not wait long before he heard a loud and guttural call made by one of the buzzards, as he swooped and almost touched his person with his falcon-like beak. This attracted the immediate attention of the Mexicans, and convinced them that the object they sought was at the very spot where the cry was given. They reached this simultaneously, and vied with each other

in efforts to release their beloved officer. Their exclamation of horror and surprise was unheeded by him, for he had lost all consciousness. The first glance at his liberators had overwhelmed him with conflicting emotions, and exhausted nature could no longer support him. It was a long time before cool water from the lake brought back his dormant faculties, and made him conscious that bonds no longer confined him. He bounded to his feet, and cried out, in an agony of despair, "Help! help!" He then fell prostrate on the ground, bathed in blood and tears. An hour passed, and still he remained unconscious. They resolved to carry him in turns upon their saddles; sitting themselves upon the horses behind, and carefully securing him from falling. In this way they had advanced some ten miles, when he showed signs of returning animation, and at last became fully aware of what was passing around him. He had had a very narrow escape from a very dreadful death, and his feelings of profound gratitude cannot be easily described.

My First and Last Chamois Hunt.

I HAD just composed myself to sleep for the second time, when I was awakened by a low knock at the door, and the words, "It is time to get up; it wants a quarter to one." I was in the mountain valley of Grindelwald, in the very heart of the Oberland. I had been wandering for weeks amid the glorious scenery of the Alps, which had gone on changing from grand to awful, till I had become as familiar with precipices, and gorges, and glaciers, and snow-peaks, and avalanches, as with the meadow-spots and hill-sides of my native valley. I had stood in the shadow of Mont Blanc, and seen the sun go down on his bosom of snow, until from the base to the heaven-reaching summit it was all one transparent rose-colour, blushing and glowing in bright and wondrous beauty in the evening atmosphere. I had stood and gazed on him and his mountain-guard united, with the same deep rose hue, till their glory departed, and Mont Blanc was white and cold, and awful like a mighty dome in the pale moonlight. I had wandered over its sea of ice—climbed its break-neck precipices, and trod the difficult passes that surround it, but never yet had seen a wild chamois in its native hills. I had roamed through the Oberland

with no better success. All that I had heard and dreamed of the Alps had been more than realized. Down the bosom of the Jungfrau I had seen the reckless avalanche stream, and listened all night to its thunder-crash in the deep gulf, sending its solemn monotone through the Alpine solitudes till my heart stood still in my bosom. From the highest peak of the Wetterhorn (peak of tempests), I had seen one of these "thunder-bolts of snow" launch itself in terror and might into the very path I was treading—crushed by its own weight into a mere mist that rose up the face of the precipice, like spray from the foot of a waterfall. With its cliffs and crags leaning over me, I had walked along with silent lips and subdued feelings, as one who trod near the presence-chamber of the Deity. I had never been so humbled in the presence of nature before, and a world of new emotions and new thoughts had been opened within me. Along the horizon of my memory, some of those wild peaks were now drawn as distinctly as they lay along the Alpine heavens. Now and then a sweet pasturage had burst on me from amid this savage scenery, like a sudden smile on the brow of wrath, while the wild strain of the Alphon horn ringing through the rare atmosphere, and the clear voices of the mountaineers singing their "*ranz de vaches*," as they led their herds along the mountain-paths to their eagle-nested huts, had turned it all to poetry. If a man wishes to have remembrances that never grow old, and never lose their power to excite the deepest wonder, let him roam through the Oberland.

But I seem to have forgotten the hunt I started to describe, in the wonderful scenery its reminiscences called up.

Grindewald is a green valley, lying between the passes of the Wengern Alps and the Grand Sheideck, which are between three and four thousand feet above us, and are, in turn, surrounded by mountains six or seven thousand feet loftier still. These rise in solemn majesty, as if to wall in for ever the little valley, the Eigher, or giant—the Schreckhorn or terrible peak—the Wetterhorn, or peak of tempests—the Foulhorn, or foul peak—the Grand Sheideck, and a little further away the Jungfrau, or virgin.

Thus surrounded and overlooked, and guarded for ever, the green valley sleeps as if unconscious of the presence of such awful forms. Here and there, by the stream that wanders through it, and over the green slopes that go modestly up to the mountain on either side, are scattered wooden cottages, as if thrown there by some careless hand, presenting from the heights around one of the most picturesque views one meets in Switzerland. When the sun has left his last baptism on the high snow-peaks, and deep shadow is settling down on Grindelwald, there is a perfect storm of sound through the valley, from the thousands of bells attached to the nearly six thousand sheep which the inhabitants keep in the pasturage during the day. The clamour of these bells in a still Alpine valley, made louder by the mountains that shut in the sound, is singularly wild and pleasing.

But the two most remarkable objects in this valley are two enormous glaciers, which, born far up amid

the mountain—and grown there among the gulfs into seas—come streaming down into the green pasturages, plunging their foreheads into the flat ground which lies even lower than the village. Rocks are thrown up, and even small hills, by the enormous pressure of the superincumbent mass. Miles of ice, from sixty to six hundred feet thick, press against the mass in front which meets the valley. These two glaciers push themselves boldly almost into the very heart of the village, chilling its air, and acting like huge refrigerators, especially at evening.

The day previous to the one appointed for the chamois-hunt had been one of extreme toil. I had travelled from morning till night, and most of the time on foot in deep snow, although a July sun pretended to be shining overhead. Unable to sleep, I had risen about midnight and opened my window, when I was startled, as though I had seen an apparition; for there before me, and apparently within reach of my hand, and whiter than moonlight, that was poured in a perfect flood upon it, stood one of these immense glaciers. The night had lessened even the little distance that intervened between the hamlet and it during the day, and it looked like some awful white monster—some sudden and terrific creature of the gods, moved there on purpose to congeal men's hearts with terror. But as my eyes grew more familiar to it, and I remembered it was but an Alpine glacier, I gazed on it with indescribable feelings. From the contemplation of this white and silent form, I had just returned to my couch and my slumbers, when the exclamation at the head of this sketch awoke me. It

was one o'clock in the morning, and I must rouse myself if I would fulfil my engagement with the chamois-hunters.

In coming down the slope of the Grand Sheideck into the Grindelwald, you see on the opposite mountain a huge mass of rock, rising out of the centre of a green pasturage, which lies at the base of an immense snow-region. Flats and hollows, no matter how high up among the Alps, become pasturages in the summer. The *débris* of the mountains above, washed down by the torrents, form a slight soil, on which grass will grow, while the snows, melted by the sun, flow freely upon it, keeping it continually moist and green. These pasturages, though at an elevation of eight thousand feet, will retain their verdure, while the slopes and peaks around are covered with perpetual snow, and furnish, not only grazing for the goats, which the mountaineer leads thither with the first break of day, but food for the wild chamois, that descend from the snow-fields around at early dawn to take their morning repast. But with the first sound of the shepherd's horn winding up the cliffs with his flocks, the latter hie them away again to their inaccessible paths. The eye of the chamois is wonderfully keen, and it is almost impossible to approach him when he is thus feeding. The only way the hunter can get a shot at him is to arrive at the pasturage first, and find some place of concealment near by, in which he can wait his approach. The pile of rocks I alluded to, standing in the midst of the elevated pasturage, furnished such a place of concealment, and seemed made on purpose for the hunter's benefit.

It is two or three good hours' tramp to reach these rocks from Grindelwald: it may be imagined, therefore, with how much enthusiasm I turned out of my bed, where I had obtained scarcely two hours' sleep, on such a cold expedition as this. It is astonishing how differently a man views things at night and in the morning. The evening before I was all excitement in anticipation of the morning hunt, but now I would willingly have given all I had promised the three hunters, who were to accompany me, if I could only have lain still, and taken another nap. I looked out of the window, hoping to see some indications of a storm, which would furnish an excuse for not turning out in the cold midnight to climb an Alpine mountain. But for once the heavens were provokingly clear, and the stars twinkled over the distant snow-summits, as if they enjoyed the clear, frosty air of that high region; while the full-orbed moon, just stooping behind the western horizon (which, by the way, was much nearer the zenith than the horizon proper), looked the Eiger (the giant) full in his lordly face, till his brow of ice and snow shone like silver in the light. With our rifles in our hands, we emerged from the inn, and passed through the sleeping hamlet. Not a sound broke the stillness, save the monotonous roar of the turbulent little streamlet that went hurrying onward, or now and then the cracking and crushing sound of the ice amid the glaciers.

I had hunted in the forests of America, both at evening and morning, but never with teeth chattering so loudly as they did before I had fairly begun to ascend the mountain. Ugh! I can remember it as

if it were but yesterday, how my bones ached, and my fingers closed like so many sticks around my rifle.

Imagine the effect of two heaps of red-hot coals, about a hundred feet thick, and several miles long, lifted to an angle of forty-five degrees, in a small and confined valley, and then, by contrast, you may get some idea of the cold generated by these two enormous glaciers. Yes, I say generated; for I gave up that morning all my old notions about cold being the absence of heat, &c., and became perfectly convinced that heat was the absence of cold; for if cold did not radiate from those masses of ice, then there is no reliance to be placed on one's own sensations.

Now crawling over the rocks, now picking our way over the snow-crust, which bore us or not just as the whim took it, I at length slipped and fell, and rolled over in the snow by way of a cold bath. This completed my discomfort, and I fairly groaned aloud in vexation at my stupidity in taking this freezing tramp for the sake of a chamois, which, after all, we might not get. But the continuous straining effort demanded by the steepness of the ascent, finally got my blood in full circulation, and I began to think there might be a worse expedition even than this, undertaken by a sensible man.

At length we reached the massive pile of rocks, which covered at least an acre and a half of ground, and began to bestow ourselves away in the most advantageous places of concealment, of which there was an abundance. But a half-hour's sitting on the rocks in this high region, surrounded by everlasting snow, brought my blood, from its barely comfortable

temperature, back to zero again, and I shook like a man in an ague. I knew that a chamois would be perfectly safe at any distance greater than two feet from the muzzle of my rifle, with such shaking limbs, so I began to leap about, and rub my legs, and stamp, to the no small annoyance of my fellow-hunters, who were afraid the chamois might see me before we should see them. Wearied with waiting for the dawn, I climbed up among the rocks, and, resting myself in a cavity secure from notice, gazed around me on the wondrous scene. Strangely white forms arose on every side, while deep down in the valley the darkness lay like a cloud. Not a sound broke the deep hush that brooded over everything, and I forgot for the time my chilliness, chamois-hunters, and all, in the impressive scene that surrounded me. As I sat in mute silence, gazing on those awful peaks that rose up to the heavens in every direction, suddenly there came a dull heavy sound, like the booming of heavy cannon, through the jarred atmosphere. An avalanche had fallen all alone into some deep abyss, and this was the voice it sent back as it crashed below. As that low thunder-sound died away over the peaks, a feeling of awe and mystery crept over me, and it seemed dangerous to speak in the presence of such majesty and power.

"Hist! hist!" broke from my companions below; and I turned to where their eyes were straining through the dim twilight. It was a long time before I could discover anything but snow-fields and precipices; but, at length, I discerned several moving black objects, that in the distance appeared like so many insects on

the white slope that stretched away towards the summit of the mountain. Bringing my pocket spy-glass to bear upon them, I saw they were chamois, moving down towards the pasturage. Now carefully crawling along a ledge, now leaping over a crevice, and jumping a few steps forward, and now gently trotting down the inclined plane of snow, they made their way down the mountain. As the daylight grew broader over the peaks, and they approached nearer, their movements and course became more distinct and evident. They were making for the upper end of the pasturage, and it might be two hours before they would work down to our ambuscade; indeed, they might get their fill without coming near us at all. I watched them through my spy-glass as they fed without fear on the green herbage, and almost wished they would keep out of the range of our rifles. They were the perfect impersonation of wildness and timidity. The lifting of the head, the springy tread, and the quick movement in every limb, told how little it would take to send them with the speed of the wind to their mountain homes. The chamois is built something like the tame goat, only slighter, with longer neck and limbs. His horns are beautiful, being a jet black, and rising in parallel line from his head, even to the point where they curve over. They neither incline backward nor outward, but, rising straight out of the head, seem to project forward, while their parallel position, almost to the tips of the curvatures, gives them a very crank appearance. They are as black as ebony, and some of them bend in as true a curve as if turned by the most skilful hand.

I watched every movement of these wild creatures, till my attention was arrested by a more attractive sight. The sun had touched the topmost peaks of the loftiest mountains that hemmed in the sweet valley of Grindelwald, turning the snow into fire, till the great summits seemed to waver to and fro in the red light that bathed them. A deep shadow still lay on the vale, through which the cottages of the inhabitants could scarcely be distinguished. At length, they grew clearer and clearer in the increasing light, and column after column of smoke rose in the morning air, striving in vain to reach half-way up the mountains that stood in silent reverence before the uprising sun. The ruddy light had descended down the Alps, turning them all to a deep rose-colour. There stood the Giant, robed like an angel; and there the Schreckhorn, beautiful as the morning; and there the Foulhorn with the same glorious apparelling on; and farther away the Jungfrau, looking indeed like a virgin with all her snowy vestments about her, tinged with the hue of the rose. All around, and heaven high, rose those glorious forms, looking as if the Deity had thrown the mantle of his majesty over them.

It was a scene of enchantment. At length the mighty orb, which had wrought this magnificent change on the Alpine peaks, rose slowly into view. How majestic he came up from behind that peak, as if conscious of the glory he was shedding on creation. The dim glaciers that before lay in shadow, flashed out like seas of silver, the mountain paled away into virgin white, and it was broad sunrise on the Alps.

I had forgotten the chamois in the sudden unroll

ing of so much magnificence before me, and lay absorbed in the overpowering emotions it naturally awakened, when the faint and far-off strain of the shepherd's horn came floating by. The mellow tones lingered among the rocks, and were prolonged in softer cadence through the deep valleys, and finally died away on the distant summits. A shepherd was on his way to his pasturage with his goats. He wears a horn, which he now and then winds to keep his flock in the path; and also during the day when he sees any one of the numbers straying too near pitfalls and crevices, he blows his horn, and the straggler turns back to the pasturage.

A second low exclamation from my Swiss hunters again drew my attention to the chamois. They also had heard the sound of the horn, and had pricked up their ears and stood listening. A second strain sounding nearer and clearer, they started for the snow-fields. As good luck would have it, they came trotting in a diagonal line across the pasturage which would bring them in close range of our rifles.

We lay all prepared; and when they came opposite us, one of the hunters made a low sound, which caused them to stop. At a given signal, we all fired. One gave a convulsive spring into the air, ran a few rods, and fell mortally wounded. The rest, winged with fear and terror, made for the heights. I watched their rapid flight for some distance, when I observed one begin to flag and finally drop entirely behind.

Poor fellow, thought I to myself, you are struck. His leap grew slower and slower, till at length he *stopped*, then gave a few faint springs forward, then

stopped again, and seemed to look wistfully towards his flying companions, that vanished like shadows over the snow-fields that sloped up to the inaccessible peaks. I could not but pity him as I saw him limp painfully on. In imagination, I could see the life-blood oozing drop by drop from his side, bringing faintness over his heart and exhaustion to his fleet limbs. Losing sight of him for the moment, we hastened to the one that lay struggling in his last dying efforts on the grass. I have seen deer die that my bullet had brought down, and as I gazed on the wild yet gentle eye, expressing no anger, even in death, but only fear and terror, my heart has smitten me for the deed I had done. The excitement of the chase is one thing—to be in at the death, is quite another. But not even the eye of a deer, with its beseeching, imploring look, just before the green film closes over it, is half so pitiful as was the expression of this dying chamois. Such a wild eye I never saw in an animal's head, nor such helpless terror depicted in the look of any creature. It was absolutely distressing to see such agonizing fear, and I was glad when the knife passed over his throat, as he gave his last struggle. As soon as he was despatched, we started off after the wounded one. We had no sooner reached the snow, than the blood-spots told where the sufferer had gone. It was easy enough to trace him by the life he left at every step; we soon came upon him, stretched upon his side. As he heard us approach, the poor fellow made a desperate effort to rise, but he only half erected himself before he rolled back with a faint bleat, and lay panting on the snow.

He was soon despatched ; and with the bodies strung on poles, we turned our steps homeward. Who of the four had been the successful marksmen it was impossible to tell, though I had a secret conviction I was not one of them—still my fellow-hunters insisted that I was. Not only the position itself made it probable, but the bullet-hole corresponded in size to the bore of my rifle. The evidences, however, were not so clear to my own mind ; and I could not but think they would not have been to theirs, but for the *silver bullet* I was expected to shoot when we returned to the valley. The size of *that* had more to do with their judgment than the rent in the side of the poor chamois.

Part of one was dressed for my breakfast, and for once it possessed quite a relish. This was owing to two things—first, to my appetite, which several hours on the mountain had made ravenous ; and second, to the simple way in which I had ordered it to be dressed. The flesh of the chamois is very black, and possesses nothing of the flavour of venison. Added to this, the mountaineers cook it in oil, or stew it up in some barbarous manner, till it becomes anything but a palatable dish.

The two most curious things about a chamois are its hoofs and its horns. The former are hollow, and as hard as flint. The edges are sharp, and will catch on a rock where a claw would give way. It is the peculiar sharpness and hardness of the hoof that give the animal security in its reckless climbing along the edge of precipices. It will leap over chasms to a narrow ledge, on which you would think it could not stand

even if carefully placed there. It flings itself from rock to rock in the most reckless manner, relying solely on its sharp hoof for safety. Its horns seem to answer no purpose at all, being utterly useless, both from their position and shape, as an instrument of defence. They may add solidity to the head, and thus assist in its butting contests with its fellows. Some of the Swiss told me, however, that the animal struck on them when it missed its hold and fell over a precipice, thus breaking the force of the fall. It may be so; but it looked very apocryphal to me. It would not be an easy matter, in the rapidity of a head-long fall, to adjust the body so that its whole force would come directly on the curvature of the horns, especially when the landing-spot may be smooth earth, a rock lying at an angle of forty-five degrees, or a block of ice.

The evening after my expedition I spent with some hunters, who entertained me with stories of the chase, some of which would make a Texas frontier-man open his eyes.

The affection of the chamois for her young is one of her most remarkable traits, and the skill and cunning with which she protects it seem like the endowments of reason. She will fight, too, for her offspring, with the ferocity and daring of a tigress.

The story told of one by a hunter in the Tyrol almost surpasses belief. He had succeeded in tracing a parent with young to a cliff, along the face of which ran a narrow path, till it opened into a large cavity. It was removed, and wild, and lonely enough; and the poor chamois thought it secure from the approach of

her enemies ; but the bold hunter had marked the spot, and was confident of his prey. Advancing along this narrow path, he worked his difficult way towards the cavity, which, to his great joy, he found closed at the further extremity by a huge rock. The chamois is too good a tactician ever to enter a *cul-de-sac*;—there is always an exit as well as an entrance to her retreats. But this time she had miscalculated, for although the rock that filled the path at the further end furnished no barrier to *her* movements, it was too high for her tender young. But the moment she discovered the approach of her enemy, she awoke to the full extent of the danger to her offspring, and, leaving them, advanced against him with terrible fury, and strove to butt him from the cliff. Rushing upon him again and again, she endeavoured to entangle her horns in his legs, and trip him up. The bold Swiss, however, parried all her efforts, and steadily advanced. He could not shoot her, for it required the most diligent use of both his hands to keep himself from falling, so narrow and dangerous was the path he trod.

The chamois no sooner discovered her inability to dislodge or impede the hunter, than she ran to the further end, and leaped upon the rock, and looked round to her young, as if asking them to follow her example. The latter understood her silent appeal, and put forth a desperate effort to scale the barrier. But the height was too great for their feeble limbs, and they fell back into the cavity.

The anxiety and distress of the mother were now most painful to behold,—she leaped backwards and forwards on the rock to show her offspring how easily

it could be done,—and the little fellows again *and* again made a bold push for the summit, but in vain. In the mean time the eager hunter was slowly making his way to the spot, and already imagined the victims in his hand. At this juncture, and as if struck by a sudden thought, the mother planted her hind feet at the bottom, and stretching up her fore legs on the rock, as far as she could reach them, made a bridge of her back. The frightened little things understood the movement at once, and, mounting their parent's back, ran like cats to the top. The old chamois then leaped after, and the whole started swiftly away. The hunter reached the spot just in time to see them flying like wind for the inaccessible crags, and, disappointed and vexed, sent a bullet whistling after them. But it smote harmlessly among the rocks, and the next moment the nimble fugitives were beyond his reach.

A Race in the Bahamas.

WE were sailing in a sloop of war in the latter part of the month of September, 1839. I had the "first watch" on deck, and was pacing up and down, counting my own footsteps, and thinking of Mrs. B. that was to be, when the look-out on the starboard right ahead sang out, "Sail ho! Close aboard, Sir, on the weather bow."

I raised my night-glass, and at once discovered the stranger. She was a corvette like ourselves, and had apparently hove-to right in our track, for the purpose of speaking to us. In a moment after we had discovered her, our main-topsail was hove back, and coming up on the wind, we found ourselves within hail. But an instant elapsed, when a full, clear voice sang out through a trumpet from the stranger,—

"Sail ahoy! what ship is that? Where is she bound to, and where from?"

Our captain, who had hurried on deck, enveloped in his storm-jacket and sou-wester, seizing the trumpet, answered,—

"The sloop of war *Boston*, Captain Babbet, from a cruise to windward, bound to leeward. Who are you? where from? and where to?"

"This is her Majesty's sloop of war *Nimrod*, Lord
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Paget, commander, bound to Vera Cruz. Will you keep company? Ours is the fastest sloop in the English navy; we have never been beaten in sailing."

"Then by the saints I'll try you!" said our old captain, who knew well the qualities of his ship, and wanted to test the truth of the other's boast.

As we squared away before the wind, the commander of the *Nimrod* again hailed our captain, and asked his opinion of the weather, stating at the same time that his barometer was falling.

"I never trust them things in this latitude," said Babbet. "I keep a good look-out, and leave the rest to luck; but we shall have a capful before we reach the blue part of the Gulf."

"Well, Sir, crack on; we'll let the people at Vera Cruz know you are coming. Be sure you come and dine with us on fresh grub when you come in," said our friend.

"Certainly, if you should get in first," said the old man; "but look out for *wicy-warcy*, as the land-sharks call it. Aloft there, topmen! Shake out the reefs in the topsails; loose-to'gallant sails and royals; rig out the studding-sail booms, and pile on the rags! Two quarter-masters at the helm; all hands on deck to trim ship; tell the master's mate to heave the log."

The old skipper was in earnest; and our spars bending, and our hull creaking, as we leaped through the water, soon told what we were doing. The master's mate reported eleven knots, and then the skipper's voice began to roar.

"Run aft the two for'ard guns; start ten of those water-tanks, and set the ring-tail!" shouted he.

It was done, and the log was again hove. She ran thirteen-four, and was evidently doing herself justice. The *Nimrod*, on the first start off, had gained slowly, but now we gradually closed up, and finally passed her, her full band playing "Rule Britannia," and our drum and fife answering with "Yankee Doodle" the while.

The wind was freshening, and both crafts were dragging a fearful press of sail, which, with the heavy ground-swell, made us pitch and jump like dying whales. The night was not entirely clear, the sky being filled with light fleecy clouds, some of which, as they passed over the face of the moon, would throw dark shades upon the water, hiding the *Nimrod* completely from view. When the clouds cleared away, she would again appear close in our wake, her tall spars bending like reeds before the gale, her dark hull rising and falling on the foam-covered waves, now lifting as if to touch the sky, again sinking out of sight in the trough between the huge rollers. Thus during the night we drove madly on, heading out for the gulf-stream, our own course for Vera Cruz. In the course of three or four hours' sailing, we completely lost sight of our competitor, he being left far in the wake, in spite of his premature boast. The *Boston* was one of the last war models, and much faster than she looked to be.

When my watch-hour was out, the excitement of the race caused me to stay on deck, instead of seeking my berth, and I carelessly threw my sea-cloak around me, after we had lost sight of the corvette, and cast myself down on the forecastle. It lacked probably about

an hour of daylight, and I was half-asleep when my ear caught a sound like the distant rushing of a mighty storm. I listened for an instant, started to my feet, and looked around and aloft, but saw nothing. The noise, however, increased, and then—great Heaven—I saw it all. We were bearing down, under full sail, with speed like the wind, upon boiling breakers!

“Hard down the helm! Back sheets and braces! Stand by to shorten sail!” I shouted with a voice that rang like thunder through the ship.

The helmsman obeyed; the ship came up on the wind; but the seamen were not quick enough at the braces. We were thrown flat back. The strain on the lighter spars was immense. Studding-sail booms, royal and top-gallant masts, went with their sails by the board, and hampered up with broken spars and tangled rigging, we lay broadside to the sea, as helpless as a log upon the waters.

Daylight began to pale the east; and fully showed us the horrors of our situation. We were drifting bodily down upon the rocks, which were not more than half a mile distant! We saw at once, by the huge black pillars of rock, which were enshrouded in foam, that we were near the spot known as Dead-man’s Reef. There was no possible prospect of escape. Our men worked with the energy of despair to clear the wreck, that we might endeavour to beat up to windward. But all appeared to be in vain; each moment swept us nearer the rock, from which, if struck, death was inevitable. The *Nimrod* saw us, but could not aid us. His comparative slowness saved him.

He had barely time to shorten sail, and haul his wind.

During all the terrors of our situation the captain had kept perfectly cool and collected; but to me it seemed the forced calmness of despair. I was mistaken. He was one who never permitted danger to daunt or palsy his judgment. His quick eye caught one possible chance of escape,—the only one on which hope for a moment might linger. We thought him crazy when he ordered the helmsman to “put the helm up,” and square the yards, to go off before the wind. The rocks were right before us; the huge waves breaking against them, throwing sheets of foam hundreds of feet in the air, sounding like continued thunder in our ears. We were in the foam, and flying through the midst of it right down upon the rocks. I tried to pray, but I could not; I looked for the sky, and the spray threw itself in rainbow-like wreaths between my vision and the clouds. I dared not breathe, so sure did I feel our approaching destruction.

As we neared the rocks, our captain sprang aloft upon the fore-yard. His voice could not be heard, yet he pointed to the helmsmen their course with his hand. I then saw his plan. Scarce as wide as our ship was the distance between the two high rocks; one hand's-breadth from our course would dash us to atoms; yet through this terrible pass, our ears deafened with the breakers' roar, our eyes blinded with foam, were we to pass, or to die!

Our suspense was dreadful; but it was short. Like an eagle amidst rushing storm-clouds, we dashed into

the gorge; one instant, and our very yardarms grazed the high, black rocks; the next we were in safety. There was no cheering then; no word was spoken as we glided from the boiling danger to the calm sea under the lee of the rocks; but I believe that every man on board our craft uttered a prayer, even if he never had prayed before. It was a silent; yet, oh! what a thankful moment.

We soon had new spars aloft, and new canvass bent. We laid our course for Vera Cruz under a press of sail, while our friend had to beat up^{to} windward, and work round the reef. The time gained by our almost miraculous passage through the rocks, and our own good speed, enabled Captain Babbet to play off the *wicy warcy* with which he had answered the boast of the *Nimrod*.

When, after some days, she made her appearance in the offing, and dropped anchor in the harbour, I was ordered to take a boat, and go alongside of her, with an invitation to the captain, to partake of some roast beef and fresh fruit on board the *Boston*, at the usual dinner-hour. The dessert was our skipper's *wicy warcy*.

An Hour on Lake St. Peter.

"ARE all on board?—quick! all ashore! Heave off the bowline. Lively there, haul in the plank!" cried Captain A——, of the good steamer S——. The sharp long ring of our engine-bell was heard as the last words were spoken; the ever-noisy sailors, with their strange Franco-Canadian *patois*, made the air vocal with sweet sounds, mixed as it was with German, French, and Irish cries for lost wives, luggage, and children. Amidst it all, like some huge wounded monster of the deep, the engine heaved and groaned; the wheels moved round, the mass of wood and iron seemed a thing of life and will, and a few minutes having passed, the wharf, the crowd which had come down to gaze or say farewell, and at last the town, were lost to view.

As the boat went on, the loud confusion gradually gave way to order, and the sailors clustering in groups told of "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and"—town; while the passengers were chattering in small groups, or promenading in the balmy air of a June evening, and some few were smoking on the forward-deck, among the sailors, horses, immigrants, and freight, with which that deck was nearly filled.

The night wore on; the moon had hid its honest

face behind a cloud; star after star sparkled its last and disappeared, until there were none left in heaven. The belles and beaux, and business-men, from time to time slipped off to bed; and the "fat gentlemen" who made each group he joined, the evening through, a laughing chorus, with his sunny, ruddy face, and the broad humour he had put in every motion, word, and look, soon followed them. Being left alone with my own "sweet and bitter fancies," I listened for a time to the monotonous heaving of the steam-monster below, and feeling no fatigue, took a travelling companion from my pocket and read. An hour passed; the words grew less and less distinct; the book fell from my hands, and I was dreaming too.

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"*Mon Dieu, nous sommes morts!*" was shrieked beside me, as I was awakened by a noise like the loudest thunder; a crash, a crushing, which appeared to tear the boat apart; and for an instant, what was under me sank rapidly. The first quick thoughts which flashed upon my brain were that the boilers had burst, blown out the bottom of the boat, and that we were going down! With a deep, sinking feeling at my heart, which stopped its beatings for the time, and a belief that all was over now, I looked about to see from whence destruction was to come; but neither splinters, fire, nor steam, appeared.

Among the passengers confusion reigned supreme, for all the decks were crowded, as by magic, by all sorts of people, dressed, half-dressed, and undressed too; some screaming, some inquiring. The French-Canadians, whom danger always frightens, first em-

braced each other frantically, then uttered prayers, cries, shrieks, and made night hideous with their noisy fears. I hastened forward, asking by the way the cause of the noise, but could get no answer. I looked across the bulwarks, but the sky was dark, the water darker, and neither light nor shore was visible. Then passing to the other side, I pressed my way between the crew and passengers, whom fear had made half-mad; the same blackness of darkness met my bewildered gaze. From thence proceeding aft, I glanced upon the boilers as I passed, but they were whole, and the bright fire burned steadily within. Passing on through the dense crowd to the steamer's side, the sad reality burst on my sight in all its horrors, like a nightmare of Hades. Chance, accident, or wilfulness, had brought the largest steamer on the lake in contact with us. There she lay within some fifty feet, her deck all dark with frantic people, and going down so rapidly that we could see her sink; the waves already touched her lower deck.

A large bateau that would have held some seventy men had already reached our steamer with *seven* in it from the sinking boat; indeed, they were all trying to reach it as the only ark of safety. The excitement at our gangway was tremendous. How could it well be otherwise, with some two hundred human beings dying as it were within our grasp, whose outlines could be dimly seen as they sprang into the other boats, or rushed from side to side in wild confusion?

Our engine-bell now rang; the wheels went round, and we were leaving them behind. The thought flashed through the mind—we too are sinking, and

are running for our lives ; and such was the ~~fast~~. For a moment the people gazed on each other's faces, and silence came upon them like a spell.

Not so with those upon the other boat. They heard, in the sharp ring of ~~off~~ engine-bell, the knell of all their hopes. Around them were the waves, no shore was visible, and it was profoundly dark. Then there went up from that mass of sinking souls to heaven—a cry ! a scream ! a shriek ! No more of these. They hardly wake an echo to the sound. It was a death-wail !—long, and loud, and deep, with echoes of an infinite despair in every varying note.

Now come those fearful cries, which tell of “the imminent deadly breach,”—“The pumps ! the pumps ! throw overboard the freight !” and with right goodwill they were responded to. Bales, boxes, packages, and engine-wood, were soon on their winding way to the Atlantic. Thus passed some thirty minutes ; the boat was gradually sinking, and the cabins were half-filled with water, when Captain A. again threw in the lead, and passed the welcome word that we were safe, having reached a spot where the water was only deep enough to come up to the upper deck. He lowered our only boat at once, and sent some trusty hands to seek the poor creatures we had left behind.

All were now safe, and it was curious to look in the deserted cabin, half-filled up with water, and see the sofas, chairs, and tables, with lighted candles still upon them, floating quietly about, while on the upper deck the engineers and sailors, ladies, emigrants, and gentlemen, sat side by side upon the single seat which ran all round the promenade.

We had still considerable excitement, though of a different character, except with two old ladies and an Irish labourer, who could not divest themselves of their fears, but walked hurriedly about, exclaiming to each one they met,—"We're sinking! we shall be drowned! You are deceiving us; we're going down! Oh dear! oh dear!" As for the others, they sat or stood in groups, telling the story over again; but those who attracted most attention were the seven who had left the other steamer, and saved themselves in a large boat, which would have held seventy. Seeing one of them, with a thin face, and a pair of light-red whiskers, from between which a pipe was hanging down, whilst frequent puffs of smoke rose from between his bloodless lips, I spoke to him,—

"I believe you are from the other steamer?"

"Yes."

"You had a very large bateau; was it not possible to have saved more of these unfortunate people?"

"Necessity, Sir, necessity; they might have jumped in and sunk us all. The first law of nature, Sir, self-preservation."

"*Might!* True; but were you conscious at the moment what you did, or had the excitement made you desperate?"

"No; we knew what we were about; but don't you think they will be saved? I left four children and my wife behind."

I looked to see if he was serious, but the same dull stolidity was in his face.

"Four children and your wife! And you left them there to drown whilst you were in an almost empty boat?"

"The others cut the ropes in two; but don't think they will be saved?"

"I hope so. Yes; they had more boats, and many things to float on; they may be saved.

"Well, if they're lost, it can't be helped; but say the boat,—that will be raised?—the things on board will all be saved?"—he asked eagerly.

"There is little doubt of that; but why?"

"I had some Admiralty papers on board; some papers of great importance, which *must* be saved, whatever happens!" cried he, with earnestness, striking the palm of his hand with his clinched fist.

A chill ran through me, like that which follows the touch of ice. Four children and his wife!—he hoped they would not be drowned. Some Admiralty papers!—they *must* be saved!

How often those two words come back upon the memory, even now, like some old startling dream, in the saloon or solitude, in the counting-house or town. The merchant parts with peace, years, health, honour too perhaps, and gains—a fortune. The belle leaves hope and love, and all that makes the day-star of a woman's life, for—an old husband and an equipage. The politician breaks, link by link, the chain which held him fast to truth, to honour, to heaven, for—fame and place. And so on without end. How often, as I watch their progress step by step, a still small voice whispers my soul, "Their Admiralty papers *must* be saved!"

The "reign of terror" was of short duration. The steamer went down like a sinking stone. A large bateau, which had been taken as freight, was filled

with human beings, who were rowed safely to shore. The small boats were filled beyond their capacity, and sank immediately, leaving their freight of human bodies struggling in the waves. The crowd upon the deck was going down without a hope. All the boats gone; the sky above them dark; the waters darker underneath; and oh! how darkest was that unknown eternity to which fate seemed hurrying them! Despair was in every heart. This mental suffering is the bitterness of death, compared with which the merely physical pain of dying is but slight.

Some rushed to the upper deck, and climbed up the chain, and up the machinery to the walking-beam; others threw themselves into the lake, and clung to such planks and boxes as they could secure. The boat went down, down, and as that awful death-wail rose toward heaven, they gazed with fixed looks of despair upon their watery graves.

A sudden check: "Oh God! she does not sink!" The joyful cry was true. She had sunk on a rock, a shallow place in the lake, and the promenade deck was still some few inches above the water. Unhappily the discovery was made too late to save the whole of the party. Already many souls had winged their flight on high, and many were still struggling in the water, clinging to such drifting things as they could reach, and in the current were floating away, away some of them to death! Two gentle beings, who had gone abroad with an invalid father, and closely tended him until it pleased the Almighty to take him from their care, had his body placed in an air tight casing, and were returning with it to their desolate home. As

the first cry of danger they rushed to it as to a guardian angel; and so it proved to one of them, for it saved her life. The other clung to it until her strength gradually ebbed away; her delicate fingers relaxed their hold, and she fell gently back into her vast grave, with the dark clouds for a pall over her water-coffin.

The boats from our steamer now arrived, the crew having picked up several persons who were clinging to planks, and nearly dead. They also recovered a lifeless body, which proved to be the eldest son of the owner of the "Admiralty papers," Poor fellow! The body lay before us soulless and cold!

And thus ended the hour on Lake St. Peter.

THE END.



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